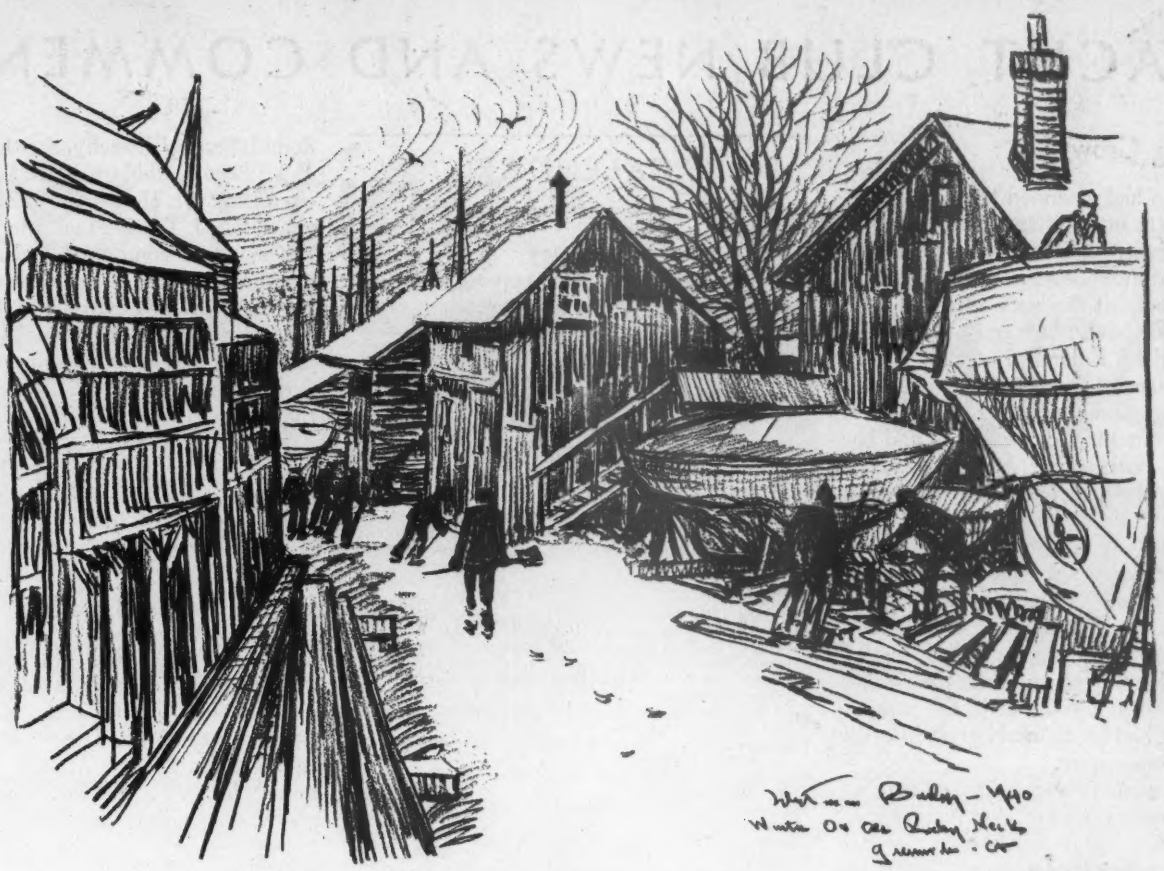

Winter on Old Rocky Neck, Greenwich, Connecticut. From a drawing by Whitman Bailey

VOL. LXIX NO. II

YACHTING

FEBRUARY 1941

HERBERT L. STONE, *Editor*

CHARLES H. HALL, ALFRED F. LOOMIS, RUFUS G. SMITH, *Associate Editors*

COVER. GEORGE McQUESTEN'S "AVENIR" . . . . *From a Painting by B. T. Stephenson*

"WE SAW THE SEA." *By Robert N. Bavier, Jr.* 27

TIRED TIMBERS. *By Frederic M. Gardiner* 30

"CRATES" — BY YACHT DESIGNERS. *By Charles Rawlings* 33

ACE AT EIGHTY. *By C. H. J. Snider* 36

AFTER THIRTY YEARS. *By Charles E. Lucke, Jr.* 39

WE GO TO THE FAIR. *By C. A. Veasey, Jr.* 41

HOW DID IT WORK? 44

TWO BOYS AGAINST THE SEA. *By Franklin Remington* 45

THE NAVIGATOR'S WINTER CRUISE. *By Robert W. Byerly* 48

A UNIQUE YACHTING DEVELOPMENT. *By Leonard M. Fowle* 49

FISHING — EFFICIENT OUTRIGGERS. *By Lansdell Anderson* 51

A BRITISH ONE-DESIGN RACER 54

AT HOME AFLOAT 60

WATERFRONT NEWS. *By "Beachcomber"* 67

A NEW, EASY WAY OF SPLICING WIRE. *By C. Stanley Ogilvy* 72

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YACHT CLUB NEWS AND COMMENT

▶ Frostbiting Grows Up

Anyone who had attended the first known frostbite regatta in Manhassett Bay on New Year's Day, in 1932, would have been surprised at the difference seen in the ninth anniversary regatta at the same place in 1941.

The first race, nine years ago, started as a lark conceived by a handful of Port Washington yachtsmen. The boats were mostly of different design and the racing of the most informal sort but the idea took hold and began to grow. Soon, other clubs, at Larchmont, New Rochelle and elsewhere, gave it a whirl. Skippers towed their boats by land or sea to the scene of the week-end's activity. They went for the fun of it, not for prizes or series scores, because frostbiting was a jolly game in those days. Few holds were barred and a foul never incurred a greater penalty than the obligation of treating the fouled crew to a round at the bar after the race. A good time was had by all, amid great hilarity and little serious racing.

This happy state prevailed for a year or so and then someone got a boat better than any of the others and began cleaning up. Several skippers decided to end this monopoly by building faster boats. This only aggravated the situation and the sport turned into a serious builders' race in which tremendous prices were paid for 11′ 6″ boats which soon became outmoded by still faster craft. Before the sport's popularity had time to die, the folly of the situation became apparent and a new era began.

Several one-design classes were started. At this same time, several yacht clubs got large enough fleets for weekly home races and the day of interclub competition, except for special events, was over. The colleges, first at M.I.T. and then elsewhere, also built fleets and Narragansett Bay, like Long Island Sound, became a great winter sailing center.

But let's return now to Manhassett Bay on New Year's Day, 1941. Returning with us will be none of the old guard, because not one of the charter participants of nine years before was present this year. Frostbiting is not for them, since it is no longer the sport that they inaugurated. Gone is much of the informality, the devil-may-care racing and gone, also, is a good deal of the hilarity which always accompanied the earlier events.

Instead of haphazard racing, there is now the same organization, the same science and much of the seriousness that is found in the usual summer event. The sport is now popular beyond the fondest expectations of its originators but, since it is now a different, more dignified sport, it lacks appeal to those who first endorsed it. It is a matter of opinion whether it is better or worse. Certain only is the fact that frostbiting, as it was, has died, never to return, we fear. Equally certain is the fact that winter sailing is for many a grand sport which gives every indication of a continued and more glorious future.

▶ N.A.Y.R.U. Officers

At the annual meeting of the North American Yacht Racing Union, on January 8th, the officers of the organization for 1940 were reëlected for 1941. They are as follows: President, Philip J. Roosevelt; honorary president, Clifford D. Mallory; first vice president, Thomas K. Wade; second vice president, Clinton H. Crane; secretary, George E. Roosevelt; corresponding secretary, Ernest Stavey; treasurer, Arthur Besse; recorder, W. P. Stephens.

Members of the executive committee, with the districts they represent, are: Clifford D. Mallory, Y.R.A. of Long Island Sound; Samuel Dauchy, Southern California Y.A.; Stuart Haldorn, Y.R.A. of San Francisco Bay; Dr. Hollis E. Potter, Lake Michigan Y.A.; J. Lewis Stackpole, Beverly Y.C.

The junior committee includes three new members, Collier Pratt, chairman; Leonard M. Fowle and Gilbert C. Halstead. It was announced at the meeting that the national junior sailing championship for the Sears Bowl, starting August 25th, will be held at the Eastern Y.C., Marblehead, Mass.

It was also decided at the meeting to relieve all the individual and organization members in Great Britain and her possessions from payment of dues to the Union for the duration of the present world crisis.

CALENDAR

Indoor

January 29–February 6 — Fifth Annual Biscayne Boat Show, Miami, Fla.
February 1–9 — Boston Boat & Sports Show.
February 1–9 — Chicago National Boat & Sports Show.
March 3–8 — Philadelphia Motor Boat & Sportsmen's Show.
March 20–25 — Boat and Sports Show, Houston, Tex.
March 27 — Second General Meeting of the New York Y.C.
May 10 — Intercollegiate Y.R.A., Annual Meeting, Harvard Y.C., Cambridge, Mass.
May 15 — Third General Meeting of the New York Y.C.

Outdoor

January 25–February 1 — Star Class Midwinter Series, Havana, Cuba.
February 8 — Sir Thomas Lipton Cup Race, Biscayne Bay Y. C., Miami, Fla.
February 8–9 — Motor Boat Regatta, Jacksonville, Florida.
February 11 — Miami-Nassau Ocean Race, Miami, Fla.
February 14 — Governor's Cup Race, Nassau, B.W.I.
February 15–16 — Motor Boat Regatta, New Smyrna Beach, Florida.
February 18–19 — Motor Boat Regatta, Cocoa-Rockledge, Florida.
February 19–23 — Sunburn Dinghy Regatta, Biscayne Bay Y.C., Miami, Fla.
February 20–23 — Midwinter Regatta, Los Angeles Y.C., San Pedro, California.
February 21–22 — Motor Boat Regatta, West Palm Beach, Florida.
February 23 — Florida Sailing Association Regatta, Palm Beach, Florida.
March 1 — St. Petersburg-Havana Race.
March 1–2 — Motor Boat Regatta, Miami, Florida.
March 5 — Motor Boat Regatta, Fort Myers, Florida.
March 7 — Havana-Key West Race.
March 8–9 — Motor Boat Regatta, St. Petersburg, Florida.
March 8–9 — Regatta, Tampa Y.C., Tampa, Florida.
March 14 — Motor boat predicted log race, Miami–Key West–Havana, Habana Y.C. and Biscayne Bay Y.C.
March 14–16 — Florida Sailing Association Regatta, Clearwater, Florida.
March 14–16 — Winter Regatta, Clearwater Y.C., Clearwater Beach, Fla.
March 15–16 — Motor Boat Regatta, Lakeland, Florida.
March 22–23 — Florida Sailing Association Regatta, Tampa, Florida.
March 29–April 5 — Star Class Spring Series, Southern Y.C., New Orleans, La.
March 30 — Florida Sailing Association Regatta, Miami, Florida.
April 19–20 — New England Non-Member Intercollegiates, Brown University Y.C., Providence, R. I.
April 20 — Eastern Intercollegiate Dinghy Regatta, M.I.T., Cambridge, Mass.
April 20 — Middle Atlantic Non-Member Intercollegiate Elimination, Section A, Princeton Y.C., Princeton, N. J.
April 20 — Middle Atlantic Non-Member Intercollegiate Elimination, Section B, Midshipmen's B.C., Annapolis, Maryland.
April 26 — 11th Brown Invitation Intercollegiate Dinghy Regatta, Brown University Y.C.
April 27— 11th Boston Dinghy Club Challenge Cup Regatta, M.I.T. Nautical Association, Cambridge, Mass.
May 3 — 1st Middle Atlantic I.C.Y.R.A. Dinghy Championships, Midshipmen's B.C. Annapolis, Maryland. (tentative)
May 3–4 — 1st New England I.C.Y.R.A. Dinghy Championships, U. S. Coast Guard Academy B.C., New London, Conn.
May 10 — 1st I.C.Y.R.A. Freshman Invitation Dinghy Regatta, Brown University Y.C., Providence, R. I.
May 10–11 — 5th I.C.Y.R.A. National Intercollegiate Dinghy Championships, Morss Trophy, M.I.T., Cambridge, Mass.
May 24–25 — 1st McMillan Cup Preliminaries, Midshipmen's B.C., Annapolis, Maryland. (tentative)
June 21–25 — Star Class Series for John Taylor Arms Trophy, Noroton Y.C., Noroton, Conn.
June 24–26 — 14th Annual McMillan Cup Championships, Pleon Y.C., Marblehead, Mass. (tentative)
June 28 — Narragansett Bay Power Squadrons, predicted log race, from the Edgewood Y.C.
July 21–23 — Roosevelt Bowl, 30-Square-Metres, Beverly Y.C., Marion, Mass.
August 5–8 — Eastern Class E Scow Championship, Lake Chautauqua Y.C., Lakewood, N. Y.
August 10–14 — Inter-Lake Yachting Association Regatta, Put-in-Bay, O.
August 14–16 — Annual Regatta of Central New York Y.R.A., Lake Keuka, N. Y.
August 25–28 — 21st Annual National Junior Championships, Sears Cup, Eastern Y.C., Marblehead, Mass.

▶ Baker to Head Harlem Y.C.

For the fourth time, though not consecutively, Elbert G. Baker is serving as commodore of the Harlem Y.C., of City Island. Other officers for 1941 are: John Poth, vice commodore; Thomas A. Guy, recording secretary; Dr. J. M. Brophy, financial secretary and E. F. Studley, treasurer.

▶ Royal St. Lawrence Y.C. Elections

At the annual meeting of the Royal St. Lawrence Y.C., Canada, the following officers and executives were elected: Commodore, J. C. Hunter; honorary commodore, R. C. Stevenson; vice commodore, M. J. McLeod; rear commodore, M. E. Beckett; executive committee, P. S. Fisher, H. G. McMaster, P. S. Ross, C. Hessey White, M. M. Stewart, J. D. Woodward, H. L. Blackford and L. C. deMerrall.

▶ Coronado Y.C. Elects Officers

At the annual meeting of the Coronado Y.C., Coronado, Cal., the following officers were elected for the year 1941: Commodore, C. C. Woodworth; vice commodore, Paul L. Hathaway; rear commodore, John P. Purcell; secretary, E. D. Wellington; treasurer, Harry L. Perkins; directors, Alonzo de Jessop and Robert Hemming.

▶ A.P.B.A. Selects Officers

At the 38th annual meeting of the American Power Boat Association, held on January 16th, John A. Remon, of Washington, D. C., was reëlected president of the organization for 1941. At the same time, C. King Brugman, of Los Angeles, Cal., was reëlected senior vice president; Douglas C. Fonda, of New York City, was again chosen to serve as secretary; Stanley W. Ferguson, of Boston, was reëlected treasurer and William A. Smith, of Staten Island, N. Y., was selected as general counsel.

▶ Taunton Y.C. Elects

The Taunton Y.C., Dighton, Mass., has elected the following officers: Commodore, Winthrop E. Tinkham; vice commodore, Seth V. Freeman; rear commodore, Stanley Wood; secretary, Samuel Walkden; treasurer, George H. Robinson; measurer, Horace Ingalls. In the year between annual meetings, the membership jumped from 60 to 167.

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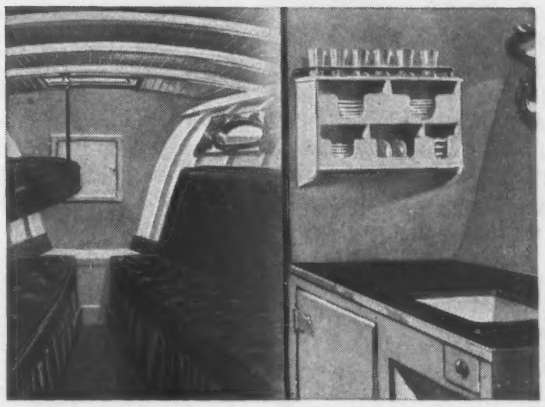
This new Elco is fast! Single or twin screw engines aided by a beautifully designed hull, develop speeds from 14 to 25 m.p.h. But it would take a whole booklet to tell you the entire story. Write for it, or better still, stop in and inspect the new Elcoette personally.



Shipshape and snug! There are accommodations for four in this well-arranged forward cabin. A lavatory and hanging locker are opposite the galley on the port side. Full 6′ headroom. Step forward leads to a convenient deck hatch.

Elcoette 32 Angler! A big 15′ cockpit offers plenty of room for all fishing gear or a half-a-dozen or more guests. Elco's scientifically designed and very complete fishing equipment may be installed. This view shows a bulkhead installed at the after end of the bridge to make a weathertight deck house in which sleeping accommodations for two extra persons may be installed as an optional extra.

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AROUND THE CABIN LAMP

ELECTRICITY AFLOAT

▶ Jerome de Lorrilliard Pelley, the Newfoundland cook aboard the seiner *Wave*, started to heave the switch on the fo'c's'le lights and got a shock that darned nigh paralyzed him. Staggering back from the bulkhead, he offered his opinion of such contrivances in a mixture of Down East dialect and profane English that blistered the paint. "Never should have been invented, anyhow!" he growled. "Damned tricky things; liable to kill a man.!"

"Trouble is," grunted Bill Hendricks, who hailed from Connecticut, "you Down Easters are too cussed ignorant. You talk about inventions. Why dammit, electricity is no invention unless you can call nature an inventor! Electricity has been here always; some man just started to use it once upon a time, that's all."

"Well, of course, there's plenty of lightning and always was, I s'pose," agreed the cook.

"Lightning be blowed!" said Hendricks, "that's aloft, unless it strikes. I mean, right aboard, or right alongside as the case may be. Listen," he went on, impressively, while the cook continued to growl.

▶ "Old Tom Jeffrey sailed the schooner *Winkle* for years. He had a mate who could outlift and outhaul any three ordinary men but nobody but old Tom would ship him because he was deaf and dumb. They called him Winkie because, when he was on deck, he popped around as fast and as regular as the light in a lighthouse, always looking to see what wanted doing and missing not a thing by more than a split second.

"You see, Winkie knew that nobody could yell to him to do this, or go there, so he kept rotating, as you might say, all ready to take signals. All hands knew about this and his willingness to work but the thing that bothered them was when he turned in. They couldn't always send a man below to rouse him out and no manner of yelling would disturb him. But old Tom solved the problem and he didn't even have to go ashore to do it.

▶ "Old Tom caught a good-sized crampfish. He knew all about 'em, and how they will shock seven bells out of you if you monkey with 'em. He built a sort of box well alongside of Winkie's bunk and put the fish in there. By changing the water now and then and dropping in some squid, the fish seemed to thrive and do well.

"Tom knew that, if you pour water on a crampfish, you can get a shock just as well as if you touch it and he figured, rightly enough, that any connection by means of a conductor would work just as well. So he took a turn of wire around the small of the crampfish's tail and, peeling the other end bare, led it up to Winkie's bunk. When Winkie turned in, if they were under way, he would twist that wire around his wrist. When Tom needed him, all he had to do was to luff up a little, which stirred up the fish. Winkie would come out of that bunk like a shot and would be on deck before Tom had filled away again.

▶ "It was a marvelous combination. Old Tom had a man who could do the work of three for the wages of one, and who never gave him any back-talk. People would come for miles around to see Winkie, when the *Winkle* was in port, and to look at the crampfish in the fo'c's'le. Doctors and scientists showed up, too, eventually, and they studied the case intently. All of 'em agreed, however, that something was bound to happen sooner or later; they didn't know just what but they shook their heads and warned old Tom that he ought to stand by for squalls.

"But old Tom just laughed. Things were going well and he didn't see anything to worry about. He was getting more business than ever in his life and was better able to handle it, too. What he didn't realize, nor anyone else, for that matter, was that Winkie was being charged by that crampfish! Yes, sir, he was being changed into a human storage battery! Every time that fish hove a shot of electricity into him, he was storing it away and the time came when it pretty nigh wound things up for both Winkie and old Tom.

"They had a freight of material for a dock. Spiles, planks, spikes, bolts and all manner of ironwork. Winkie was helping to load, same as usual, but every time he took hold of any metal with another man, the other fellow would yell and drop his end. Old Tom got tired of it, and started to talk to 'em some.

"'Try it yourself, you old goat!' says one of the lumpers, 'I got a shock that nearly knocked me down!'

"Tom did try it and, sure enough, he went all prickly fore and aft and couldn't hold on at all. 'Darned queer,' he muttered. 'What the devil do you suppose is the matter with this stuff?' The lumpers advanced all sorts of crazy theories but none of 'em gave a thought to poor Winkie, who was really charging the whole cussed cargo.

▶ "Well, they sailed; Providence to Chatham, I believe it was, and a little mist dropped down some time that night. Old Tom uncovered his binnacle, not being able to check his course accurately by the lights, and he knew darned well then that his compass was magnetized. He couldn't depend on it at all. The needle went around like a cockroach in a sieve and, when it did stop anywhere, he could tell by his last bearings and the wind that it was clean away off.

"Still, he didn't worry because he was an old hand at the game and figured that he could make out with his lead until the mist lifted. So he luffed up and Winkie came on deck. Tom gave him the wheel and broke out the lead. He was taking a sounding when Winkie began to make funny noises to attract him, stamping his feet on the deck and gurgling in his throat.

"'Now what the devil!' growled Tom as he went aft.

"What Winkie was trying to tell him was that the wheel wouldn't turn! No, sir, not an inch! Tom opened up the wheel box and looked in with his lantern. Nothing was wrong, so far as he could see, but the worm gear was just frozen, that was all! The wind was freshening, too, which was bad, being onshore and the old *Winkle* was running close in.

"Well, Tom thought a half minute and decided to anchor, passing the word to Winkie to let the cable run. Winkie did his part but the windlass was frozen too! Would it turn? It would not and even the cable seemed to be sort of stuck to the drum!

▶ "Well, they tried everything known to man but, in spite of it all, the *Winkle* made leeway and, before midnight, she had piled up on the rocks off Cuttyhunk with a broken back. Both the winch and steering gear were magnetized, as they afterward discovered, and all through Winkie and his cussed crampfish!

"Oh, yes, they saved Winkie and Tom, all right, although they both had to leave the schooner, and their dory capsized as soon as she hit the water. But the Coast Guard was on the job and got out there without any delay. They found Winkie, swimming and hanging on to Tom, and they said that every time Winkie came up on a sea, he flashed just like a lighted buoy. That's how they located 'em! And both of 'em were shot so full of electricity that, even with their clothes soaked with water, their skins were bone dry and warm when they stripped 'em down at the station!"

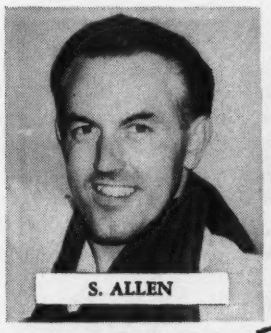
"And I suppose," growled the cook, "that Winkie got a job as a lighthouse and lived happily ever after!"

▶ "No," said Bill, solemnly, "he leaned up against the steel signal tower the next morning and got short circuited. It killed him instantly. At the post mortem, the doctors were puzzled.

"'If this man had been a power house,' said the doctor, 'I'd say he had blown a fuse. Being a human being, I don't know what to call it.'

"But old Tom and some of the rest knew that the doctor hadn't made a bad guess."

JOSEPH CHASE ALLEN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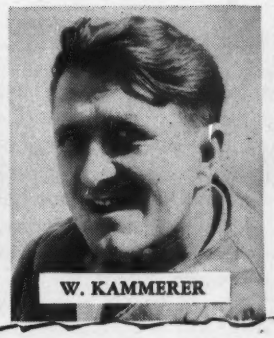
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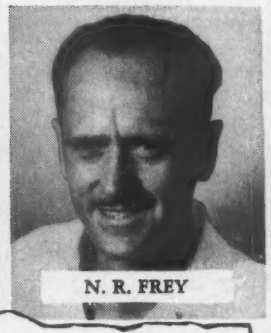
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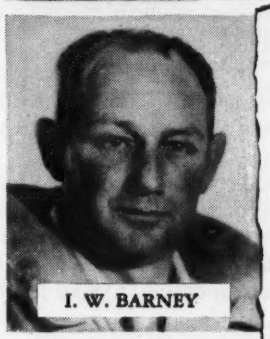
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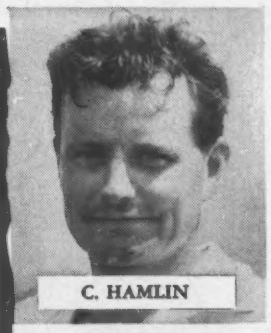
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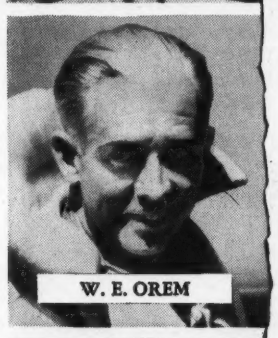
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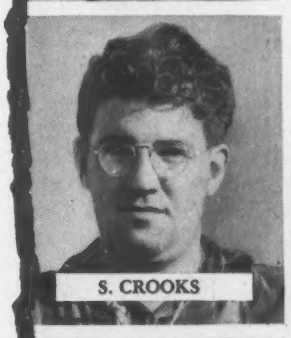
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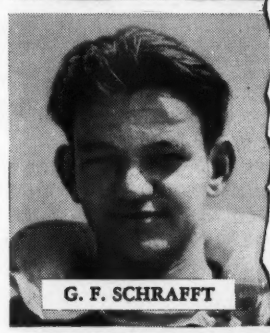
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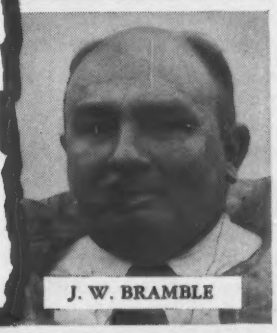
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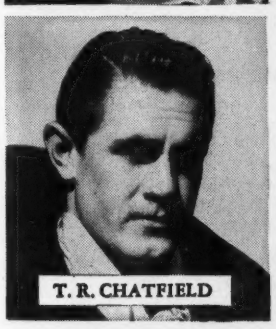
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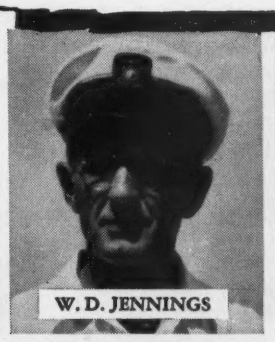
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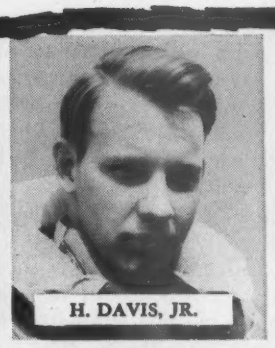
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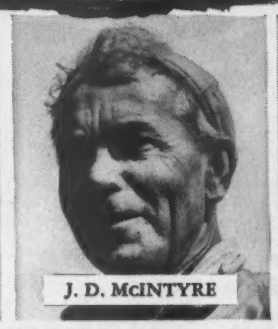
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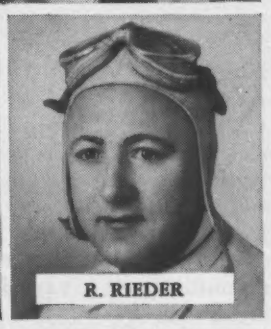
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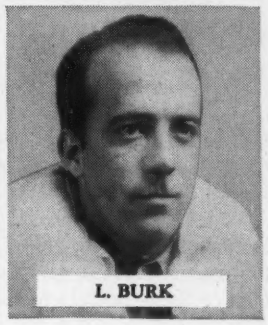
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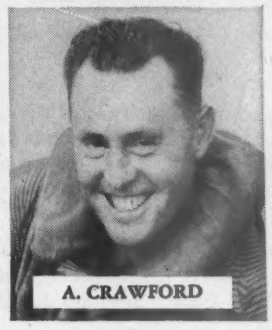
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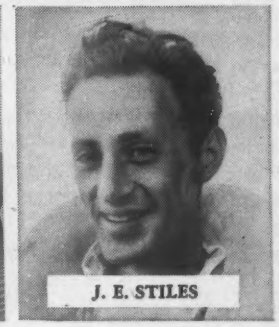
J. E. STILES

POLLY WRIGHT

IN THE WIND

▶ In case any marine designers are finding time hanging heavy of their hands, they might look into the matter of milady's headgear. I glimpsed a hat on a gal the other day which had a brim shaped like the bow of a cruiser and a crown that was evidently suggested by the stacks of the *Queen Elizabeth*. . . . Trouble was, when the lid blew off in a squall and landed in a puddle of some depth, it sank. . . . Now the naval architect, if he

applied his skill and energy to a design of that sort, would undoubtedly produce something that was seaworthy as well as decorative. . . . And with Norman Bel Geddes going in for circus design, practically anybody ought to feel equal to anything if his talents lie in that direction, it seems to me. . . .

▶ Anyhow, it's a safe bet that soon you won't be able to distinguish between the millinery and the military and who knows but what, as symbolic of the Defense Program, the gals won't start sporting hatpins again. . . .

▶ I am all for handsome marinas and the general beautification and facelifting of our city shores but, when such projects involve the removal of anything resembling a vessel — particularly one as romantic as a leaky barge provided with a duplex apartment superstructure by a retired sea captain for his widow — I think it's high time to call a halt, Mr. Moses, I really do. . . . Mrs. Elizabeth Auterhoff has been living placidly aboard the barge *Elizabeth* in Mill Basin, off Flatbush Avenue, Brooklyn, ever since she made the perilous passage thither from Gravesend Bay many years ago. . . . Now the authorities want to move her ashore and scuttle her gallant ship, which is waterlogged aft but still provides her comfortable living quarters (with a pleasantly nautical list) for'ard, where her capable spouse had built her a commodious cabin. . . . Before his death, Cap'n Auterhoff maintained a repair shop abaft the house and the couple were as happy as clams at high water in their (partially) floating home. . . . It seems to me an outrage that Mrs. ("Cleopatra") Auterhoff and her barge should be parted. . . .

▶ The Captains of Industry are now supposed to be learning something about navigating the Ship of State and, if they don't catch on, the Defense Program is going to look wan and ailing. . . . That goes, too, for the laboring gents, whose immediate business it is to learn the ropes and man the Ship and sail her safely through the gathering storm. . . .

▶ Another Motor Boat Show has vanished into the limbo of the past, leaving a wake seething with excitements. . . . Each year sees public interest increasingly stimulated in boats and gadgets and what used to be an esoteric science — or at least regarded, almost with awe, as such by the uninitiated — has become limpid as the depths of the blue Caribbean to eager disciples in almost every part of the country who sail in waters salt or fresh and who, for the most part, know what they're about. . . .

▶ "Mickey" Sheldon, of Wilson Point, Conn., and points south (notably Venezuela), reports he has had many a good voyage in *Cheerio Too* along the rugged, little-explored South American coast and that the smart motor-sailer lies at her moorings in La Guayra in full view of the tourists aboard cruise ships entering the port. . . . "Mickey," by the way, still gets a little time off to sail his Atlantic Class *Pippa* in Maine waters. . . .

▶ They've been scaring the ducks with their goins on at Camp Upton, L. I. Coast Artillery anti-aircraft drills have shattered the nerves of so many of the fat, waddling birds that hitherto enjoyed life on the south shore duck farms (until they were plump enough to go to market), that from now on searchlights will be directed only north and west of the camp. . . . And, during the open season on wild ducks, the battery had to suspend firing practice so that the birds would stick around for the hunters. . . . It's a humanitarian world, all right. . . .

▶ James B. Hill, of Hollis, L. I., recalled the exploits of the subchasers based at Corfu in the last war, in an extraordinarily well-writ letter to the *New York Herald Trib*. . . . He seems to have had an exceedingly good idea of what we were all supposed to be doing over there — and apparently *did* do, at least to some extent. . . . I'm rather hazy, myself, about the whole thing. . . . *S.C 129* was credited with sinking a sub in the attack on Durazzo. . . . A couple of years later, Mac Jacoby got a friendly letter from the undersea boat's skipper, to the effect that the report of his demise had been greatly exaggerated. . . .

▶ Charlie Seymour, Yale's Prexy, who used to be my history professor, has been easing along the bland southern waterways in George Townsend's *Cheerio Tree*. . . .

▶ "Resounding blasts from the fog horn — a certain signal of departure —," commented a New York paper, "brought members of the crew of the liner *Queen Elizabeth* running from the West Side pubs as the huge ship prepared to sail. . . .

"Some twenty or more of the crew rushed back aboard at the signal which also serves the purpose of testing out the boilers prior to making steam astern. . . .

"Steam has been up in her giant boilers since Sunday, and today it belched forth from both stacks, clouding the waterfront at midtown. . . ."

Sounds as if a certain reporter had been among those present in one of the pubs along the waterfront. . . .

▶ A local naval architect and yacht brokerage firm received a letter recently which said in part:

"There is one thing you might do for me; that is, find out at what price I could charter the U. S. S. *Tuscaloosa* for a cruise to the West Indies and perhaps around to Honolulu. If not too expensive, it may be that I could swing it."

▶ Most optimistic guess as to what the Axis is going to fall on next — its own neck. . . .

▶ One of our better afternoon journals not long ago ran a nostalgic series yclept "Escape to Sea," a sequence purporting to be veracious narratives of unhappy folk who had found surcease from assorted woes by embracing Mare Nostrum in one way or another. . . .

I want to quote a bit from one of these yarns which had to do with a guy who allegedly found — via a sea voyage — Utopia — then left it flat. Our hero was in Uturoa when the following Utopian stuff occurred:

"Sometimes out on the seas on canoe trips he would teeter on the outrigger of lighter wood that is on the right side of the canoe to steady it and on which a man walks as a stabilizer on every voyage. Sometimes he would sit on the narrow gunwhale, his bare

toes keeping true the one big sail on the solitary mast, and he steered by a paddle which was five feet tall and three feet wide. . . .

"Or he would fish, using a hook of pearl shell, as others steered and walked the outrigger, learning after a time how to haul in the sea's abundant booty so the fish would strike smartly high on the right side of his chest and drop off the hook neatly to the bottom of the canoe. . . ."

After reading that I didn't wonder why the gent came home, possibly to take up a career as a gymnast. . . . TELLTALE

The *New*

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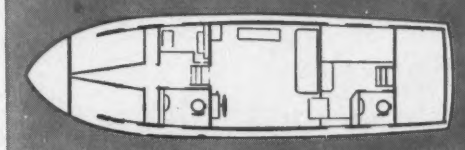

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Old North Wharf, Nantucket. The small sailing yachts are known as the Rainbow Fleet, owing to the bright colors of their sails. In the background rises the oak tower of the Unitarian Church, built in 1809

From a painting by Robert Gaston Herbert

YACHTING

Volume LXIX FEBRUARY + 1941 Number II

Photos Courtesy U. S. Recruiting Bureau

For several weeks, the U.S.S. "New York" was the floating home of 500 would-be officers as well as her regular crew

"WE SAW THE SEA"

And a Lot More During our Officer's Training Cruise in the Battleship "New York"

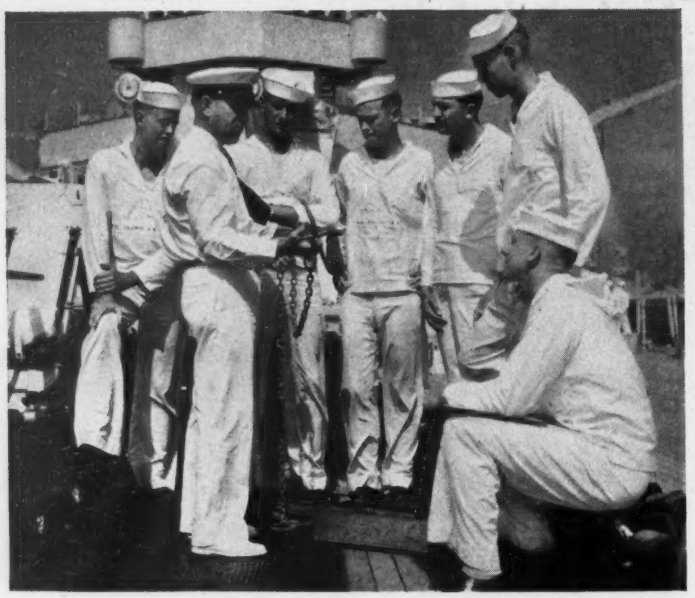
By ROBERT N. BAVIER, JR.

THE "commence firing" buzzer was followed immediately by the crash of the gun. Huddled there in the darkness of the battleship's forecastle deck, all of us were caught unprepared. The flash of the five-inchers illuminated the gun crew for an instant. Then darkness, with our ears ringing from the force of the broadside but still able to detect the swish of the shells speeding to their mark. Suddenly, on the port beam, first one and then all of the star shells exploded, ignited their flares and parachuted slowly toward the water. From there to the ship the calm Caribbean was flooded with a light which made a mockery of the best July Fourth display. And in this lighted circle the "enemy" that was not there was, in our imagination, revealed to the murderous eyes of the fourteen-inchers, ready to swing into position and boom annihilation.

But we're running ahead of ourselves by ten days and many hundreds of adventurous miles. Perhaps we had better turn back to October 29th when five hundred of us piled aboard the battleship *New York* in the Hudson River, donned bluejacket's uniforms and took our first taste of a new life. We were all college men signed on as Apprentice Seamen, Class V 7, in the United States Naval Reserve. We were to make a one-month cruise, after which some of us would be made Midshipmen and directed to three months' training duty ashore prior to being commissioned as Reserve Ensigns.

We reported on board early in the morning of "the day" and began our naval life appropriately by standing in line to get gob's uniforms. By noontime, we were all dogged out, feeling a bit self-conscious in our new clothes and about as individualistic as an ant. Bluejacket's uniforms are comfortable, however, and after a few days they seem quite natural — but try putting one on for the first time without feeling just a bit foolish!

The rest of the first day was occupied by several musters at quarters when we were given preliminary instructions and made to feel at home instead of being barked at as some of us had expected. The only other excitement consisted of



V 7's are given instruction in seamanship. This and the following photos were taken on the U.S.S. "Wyoming" on a similar training cruise

mess where ten fellows sat at a table designed for eight and tried to get used to the absence of napkins. During the cruise, the food was sometimes a bit crude but always wholesome. It was better than we had hoped for, especially the quality of the pies.

After supper, the bosun piped hammocks and we started wrestling with these strange sleeping machines, most of us not slinging them tight enough. Some decided that the safest procedure was to spread out on deck but the braver souls found that hammocks aren't half bad. And they really are hard to fall out of. Even so, two fellows managed to do it. One smacked his head on the deck and was out cold. The other one was lucky — he landed on the stomach of the careful bloke sleeping on deck.

Some slept that first night, others say they didn't, but all looked mighty sleepy at 5:30 when reveille was sounded and the bosun woke us gently by shouting: "Come on, Sailor, rise and shine! Hit the deck! Grab a sock, sailor. Hit the deck!" It was dark when we hit the deck but that couldn't obscure the fact that it was raining and cold.

It was after 9:00 when we steamed slowly past the Statue of Liberty and headed south. The *Arkansas*, another battleship with which we were to cruise in company, followed a few hundred hazy yards in our wake. This was the "glorious" embarkation but at least we were on our way and excitement ran high.

Excitement turned to confusion when the bosun shouted: "All V 7's reporsibayforinolashunsimedly." We all wished there was some place to hide and finally decided to stick together in our bewilderment, each of us figuring that five hundred sailors couldn't be wrong. But we all were, that is, until someone found out that all V 7's were to report to the sick bay for inoculations immediately. It was rumored that the *Arkansas* had inoculated five hundred men in 45 minutes the previous day. The two doctors performing on the *New York* seemed intent on breaking the record. If they didn't succeed, it wasn't through lack of effort, the way they ran through the lot of us. Speed and efficiency in all things is the *ne plus ultra* in the Navy.

The effects of typhoid inoculation and seasickness claimed a few victims but in each case time proved to be a great healer and every day was better than the preceding for most on board. We all began to make good friends and to feel more at home. Who could be glum about leaving winter behind, basking once more in a hot sun, watching blue water slip by and seeing flying fish for the first time and thinking for a moment that they were birds one helluva lot too far from home?

We even began to get used to the routine, soon becoming resigned to (if not used to) rising at 5:30. From 6:00 until 7:30, we scrubbed decks, polished brass or washed paintwork. From 7:30 to 7:32, we ate a huge breakfast. This left us 28 minutes in which to try to digest it before starting classes at 8:00. From 8:00 to 11:30, we attended three instruction groups conducted by commissioned or petty officers who introduced us to a study of seamanship, gunnery, navigation and engineering. These classes were by no means theoretical but were accompanied by tours all over the ship to give us an opportunity to see in operation all we were studying. There was usually fifteen minutes between classes — just time for a quick dash to the soda fountain where the lucky ones might find themselves number thirty in line. From 11:30 to 1:00 was pure gravy, with chow coming at 12:00. Sun bathing and washing clothes were the two most popular sports when not eating.

Three more classes, from 1:00 to 4:30, and then we were free for the day, free to wash more clothes, write letters or just loaf. Supper came at 5:30 and then, every clear night, a first rate movie shown on deck under a tropic moon. Taps, shortly after 9:00, was one of the most welcome bugle calls. Sometimes we stretched out on deck, gazed up at the moon and stars, dreamed of those miles away and of many other things before dropping off to sleep to dream some more until the zero hour at 5:30.

After we got into the Caribbean, we discovered that even sleeping had its hazards. We would stretch out under a peaceful starlit sky and drop off to sleep, suspecting nothing. By midnight, a bunch of dark clouds usually appeared, stalking across the water and bringing a burst of warm but very wet rain which never failed to awaken the most tired sailor. And then a mad scramble below, with scores of fellows carrying wet bedding and trying to get down the same companionway at the same time.

The daily routine was varied in several ways. First of all, there was "field day" every Friday — not the gay occasion the name implies but one in which the whole day is spent in making a clean ship cleaner. And on Saturday comes Captain's inspection, when white clothes must be whiter, shaves closer and haircuts shorter. On Sunday, however, the whole day is free. Life could never become boring aboard ship. There is too much going on. Contrary to the conception of many, the Navy does not favor idle pleasure cruises between ports. Maneuvering of all sorts, catapulting the ship's planes, signaling, gun drill, various emergency drills and actual target practice make every minute a busy one.

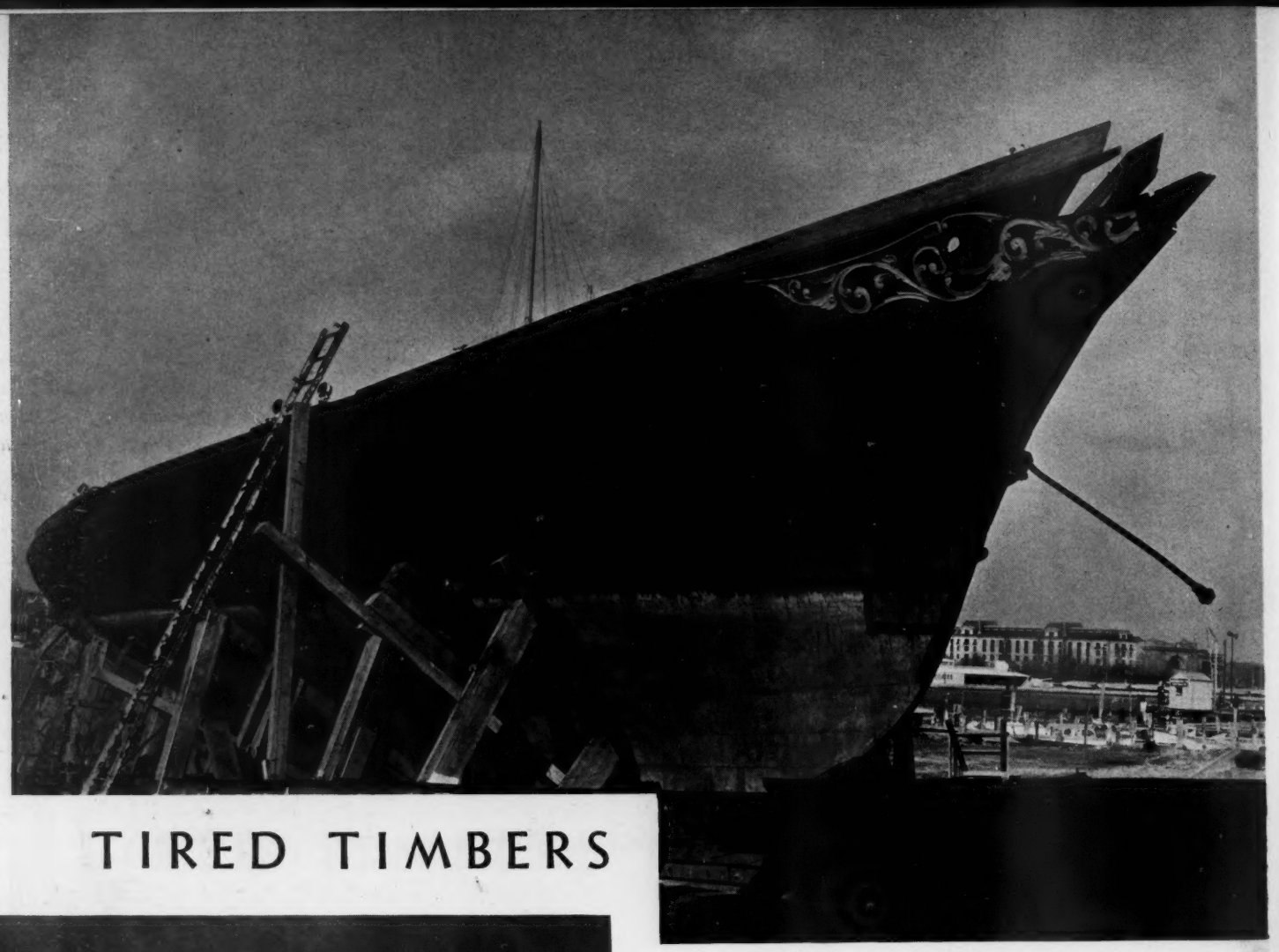
About the fifth day out, we saw guns being fired for the first time. It was an anti-aircraft practice staged especially for our benefit. The targets were small gas-filled balloons, approximately two feet in diameter. Unfortunately, Navy censorship prevents a graphic description of the engagement. Three-inch guns, using shrapnel projectiles, were used. Further than this, we may only mention that, following the demonstration, five hundred V 7's were more than ever glad they had joined the Navy rather than the Air Corps.

Ever since leaving New York, rumors had been flying as to when we would arrive at the Panama Canal, our first stopping point. As usual, they were all wrong but, on November 5th, there was no guesswork that something was in the air when we were roused out at 4:30. When we stepped on deck, a row of lights, marking Colon Harbor, could be seen. As the day grew brighter, the small mountains of the Isthmus towered through the mist and the clouds, giving quite a surprise to those who, like myself, had expected a

(Continued on page 77)

The anti-aircraft guns, as well as other parts of the ship, had plenty of brightwork which we shined at least once a day. Below, the sun is just above the horizon but the V 7 has hit the deck and is already scrubbing it down, preparatory to more and still more scrubbing and then brass polishing before chow is to be had. Usually the ships cruise in groups of two or three battle wagons as shown here. Below, left, a group of V 7's being taught how to rig a lifeboat for sea

Right, everything must be kept spotlessly clean aboard ship. Even so, whites get dirty easily and must be washed every day



TIRED TIMBERS

Photos by Howe Legarde

An Old but Famous Yacht Is Hauled for Repairs

By FREDERIC M. GARDINER

IT is a good many years since that stirring poem appeared which started with the lines:

"Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky —"

This poem, as I suppose nearly everyone knows, was written about a famous frigate of the U. S. Navy, the U.S.S. *Constitution* (44 guns, 1576 tons, keel laid in 1794), affectionately called "Old Ironsides." It was written at a time when there was agitation, presumably on the basis of economy, to get rid of this proud man-of-war; and it was written — successfully — for the purpose of influencing public opinion to save her.

There was a time when it might have been appropriate to write a paraphrase of that poem about another vessel; not a man-of-war but a vessel built for strenuous, if peaceable, competition, nevertheless. A vessel which bears much the same relation to the history of yachting in this country as "Old Ironsides" bears to our naval history. The vessel in question is the schooner yacht *America*. She was saved from an even worse fate, for a yacht, than had threatened the *Constitution* — that of being sold down the river for commercial purposes — only by the timely action of Charles H. W. Foster, of Boston, in 1917. Mr. Foster and William U. Swan raised a fund from fellow yachtsmen, purchased her and preserved her until, in 1921, they fell in with a plan to return her to the U.S. Naval Academy as a gift, in perpetuity, to the nation.

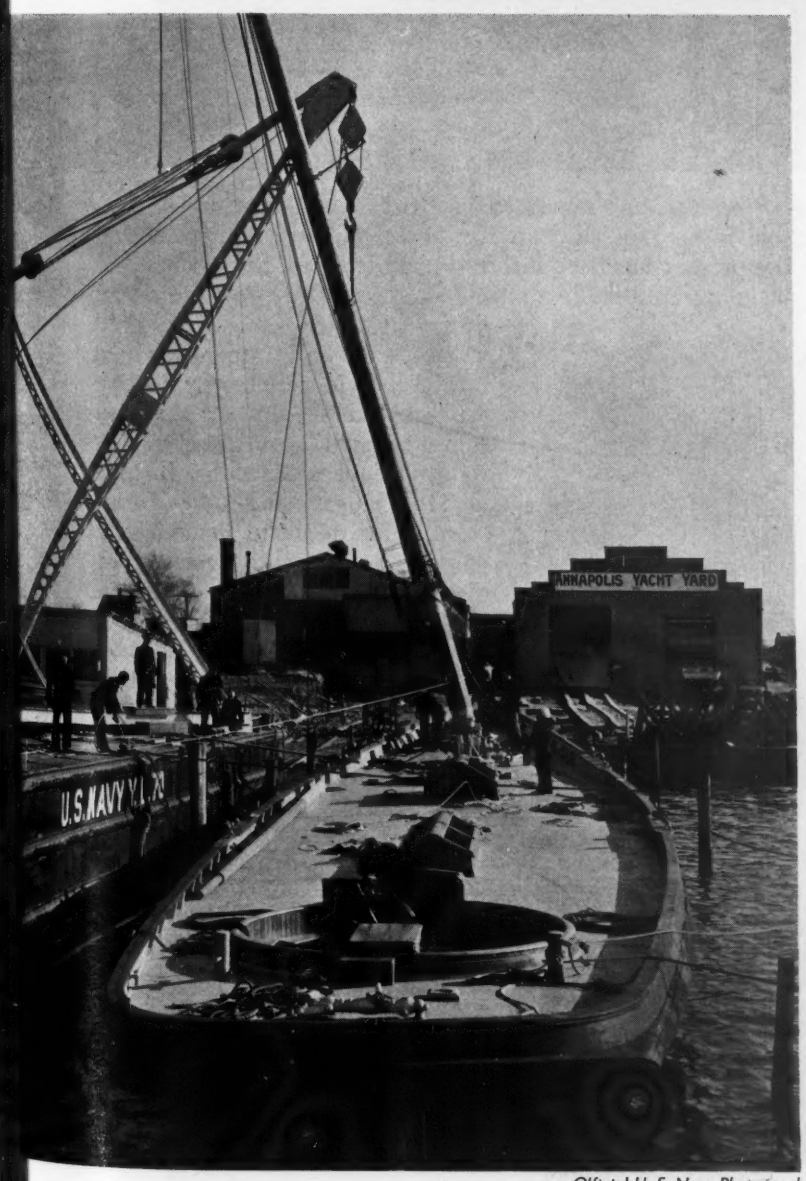
The bow of the schooner yacht "America," showing the sharp forward sections and the easy turn of the bilge

Left, the veteran yacht as she appeared on the marine railway. Her forefoot is well rounded and her water lines show quite a little hollow forward. The shadows on the hull indicate her straight floors and considerable deadrise

Right, the afterbody of the "America." The buttock lines are long and flat and the sternpost is almost vertical. Both ends of the yacht were lengthened in 1880. As originally built, her keel had some rocker and a good deal of drag

Below, a Navy floating crane unstepping the foremast. Note the broad expanse of clear deck and the circular cockpit

Howe Lagarde



Official U. S. Navy Photograph

She is now in a strongly-built cradle at the Annapolis Yacht Yard, where she is to undergo extensive repairs. At this writing, it has not been announced whether she is to be kept afloat or placed somewhere on an adequate foundation as a permanent exhibit.

While there are few yachtsmen without some knowledge of the appearance, history and achievements of the *America*, it is some years since her story has appeared in print and it may be well to refresh our memories. In my opinion, the best works on this subject are: "The Yacht America" by Thompson, Stephens and Swan; and "The America's Cup Races" by Herbert L. Stone; I suggest reference to these volumes by anyone who desires to amplify the brief notes which appear in these pages.

The *America* has a right to the title of "The Mother of American Yachting." Although from 1840 to 1850 there were enough American yachts of 20 tons and over in the vicinity of New York to bring about the founding of the New York Yacht Club in 1844, it remained for the *America* and her achievements, in 1851, to give American yachting its first major impetus. The idea of building an American yacht, and sailing her all the way across the Atlantic to race against the crack yachts of the mother country, caught the fancy of the public in this country. From the time her keel was laid until news of her victory in foreign waters was received, the man in the street and the man in the manor watched and listened and read attentively.

It is difficult to trace trends to a single source and there is no doubt that many factors influenced the development of American yachting, not the least of which was the work of the New York Yacht Club, under the leadership of Commodore John C. Stevens and the others of the founding group. But I think most will agree that it was the *America* which first made the general American public yacht-conscious and laid the foundation for the developments which have made this country the leader in the world of yachting.

The idea of building the *America* and racing her in English waters was not plucked nonchalantly from the blue. It came from the promoters of a world's fair, to be held in England

in 1851, who suggested that "it would be eminently fitting if America would send over a yacht to take part in the races to be held that year as an auxiliary feature of the exposition."

The suggestion fired the enthusiasm of Commodore Stevens and resulted in the forming of a syndicate for the purpose. At that time, most of the larger English yachts were schooner rigged, as were the New York pilot boats, the fame of which had spread abroad. It was natural, therefore, that the *America* should be a schooner with a hull the lines of which followed, in general, those of a typical pilot boat, since these boats were, of necessity, designed for speed and seaworthiness.

I have used the word "designed," but in those days yachts were seldom built from drawings, as is the case today, but usually from whittled out models. William H. Brown, of New York, was given the contract for building the *America* and one of his employees, George Steers, was responsible for her design, although he was undoubtedly influenced by Commodore Stevens who, though he did not compare with Steers in technical knowledge, had an enviable record for yacht handling and experiment under sail. The choice of George Steers to supervise the design of *America* was an excellent one, for he had evolved a new theory in the pilot schooner *Mary Taylor*, rounding away the forefoot, giving her concave sections forward and a long, easy bow, and locating the extreme beam abaft the customary position. The *Mary Taylor* had shown her heels to the rest of the pilot fleet and her important innovations were incorporated in the *America*.

The *America* was of about 140 tons measurement and her original dimensions were: Length over all, 101′ 9″; length on the water line, 90′ 3″; beam, 23′; forward overhang, 5′ 6″; after overhang, 6′; draft, 11′; and sail area, 5263 square feet in main, foresail and single jib — about two-thirds of the sail area of a modern Class J boat.

After the usual, and apparently inevitable, delays in construction, the *America* was finally ready on June 21st, 1851; and, with a crew of thirteen, set sail on her adventures on that same day. The unlucky number thirteen did not, however, prevent her from making the comparatively fast run of twenty days to Havre, France. This does not compare unfavorably with the records of some of the modern ocean-racing yachts, particularly when it is remembered that the *America* was not racing, and that she was below her lines of normal flotation, owing to the fact that she had borrowed a suit of sails for the run across and carried all her own sails, as well as her racing gear, below decks besides all her stores and water for the voyage. She made one 24-hour run of 284 nautical miles, and that is fast sailing in any man's log book!

There is not space here to recount in detail her exploits around the Isle of Wight. Suffice it to say that she met the friendly enemy and they were hers. Three points are of special significance. First, in the race for the now famous "100-Guinea Cup" (the "America's Cup"), she was not permitted to sail a match race but had to compete — the only American contender — against a fleet of seventeen British cutters and schooners; second, against her there were seven yachts of over 150 tons (largest, 392 tons) as compared with her 140 tons, and no time allowance was given; and, finally, she was racing in unfamiliar waters in an area where the treachery of the currents is notorious and the advantages of local knowledge considerable. The comments of "Punch" — always a mirror of English opinion and humor — sum up the situation precisely. The authors of "The Yacht America" borrowed it from "Punch," and I borrow one verse from them:

"Yankee Doodle had a craft,
A rather tidy clipper,
And he challenged, while they laughed,
The Britishers to whip her.
Their whole squadron she outsped
And that on their own water
Of all the lot she went ahead
And they came nowhere arter."

The *America* remained in British waters after she was sold to an English peer. Her career between that time and the present has been interesting and varied. She proved her seagoing abilities to the still skeptical British on an ocean cruise in which she encountered storms, gales and tremendous seas but took them all in her stride. She cruised and she raced; she was sold and sold again; she underwent various alterations, including the lengthening out of her stern, with doubtful benefit; her name was changed to *Camilla* and then changed back again; she turned up at Savannah, Georgia, eventually becoming, for a time, a blockade runner in the Civil War; she was sunk and raised again; she saw further service in the Civil War, not as a blockade runner but as a blockader on the Union side; she became a schoolship at the U. S. Naval Academy; she was sold to an army general (Benjamin Franklin Butler) who showed his mettle as a seaman — as he had shown it as a soldier —

(Continued on page 80)

Official U. S. Navy Photograph

The "America" with the crane scow alongside preparing to unstep the old schooner yacht's stout masts

"They were chugging down the fjord astern of a small motor boat. Right then, it is safe to assume, they were loaded with their precious cargo"

"CRATES"—BY YACHT DESIGNERS

By

CHARLES RAWLINGS

REFUGEES are steadily moving through a place like this but usually there is little mystery about them. Mothers hurrying their children inland, grateful that they have been able to get them on this side of the Atlantic, away from the bombing, or kids without mothers traveling alone or in large groups with nurses. There was a pair of girls who came in a few weeks ago, however, cloaked in intriguing mystery — a pair of dirty faced but well-born girls.

This is a convoy place, "an Eastern Canadian Port" is the way the censors let it pass. Its big harbor, on a chart, looks, roughly, like a vast ewer. Its bell mouth opens to sea. Across its narrow neck stretches the submarine boom. Its belly is a large anchorage surrounded by peaceful green hills. Over its confines and over all the sea outside, floats that battle-wise and happy bunting, the white ensign of the British Navy.

The place's yacht squadron is located a short distance inside the harbor. There has been a small amount of harbor sailing inside the net but no races on the outside courses this year, with half the roster in the services and the courses restricted and possibly mined water. But the squadron house has been kept open and the fleet went out to moorings in the spring just as it always had. It was nice to sit in the wardroom and look out and see them floating there as if the world wasn't rocking on its bearings. The wardroom is a busy place because all commissioned naval officers are welcomed as members *pro tem.* The poor Frenchmen out of the *Dunkerque* were happy there once and the gold braid out of the *Jeanne d'Arc* and the carrier *Bearn*, now tarnishing in Martinique, drank there for that month it took to load those international incident airplanes. There has been a jolly period of late with the wardroom tables crowded with the United States Navy up with the "packets of fags," the four-funnel, flush deck destroyers.

William J. Roué, the naval architect, and I were there one

NOTE: *At the author's request, the British Navy having confiscated the only copy of "Lloyd's Register of Yachts" where he was writing, we find "Sinbad" to be listed as an auxiliary cutter, 28' l.w.l., 9.0' beam and 4.5' depth, built by White Brothers, in Southampton, in 1910, owned in Copenhagen. "Gemitra" is not listed at all.* [EDITOR.]

afternoon, basking in a bit of the watery sunshine that filters now and then through a southerly window.

"What's that out there?" asked Bill.

My first glance called her an Eight-Metre. She was just about that size. They had hung her to an inshore mooring, the guest mooring. In previous peaceful seasons, there would be one visiting craft after another using it. This visiting girl did not look as if she had come in on a junket. She was floating corky and light, stripped of her spars but with what looked like some of her standing rigging in a hurrah's nest on deck. Lord, she was dirty! She was floating high enough to see a fringe of her red underbody and she had a blue boot-top and what had once been nice white topsides. They looked as if pigs had been rubbing their itchy backs against them and there were two strange series of perpendicular welts, one on her quarter and the other just at the luff of her bows.

"What do you know about her?" asked Bill. "She's new to me."

"There was nothing on that mooring yesterday," I said.

Bill picked up his drink and took it with him and I tagged along outside and then down the veranda steps onto the boat wharf. Bennet, the anchorage man, was there.

"I don't know a thing, sir," said Bennet. "They brought her up from Pickford and Black's this marnin' and said they'd arranged with t' commodore to moor her. I've broke my back tryin' to get those slings out of her. No, sir, they're not standin' rigging. Those are big wire cable slings. Some steamboat man spliced t' eyes big enough for a battleship crane — and in a big hurry, looks like. Why sir, they slung her off the freighter that bore her in, no doubt."

"She came off a freighter?"

"No doubt of that. A Norwegian boat, the lad towed her down said."

"Then she came — from the other side?" marveled Bill.

"Must be, sir. Why, God knows. Canvas and riggin's there, sir. That's a fine big spar, too, Mister Roué."

It was a fine spar, indeed. The careful Bennet had it on three horses. It was fat and stout but light and alive as I picked up one end of it. It was pear-shaped and the track in the stem-end was a good track, made of bronze, not brass. It had had plenty of sailing and it had been careful, well-tuned sailing. You could tell by the way the shroud eyes had hugged and tightly scuffed the varnish atop the cheek blocks, the same on all the cheek blocks.

We sculled out to the hull. There was her name and her club on her stern. It gave me a start. *Gemitra* was her name and "R.C.Y.C." was her club. "R.C.Y.C." said "Royal Canadian Yacht Club" to me. She was nothing I had ever seen in Toronto and the two Hill brothers, from Kingston, had gone through a week or two back on their way to a navy berth on the other side and we talked for hours about everything old and new up there in Toronto and Rochester. They would have mentioned this baby.

"Royal Clyde, maybe," explained Bill. "It's at Hunter's Quay, on the Clyde. Mister, she's a honey."

We backwatered slowly around her. She was indeed a honey. Every time I had ever cruised in an Eight-Metre boat I had dreamed about this boat. "If somebody would only make one just a little tougher, a trifle huskier and heavier and higher, wouldn't we have a fine little coastwise cruiser?" I thought. Here she was. She wasn't an Eight-Metre boat but she was an Eight-Metre's tough sister. Bill measured her later. She is 42′ 9″ by 9′ 4″ by 6′ 0″.

Up on deck she was covered with soot and clinkers and small rubbish drifted up against her rails like trash against a slum fence. But it was a splendid deck. It was a deck a good man, with possibly just one good wild woman to help him, could work in anything. There was a phony floor in the deep open cockpit. It had been hurriedly made of tongue and groove flooring and caulked with dry white cotton. She had a rudder post like the stem of a tree and a tiller husky enough to swing it. All her metal was galvanized and good. We traced out her main sheet rig and where her jib sheets led and found block mountings and a winch that could only mean a big Genoa.

"Scotch stuff," said Bill. "The hardware is — but that doesn't mean anything."

He had the floor boards of the cockpit up by this time and there was the transmission of her small two-cylinder Diesel. It was a Scotch transmission and Scotch motor. That didn't mean anything either, explained Bill. He was making up his mind what she was.

He decided, once we were below. There were no women in the family when the cabin was built. There was just good drinking headroom under the skylight (a big one, with rabbit wire cast in the glass) and sitting headroom elsewhere. There were two big shelf bunks and another big one forward for the paid hand. I started searching for some intimate details that would sketch in her people. There was nothing. Some cheap knives and forks with a Sheffield imprint. Thick white plates and cups and one thick soup bowl. Under one of the bunks, I rustled up a scrap of paper and my fingers thought I had something down in the dark. It was the label soaked off a Black and White Scotch bottle.

"Now what do you suppose . . .?" wondered Bill.

He was staring up at the bulkhead where the builder's name plate had been. There was the brighter patch on the varnish where it had been. It had been pried off, none too gently, and there were splinters where the nails had pulled out. They were fresh splinters.

"Well, anyway," said Bill, "do you know what she is?"

"Someone wanting to get his boat out of Scotland shipped her over," I said. "Didn't he do it strangely? They'd have had time to prepare her better than this, you'd think. If a man made up his mind to ship his boat he'd. . . . No grease on that engine. I think it's frozen. No cover to protect his deck. A jackleg cradle, by the looks of her rail. Lousy slings. That's what chafed her on the quarters and bows. They didn't think those slings out or parcel them for a damn. Apparently, they lead through holes cut in her lead and the eyes were spliced afterward, with no thought of ever getting them out again. Bennet will have to cut those slings in two with a cold chisel. I've seen Scotch yachts shipped before."

"She's not Scotch," asserted Bill. "Anker! Johan Anker! The Norwegian designer! She shouts his style to me. I like her. I like her as much as anything I've ever seen of his."

"But the name?" I protested. "The Royal Clyde Yacht Club?"

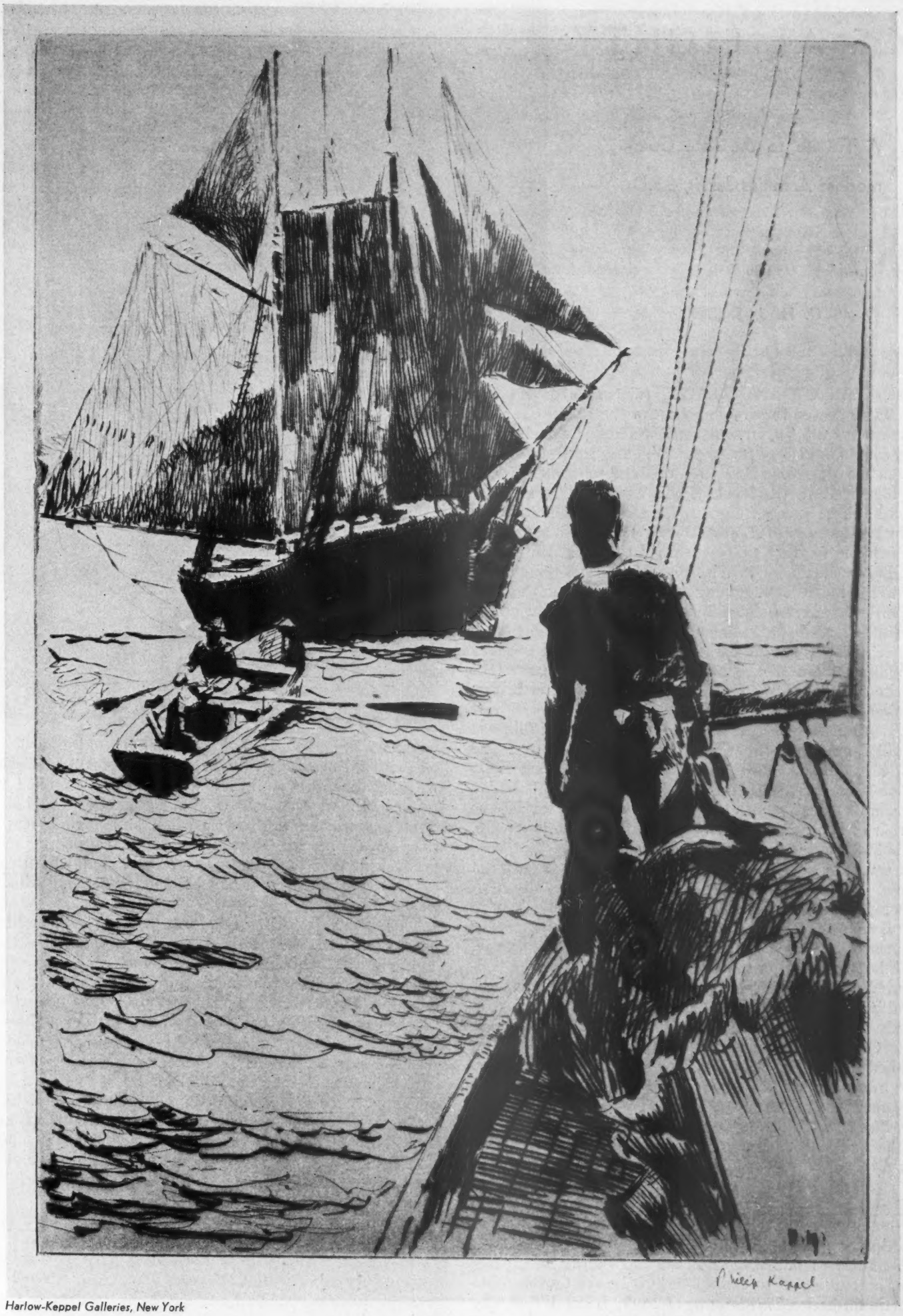
"There's something funny about that. They didn't mind that staying on. They didn't mind all these Scotch imprints on the gear staying on but they ripped out her builder's tag. That would be Norwegian. I dunno. She's a mystery. Maybe that freighter's still in dock."

She wasn't. Jim Edmonds, of the big shipping firm of Pickford and Black, couldn't help us, either. They — he said "they" — had come in on the deck of a small Norwegian tramp. There were no accompanying invoices, no consignee. Nothing! Who had paid the freight on them? Nobody, as far as Jim knew.

"'What shall I do with them?' I asked the Norwegian skipper," Jim explained.

"'It doesn't matter to me,' the skipper said. 'Treat them like what they are — crates. Break them up. Burn them up. I'm putting them over the side.' Yeah, the freighter's gone. How can I tell you where she's gone? This is wartime. You fellows know I can't talk about things like that."

(Continued on page 89)



Harlow-Keppel Galleries, New York

CURIOSITY

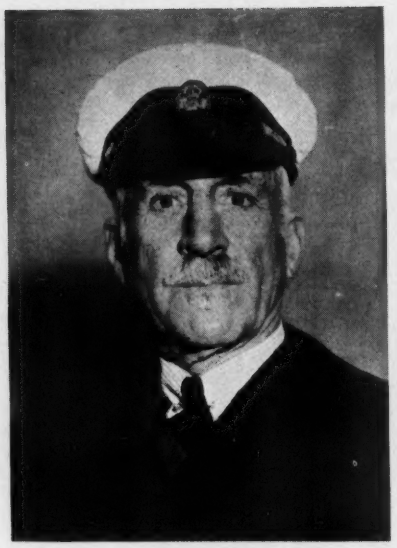
From an etching by Philip Kappel

ACE AT EIGHTY

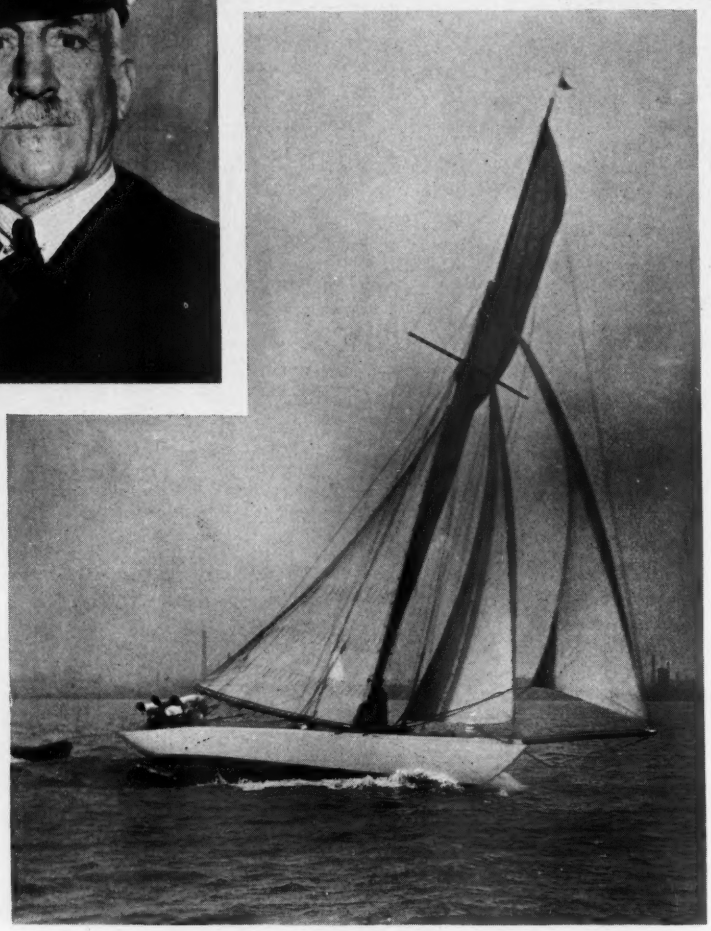
A Tribute to the Late Commodore Aemilius Jarvis, S.S.D.

By

C. H. J. SNIDER



Aemilius Jarvis, Canada's No. 1 yachtsman and, below, the cutter "Canada," in which he won the cup that bears her name in 1896. He raced for the cup five times and won it twice



RED-YELLOW-AND-BLACK, the colors of Æmilius Jarvis, seven times commodore of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, began to fly on the Great Lakes in 1874. They soared in victory for 65 years — first from the stubby mast of the little sloop *Saunterer*, of Hamilton, Ont., last, 80 feet higher, from the truck of the Twelve-Metre *Mitena*, which he raced successfully through the season of 1939.

The last memory of Æmilius Jarvis' hail is associated with that same lofty truck. Jarvis learned to sail in Burlington Bay, Lake Ontario, in 1870; in 1939, *Mitena* was lying at anchor in the Lake Yacht Racing Association fleet, in the same bay, after Jarvis had sailed her all day and all night up the lake in the long-distance Freeman Cup race. As smart in his eightieth year as *Mitena* herself, he had gone aloft to check the main halliard sheave before the next day's race. (His favorite saying was that races were won the winter before, meaning that preparation is half the victory.) A speed boat buzzed around the fleet, thrashing up a wake which whipped the tall Marconi stick across the sky in 20-foot arcs. The white-haired man at the masthead showered down sea blessings on that speed bug akin to those of Churchill telling Mussolini off last month. The driver caught them above the roar of his engines, and beat it with his pants on fire. Jarvis had a sea voice like that of King George V, and as good a vocabulary. It was always a treat to hear either of them.

From *Mitena*, that sunny morning, Jarvis could look in mental retrospect down a long armada of yachts which he had owned and sailed — the Canada's Cup aspirant *Vision*, which he had tuned in the trials of 1930; *Venture*, the converted *Istalena*, which he brought up from Long Island Sound in 1923; *Haswell*, Herreshoff schooner, from the same place in 1919; *Seneca*, "P" boat, 1913; *Swamba*, "R" boat for the George Cup, which he built in 1910, and *Whirl*, which he sailed for that trophy the year before; *Zahra*, schooner, 1909; *Sitarah*, ketch, 1906; *Merrythought*, cutter, 1898, and *Bonshaw*, Seawanhaka Cup skimming-dish of the same year; *Strathcona*, *Adele*, *Beaver*, *Minota*, *Invader*, cup aspirants he had sailed between the *Merrythought* and *Sitarah* eras; *Canada*, with which he started the classic Canada's Cup series in 1896 and came home famous, to be called "Skippodore" by a flustered mayor at a great civic reception — skippers and commodores were both out of His Worship's experience.

Then there would be *Aggie*, *Zelma* and *Vedette*, all cutters, which he had sailed to championships before *Canada;* and his little fin-keeler *Thistledown*, of 1893; *White Wings*, the throwaway he made great in 1887; *Whistlewing*, his first venture into scientific designing; *Cyprus*, copper-bottomed cutter of the plank-on-edge epoch, "young" Will Fife's first boat; *Samoa* and *Viper*, Jarvis' own efforts of the early '80's, one with a trough keel; and before them the flatiron *Cacique*, with a "dinghy committee" to keep the dink filled with water on the weather quarter, in the days of shifting ballast; *Saunterer*, which first wore the colors he made famous; two *Chaperons*, one with red, white and blue reef points; and so on back to that little crate, the *Tarpot*, caulked with coal tar, through which he began bailing the same Burlington Bay in 1872.

These were all "his" ships, for he had sailed them all and made them what they were — besides owning most of them. Thirty-three yachts had called him master.

Then there were other men's ships, which had had a part in making him what he was. The famous *Annie Cuthbert*, with ratlined shrouds, no backstays, and a mainmast like the cedars of Lebanon. He had sailed in her soon after she had raced the equally famous *Cora* for the cup the *Silvie* brought back from England. Or the *Edward Blake*, three-masted lake schooner, in which he had sailed from Cheboygan, Michigan, to London, England, and to Rio and back. And the English bark *Surprise*, in which he had also gone before the mast in his teens, from Cardiff to Leghorn and Antwerp and out to Rio again. A long, long fleet of vanished ships were clear to his sea hawk's eye from that swaying masthead.

From eight to eighty, Jarvis never shirked work aloft. A highlight — rather high — of his great battle with C. G. Davis for the Fisher Cup at Rochester, in 1900, was Jarvis rigging jury spreaders at *Minota's* masthead, while Davis and the Rochester boys hung outboard on *Genesee's* bilge to keep the centerboarder on her feet in the reefing breeze. *Minota*, outside ballasted and relatively stiff, carried away struts, spreaders, dolphin striker and whiskers, and Jarvis,

leaving the tiller, locked his legs around the buckling masthead and made replacements from cockpit flooring split with a sheath knife and bound together with marlin.

It was masthead work which was Æmilius Jarvis' undoing. He died in his eighty-first year recently — as 1940 was closing — though he was riding to hounds with the North York Hunt, as Master, on his very last birthday. Twenty-five years ago, after spending hours rigging a jib halliard pendant after he had recovered his stolen *Seneca*, he complained that the lignum vitae truck over which he had had to double himself seemed to have paralyzed him inside. The pain passed but a lesion set up which resulted fatally long afterward. Gallstones.

Jarvis was born on April 22nd, 1860, north of Toronto, of a family which came to Canada with Governor Simcoe after the Revolution. William Jarvis, of the Queen's Rangers, his great grandfather, was the first Secretary of State for the infant province of Upper Canada. Æmilius was a designer of no mean ability and a yachting authority for the better part of a century, but he was at his greatest as a skipper, a hard-driving sail-dragger whose shout was as good as ten men on a rope.

He early learned that a yacht sails better on her bottom than on her side — he had only to tear the topmast of the little Scotch cutter *Cyprus* out by the roots to be convinced of that — but he never shortened sail without a sigh of regret.

In the first Freeman Cup race, 1920, a classic now for the hot stove league because of its weather, Jarvis had the schooner *Haswell*, later *Diablo*. He set his biggest clubtopsail as we came out of the piers at Hamilton for the start. "That stays aloft till we cross the finish line at Kingston," he said. It did.

Kingston was 200 miles away. We started before sunset. In the middle watch and the middle of Lake Ontario, with the rigging ablaze with corposants and two squalls making up, I reported conditions. He had turned in at midnight. "You're racing" was all he said. I got the big jibtopsail off and hauled down the little scorpion of a fore gafftopsail. As we were doing so, the two thunder squalls broke in a buster of wind and rain, catching us by the lee. We jibed over all standing. Young Sam Jarvis disappeared horizontally in a blinding flash as his father's head appeared in the companion.

"My God, Sam's overboard!" cried Æmilius in the equally blinding dark.

"Here I am, daddy!" answered Sam from nowhere, swinging back inboard from somewhere out on Lake Ontario on the end of the backstay he had been unhooking for the jibe.

The orgulous clubtopsail was trying to outshout the thunder in its slatting, "Oh, well, it's on the wrong side for coming down, anyway, now," said Æmilius, quite easy in his mind again with his son safe, "so we'll just let her hang till she blows out."

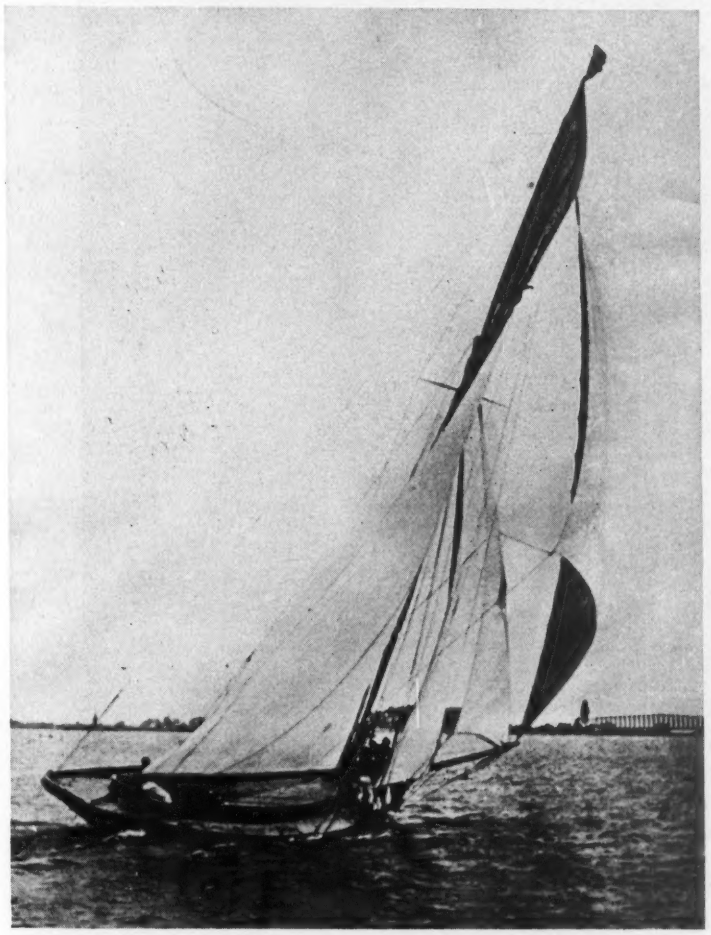
The *Haswell* found her feet and fled like a scalded cat. The squalls settled into a hard tail wind of 35 m.p.h. We carried the clubtopsail on the "wrong side for coming down" all the way to Kingston and so won the race by a margin of about an hour over Commodore Wade's "P" boat *Patricia*. Some of the twenty other contestants were days later making port — broken spreaders, sprung spars, split sails, and so on. That clubtopsail never drew again. It had been stretched as dead as a hide nailed to a fence.

To our generation, Æmilius Jarvis was best known as the man who won the Canada's Cup in 1896, turning it into an international trophy, in its time as exciting on fresh water as the America's Cup on salt. The United States built nine aspirants to regain that trophy in the next contest, and Canada built six trial defenders. Jarvis raced five times for the cup and won it twice; he raced twice for another international trophy of great fame, the Fisher Cup, and won it for Canada. He had won every trophy in the purview of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club and the Royal Hamilton Yacht Club, some again and again, and season's championships in every classification in which he sailed. His club paid him its highest honors, including the rare honorary life membership. He received the Special Service Decoration for his services to his country in the Great War.

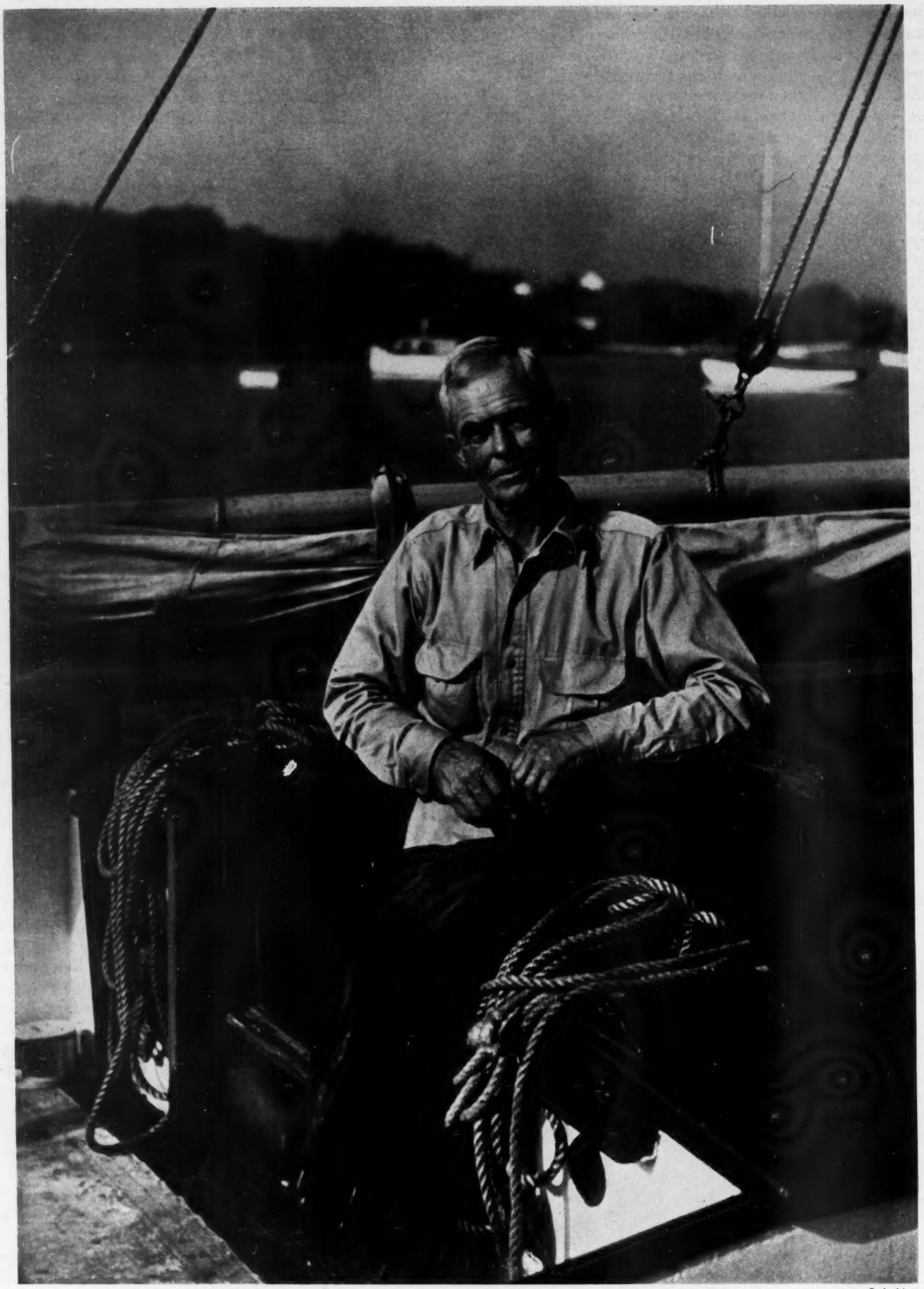
He was one of the founders of the Lake Yacht Racing Association on Lake Ontario and of the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes. He was an adviser in Sir Thomas Lipton's challenges for the America's Cup and navigating officer of the 23-Metre *Shamrock* in her American trials, and he treasured the Royal Ulster yachting cap Sir Thomas willed him. He cruised everywhere from the Caribbean to Superior. His last cruising abroad was with his lifetime friend Herrick Duggan, in Florida two years ago. He brought *Zahra*, *Haswell* and *Venture* from the Atlantic Coast to the Great Lakes. He took *Haswell* from Toronto to Jamaica and back again in 1921. He was his own certified master, navigator and pilot, and always sailed his own ship — even *Mitena*. And he won races in her in his eightieth year and almost captured another season's championship in her division. In the *Haswell*, 60 feet on deck, he had only a mate and cook and one man for crew to Jamaica, and his afterguard was his son Sam. He sailed *Mitena* sometimes with two "pros" forward and himself and Mrs. Jarvis aft.

But what makes him quite unique among amateur sailors was his genius for making his yachts pay their way. In the sport from childhood to old age purely for the love of it, still, from the *Tarpot* to *Mitena*, he never lost on any craft he

(Continued on page 78)

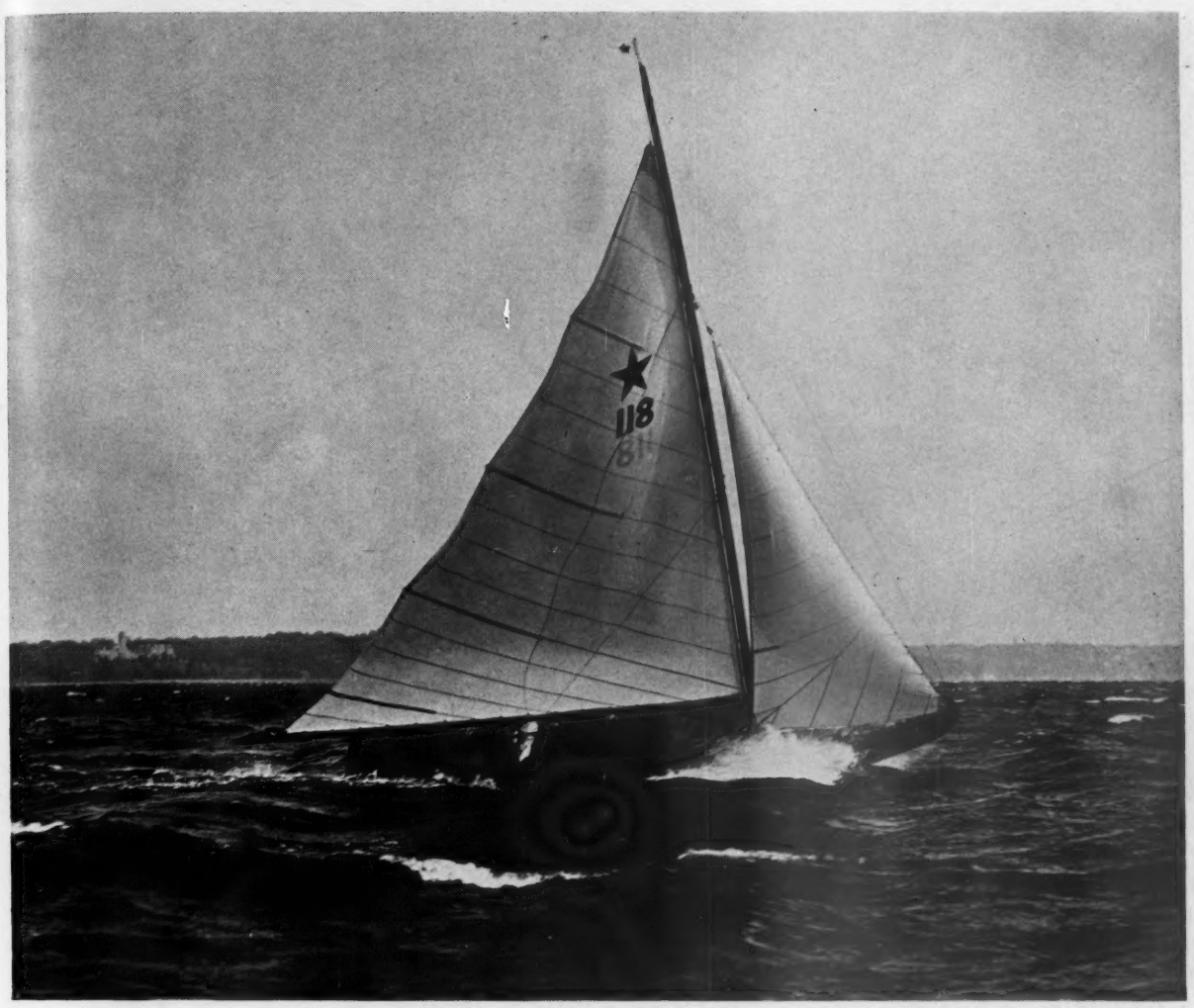


"White Wings," built by Alexander Cuthbert in 1886, did poorly until Jarvis bought her and turned her into a consistent winner



R. L. Hall

Harry Pidgeon aboard his famous yawl "Islander." The only man alive who has cared enough about single-handing to sail one boat twice around the world, he started off recently on another little trip somewhere



Left, the early Marconi rig, which first appeared in 1921, followed the same proportions as the discarded gaff rig. It was appreciably faster, however, and, in heavy going, such as shown here, compares favorably with the tall, narrow sail plans which are now in use

At bottom of page is "Little Dipper," one of the twenty-two original Stars. At one time she was owned by George Corry. From 1911 to 1921, all Stars carried the original gaff rig

AFTER THIRTY YEARS

By CHARLES E. LUCKE, JR.

THIRTY years ago there were twenty-two little sloops, each exactly like the other, under construction at the boatyard of Isaac E. Smith, of Port Washington. Half of them were for members of the American Yacht Club, at Rye, and the rest went to other clubs on the western end of Long Island Sound. They cost $260 complete, including the sliding gunter rig, watertight compartments forward and aft, hatches on deck, and rigging husky enough for a Gloucesterman. Little did their designer or their builder or their owners foresee that they were starting the foundation of the greatest small boat racing organization which yachtsmen have yet seen.

Of the original group of Stars, the records indicate that five have been lost or demolished in storms of one kind or another, No. 3, *Altair*, having been the last victim in the hurricane of September, 1938. The designer, William Gardner, died several years ago but it is questionable whether he will be remembered longest for such creations as *Atlantic*, *Aspirant*, *Vim*, *Flying Cloud*, *Cartoon* and *Vanitie* or for the humble Star. And Ike Smith, the Port Washington craftsman who started it all, died but a few months ago at the age of 82. Of the original group of owners, only Commodore George A. Corry is still racing.

What did the Star have that has built up the class during the thirty years intervening to nearly 2000 boats in 130 fleets in two dozen nations, from Sweden to Australia and from Algeria to the Netherlands Indies? Why has the Star survived three decades while hundreds of one-design classes have never been seen beyond their home ports? Why is it that few major regattas, anywhere in the world, do not have Stars among the starters? Why is it that the rate of growth has continued unabated, through good times and bad, peacetime and wartime?

The answer lies in the evolution of the International Star

Rosenfeld Photos

J. Walter Collinge

Two famous Stars, Harry Nye's "Gale" and Walter von Hutschler's "Pimm," exemplify the modern rig. Slender, flexible spars, light rigging and a tall narrow sail plan offer quite a contrast to the squat, sturdy versions of 1911 and 1921

Class Yacht Racing Association which is celebrating a thirtieth anniversary, an event so uncommon among racing classes as to be definitely a phenomenon.

Among the small fry racing on Long Island Sound in 1910 was the *Bug*, a 17-footer from the board of Curtis D. Mabry, of William Gardner's office. Despite a fin keel and fast lines, the *Bug* proved too small and uncomfortable. So George Corry and a committee, including A. B. Fry, Thornton Smith and William G. Newman, went to William Gardner in the fall of 1910 and, upon the drawing board of Francis Sweisguth, in Gardner's office, the enlarged *Bug* or Star took form.

Ike Smith built twenty-two that winter and, from the first race on May 30th, 1911, the Star was on her way. George Corry took that Harlem Yacht Club Open Regatta, as he has so many since. At that time, he had No. 17, *Little Dipper*, and it was not until some years later that he acquired the No. 1 which he still so proudly sails. Other builders noticed the popularity of the little sloop and began to turn them out. The first few years saw growth continuing on the Sound and Gravesend Bay, on the Massachusetts Coast and on Lake Erie.

Even at that time, several of the factors which have made the Star world-prominent were taking effect. The best boatbuilders were lending their hands, the foremost sailmakers their skill and some of the leading small boat skippers their talent. Yachting magazines and the daily press were beginning to give increasing notice to the boats and a consistently favorable press has ever since been one of the greatest stimulants to wider popularity.

The Star Class Association of America was formed in 1915 and, with George Corry as president and George Elder as vice president, held an organization meeting and dinner at Mouquin's old restaurant in New York. A feature of that occasion was when President Corry, *via* the then newly opened transcontinental telephone, challenged the commodore of the California Yacht Club to build Stars and come East to race. Each member there had a receiver and heard the challenge but it was several years before it was met. In the interim, the class continued to grow, but at a reduced clip as all yachting was at a standstill owing to the World War. In the post war years, the Stars formed the nucleus of many a regatta when the ranks of larger craft were sadly depleted. Is history going to repeat itself?

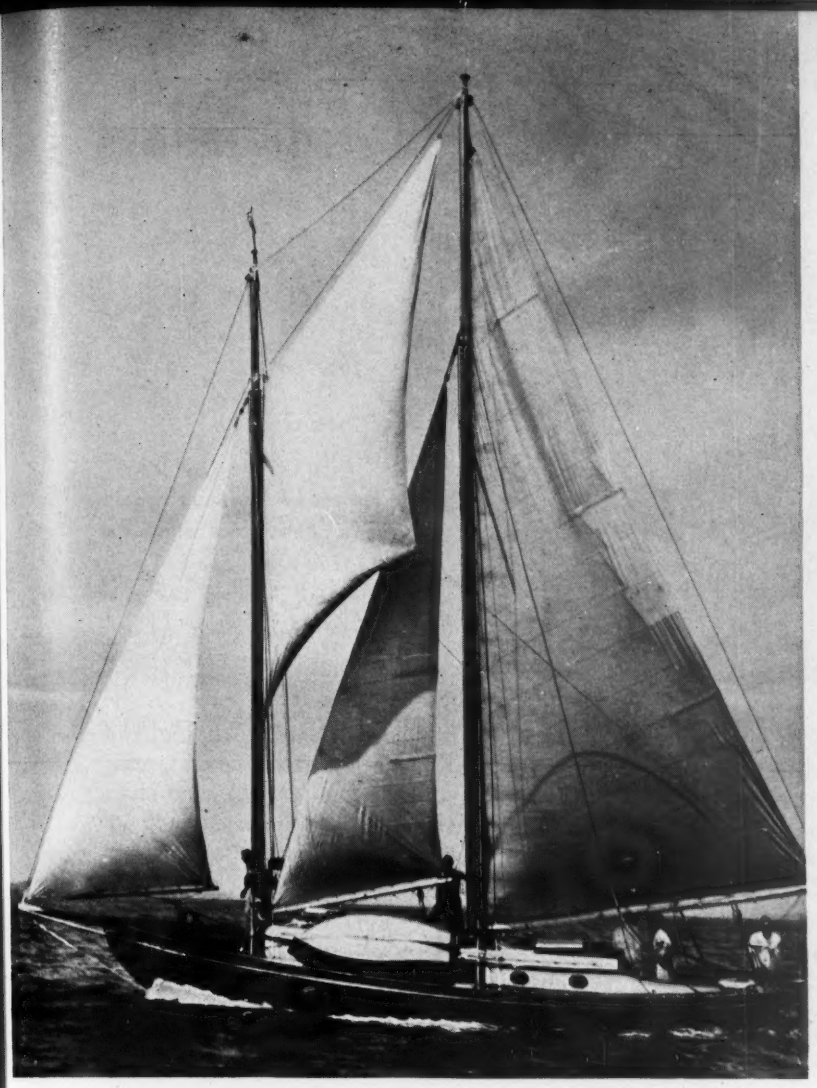
When the name of the organization was changed to the Star Class Yacht Racing Association of America, in 1922, there were five fleets of Stars: Western and Eastern Long Island Sound, Narragansett Bay, Detroit River and Lake Erie, and Los Angeles built a sixth fleet later that year. William L. Inslee, sailing *Taurus*, won the first national championship for the Western Long Island Sound Fleet and sailed there for many years although he is now doing his tiller-handling in California.

In 1923, the word "International" was added to the name of the organization when the English Bay Fleet of Vancouver, British Columbia, joined the ranks. George Elder, then as secretary and since 1925 as president, began to supply the genius which resulted in boats and fleets increasing by the score. More and more localities were finding the Star the boat they had been looking for, or near enough to her to overlook local preferences in favor of the Star's advantages. More and more Corinthians were finding they could, for the first time, get major intersectional and international competition at a moderate cost.

Each year since then has seen something going on. Only the milestones can be mentioned here. The National Championship became the Internationals in 1923 when English Bay, Vancouver, and New South Wales swelled the American entry list. Every port on the Pacific Coast then had a few Stars. Cuba and New Zealand came in and then Hawaii. Measurement certificates were found necessary and instituted as compulsory in 1926. The following year saw expansion extended to Manila, in the Philippines; the Solent, in England, and then to France, at Paris and Cannes.

The rapid European growth, directed by Enrique J. Conill, started in 1930 and it took the present conflict to retard it. Taking due account of serious differences in national taste and temperament, it is little short of amazing how the Stars spread in Europe. Present fleets in France, for example, are those of Paris, Côte Basque, Seine, D'Angers, Normande, Morbihan, Cannes, Villefranche and

(Continued on page 86)



The schooner "Sindbad" carried an enthusiastic crew of Puget Sound sailors to San Francisco and back against prevailing winds. Below. The author made his first landfall on this passage

WE GO TO THE FAIR

By C. A. VEASEY, JR.

WE were Puget Sound sailors but trips up the west coast of Vancouver Island and to Ketchikan had given us confidence in the ship and a hankering to go off soundings. Besides, I wanted to put my navigation to actual test. The run to San Francisco is down hill and usually presents little difficulty but the return, against prevailing winds, is seldom attempted by small yachts. Because *Sindbad* is a 40-foot staysail schooner, there was a challenge to lend spice to the voyage. Moreover, the Exposition seemed a reasonable objective and, with luck, we could see the start of the Trans-Pacific Race.

There were, of course, the usual difficulties in getting together a crew. When we finally set sail, the ship's company consisted of Bill Hedley, captain; myself as navigator; Johnny Halberg as A.B.; and Cam Powell, of willing heart but no experience, as K.P. artist and ordinary seaman. On Sunday, June 25th, we cast off from the yacht club, in Lake Union. A pessimistic member of the crew carefully stowed a recently emptied bottle wherewith to send a note to the family when we foundered.

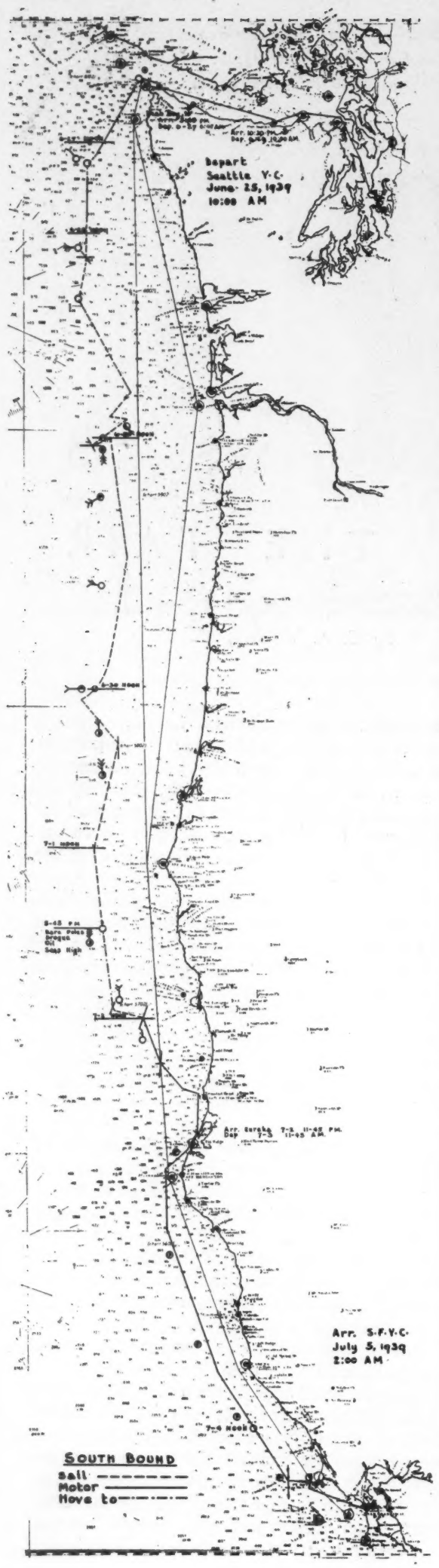
That afternoon we took time out to swing ship and I was puzzled to find one to five degrees westerly deviation on all eight points checked. Bowditch gave no clew to the situation but, later on, when I asked a Coast Guard officer about it, he immediately said: "Your compass must be mounted off center." This was true, the compass being installed in the cabin on the starboard side of the after bulkhead.

Early on the 27th, we ran out past Cape Flattery through the fog and laid a course southwest to give us an offing. The monotony of light variable airs for two days was eventually broken by a southeaster of moderate force, during which we lost a little southing and, incidentally, dislodged a certain amount of "shore bilge." The wind boxed the compass through west to north and the next day saw us roaring south with reefed main in the morning and, later, only a small squaresail (really a modified raffee) on the foremast. This was plenty of canvas and all that night we roared along before it, logging about seven knots. There was enough moonlight coming through the racing clouds to facilitate steering but, with the following sea, the yawing made an hour at the tiller a workout. Three of us shared the night watches, an hour on and two off, but there was little sleep, what with the short watch below and listening to the lurid language of the helmsman which rose to ever greater heights above the whistling of the rigging as he fought to keep her on her course.

It was a glorious run nor were we without company. During the middle watch, a curious seal came up repeatedly a fathom or two to starboard to look us over with his myopic gaze and, a little later, a school of dolphin returned to dive about the bow. The next morning the parral of the yard chafed through, the sail wrapping itself about the forestay, while a string of lignum vitae balls unrove and went straight down wind. After this, we found she made just as good time with the staysail and steered better. Though we jury-rigged the raffee, it was used on only one other occasion, and then ineffectively.

In the late afternoon, we logged the wind at Force 7 and freshening, with high seas. Crests were breaking everywhere and frequently dumping a few bucketfuls of green water over the helmsman. It became evident that we had to get way off the ship and prepare for whatever the night would bring. The staysail came in and we put 250 feet of three-inch diameter manila warp in a bight over the stern; as a drogue, this was a washout (Slocum and the *Spray* notwithstanding). When solid water continued to baptize us, we put an oil bag over each bow and throughout the night remained safe from serious pooping, making 25 miles under bare poles.

From the cockpit of a small boat, in the half light of night, a big following sea is a menacing sight; each time we craned our necks to look up at what was coming, we felt sure that this was *the* one. Cam and I stood watches together and the only remark he of no experience made during the night was: "You must admit it's fun to ride them." Of course, there was no real danger except from falling overboard but the rudder took a beating and the strain on the sticks was



Extreme left. The passage south, on a rather direct course, was made in nine and a half days. Left, Bill Hedley, owner of "Sindbad," displays the only fish we caught on the cruise

considerable. It was in our minds that if it blew much harder we might be in for trouble. The next afternoon, all the crew admitted considerable perturbation the night before. This was the only time that Bill, who has a stomach made of boiler plate, shackled down with stove bolts, turned his back on his dinner; I still think it was because he knew the agile hamburger had been scooped off the cabin floor.

The rigging whistled and the water roared on but, as each sea, looming high above the stern, seemed about to poop us, the ship would rise until all but the spoondrift went under; although many of the larger seas broke with a roar and a crash on either quarter, the oil slick astern gave us adequate protection. A frequent cross sea, which could not be met, would come hissing aboard, to slap us to starboard with a violent jolt, sweep the decks and rush aft into the cockpit, which was sloppy all night despite the scuppers. I believe the lack of inside ballast and the quick righting moment had much to do with the violence of the motion as, on this night and many others, we were hurled over the leeboards of the bunks and clear across the cabin. It is a credit to Sitka spruce and excellent staying that nothing let go aloft.

The gale blew itself out at dawn and later dropped to a dead calm. A need for gas and, still more, a desire to check my navigation, determined us to make for Eureka. Late that afternoon, Trinidad Head came up over the rim of the sea to verify my Sumner Lines. One's first landfall from celestial observations is a satisfaction worth a bit of shaking up and I never ceased to marvel at the precision of sights taken from a cabin top in violent motion, while hanging precariously to the falls of the main halliards.

From Eureka to San Francisco, the run was made in continual fog and, despite unpredictable currents, a lucky sight on the second day enabled us to run in and pick up Point Reyes. The run from there towards San Francisco Lightship and thence across "Potato Shoals" (so called because so many deck loads of spuds were lost there in the days of sail) was without event and, at midnight of the Fourth of July, we passed under that great bridge, brilliant with lights, which spans the Golden Gate, and steered for Treasure Island, the brightest spot in a scintillating panorama.

We toasted each other, the ship and the landfall in good Jamaica rum and tied up at the St. Francis Yacht Club. We were nine and a half days from Seattle and a few hours too late to see the start of the Honolulu Race, the fleet having passed south of us in the fog while we were groping for our landfall.

\+ + +

On Friday, July 7th, we were ready for the homeward bound leg, going out on the afternoon ebb. Johnny and Cam had left us and, by previous arrangement, we shipped Jack Warburton and Billy Cunningham, both of Seattle. Jack has a master's ticket but he had swallowed the anchor some years ago. The measure of his sportsmanship is shown by the fact that he never imposed his professional skill on my amateur navigating and patiently sewed wet canvas for eight hours one day because he was the only one of us who could put a neat patch on a somewhat cheesy mainsail.

Two days later, we were 120 miles offshore but still in the latitude of San Francisco and we did not reach Eureka until four days after that. We took a bit of dusting in which the starboard backstay let go one night

Extreme right. The northbound passage was made against strong head winds. The chart reveals the many days when "Sindbad" was hove to and lost distance. Right, drying out

and dawn found the working jib adrift with several tears in the canvas from the broken club. It was a wet job getting this in, but Bill Hedley went to it manfully. When there was nothing of him showing above green water except a bubble in the seat of his pants, I think he forgot "one hand for the ship," as he would come up dripping with the bowsprit in full embrace. We discovered that 75 miles off the coast the water is decidedly warmer as well as much bluer than inshore; thereafter, when working forward, we would peel down first, the procedure serving a double purpose.

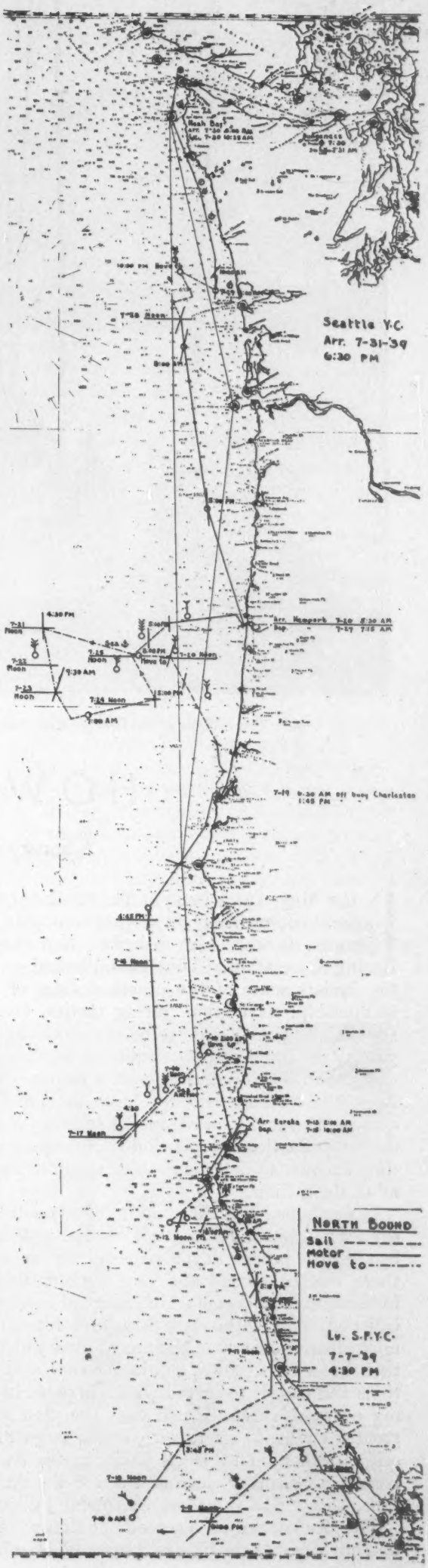
We were patched up by the next evening (July 14th) but *Sindbad* was bar-bound until the following morning, which saw us under way again. The fog which enshrouded the shore was soon left behind. As there was almost no wind, we ran north by west with the motor until late afternoon, picking up a northerly breeze for a leg in until dark, when we went about and headed out to sea for the night. It was too rough to keep the lights burning and twice we apprised overtaking steamers of our presence by shining a light on the mainsail. They would come up like big dogs and appear to sniff in recognition and then turn disdainfully away. We wondered about the comments on the bridge.

By the middle watch, it was really blowing, so we hove to under staysail, still trying to make a little northing. At 10:00 a.m., we took the staysail in and set the trysail. By afternoon, we logged the wind at Force 8 and the sea high and confused, with crests breaking everywhere. The leeway was discouraging. We carried no sea anchor; after all, we were not going around the world and did not want to over-dramatize our preparations. But it was a mistake, as an adequate drogue would have eased our motion and cut down our drift. However, Jack fashioned one out of a heavy canvas woodbox which we streamed over the bow. Although it seemed to help somewhat, we still lay broadside to. With the rounded keel, the lack of grip on the water forward allowed the wind and every sea to knock her bow off to leeward. No harm was done, but the decks were frequently swept with green water. We lost 58 miles in 24 hours but, at dawn on the 19th, fetched the Coos Bay entrance buoy. As the bar was breaking, we had to humbug about until the flood tide but by noon had filled the tanks and started north again.

The Coast Guard weather report predicted light westerlies, but we were skeptical as the north-south meridian of the sky was one gigantic, magnificent mare's tail and the barometer was up to 30.20. This had always been the sign of a blow and when the wind, next morning, came down from the north, Force 4, and the horizon was a complete ring of strato-cumulus clouds, we were sure of it. We took a leg north during the night and a leg out during the day, having to shorten sail as the wind increased. At six in the evening, we logged Force 6 to 7 and carried on with double-reefed main, staysail and small jib. The staysail proved to be too much but without it the small main was ineffective and we could feel no helm. So, with the increasing wind and sea, we hove to again. We used the double-reefed main and drogue and lay about six points off the wind.

Morning found conditions unchanged. The ship had put herself about during the night, thus bringing the sea anchor warp against the bobstay and it chafed through. The drip pan under the engine slopped over into the bilge and the canned goods under the starboard bunk were well bathed

(Continued on page 81)



Richard B. Anthony

Towing home. Boats of the Triangle Class were used in the championship racing for the Sears Bowl last summer, sailed off Gloucester

HOW DID IT WORK?

A Survey of the Results of the Junior Education Plan

IN the May, 1940, issue of YACHTING there appeared an article commenting on a proposed plan for educating juniors. It was there described how the Junior Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound proposed to teach the juniors some of the practical sides of sailing — good seamanship, navigation, racing tactics, etc. According to the proposal, there were to be three rankings for which the youngsters could qualify, Ordinary Seaman, Able Seaman, and Mate. There is no Skipper's rating, as first planned. Now, the qualifications for Mate include the original requirements for that of Skipper. Each club was urged to conduct examinations in addition to its regular sailing instruction, in order to determine those qualified to receive any or all of the ratings.

It was hoped that the stimulus of competition and the desire for insignia and prizes that went with the rankings would interest the juniors in this phase of the sport. Too many of them wanted to sail and race without first learning the fundamentals of seamanship and good tactics. It was wisely believed that, without such a firm foundation, the kids might learn how to win their local races but would be of little help on larger boats, at a loss to cope with difficult situations and unable to exceed a certain point in their own racing prowess. It was hoped that the plan would result in greater emphasis on turning out a large number of able sailors rather than a single junior racing crew which could beat those of other clubs and create the illusion that, *ipso facto*, theirs was the most successful junior organization.

The idea seemed such a good one that we were anxious to find out whether the plan had been adopted by the clubs on the Sound and, if so, whether or not it had worked out in practice. Of the various clubs questioned, five of the most prominent have sent in reports. Three of the five have adopted the J.Y.R.A. instruction plan to the letter and the other two are conducting similar courses of their own. Encouraging is the fact that all of them approve of the principle behind the plan, feel that their juniors benefited by its adoption or influence and intend to continue the same program, or a similar one, next year.

One of the two clubs which did not adopt the J.Y.R.A. ranking scheme already had a course of its own which ran in a parallel direction, though it used a different system of ranking. This club favored the new proposal but, since its own worked in practice and since, in spirit, it was the same, the training course which it had instituted was continued. Aspects of the new program which were considered an improvement were adopted.

The other club which failed to adopt the actual J.Y.R.A. rankings did so because its instructors did not wish to take the necessary time from sailing to teach the youngsters enough to pass the tests. They felt that classroom instruction was of less importance and less interesting than practical experience in boats. And they realized it was impossible to teach all the requirements for the different rankings without considerable classroom instruction. Therefore, they decided not to try to qualify the youngsters for the different prizes but to teach them the most important points and let experience do the rest. In short, the idea behind the plan was approved and its major resolutions adopted; they disap-

(Continued on page 84)

TWO BOYS AGAINST THE SEA

By

FRANKLIN REMINGTON

The following is a letter by Franklin Remington. It is no ordinary letter but one which tells about a marine adventure which, in the words of the author, ". . . has all previous records of human endurance and courage in man's struggle with the sea in small open boats backed off the map." If it hadn't happened only a few weeks ago, with the incontrovertible evidence still at hand, we would never expect anyone to consider it unexaggerated or to believe it at all. The fact that it is true, every bit of it, must be kept in mind throughout the reading of this account of a modern marine experience, filled with tragedy as well as triumph, which was nothing short of miraculous. [ED.]

LISTEN to this epic of the sea. It makes Captain Bligh's experience after leaving the *Bounty* seem like a jaunt on Long Island Sound.

On October 30th, 1940, two boys, Roy Widdicomb, aged 21, and Bob Tapscott, 19, came ashore on Eleuthera, an island of the Bahamas about 60 miles from Nassau. Both were in the last stages of starvation and exhaustion. They were members of the crew of the *Anglo-Saxon*, a British freighter bound for Buenos Aires. Last August, the 21st to be exact, when about 500 miles south of the Azores and the same distance off the African coast, a German raider crept up alongside of them on a dark night. Without warning, she let go a broadside which shot away the only gun and killed several men who were sleeping in the stern. The next salvo carried away the wireless and the bridge.

In twenty minutes, the ship was so plastered with shells and machine gun fire that she sank. These two boys, and five others who were wounded, succeeded in getting the jolly boat, a small open 18-foot boat used for harbor work and not, in any sense, a life boat, over the opposite side from where the raider lay. That makes seven men. Five of them, as I said, were wounded. The radio lad had one of his feet nearly shot off. The fact that it was pitch dark saved them because the Germans did not see them.

The rest of the crew got off on a raft on the side where the raider lay. The Germans let them get away a short distance, then turned their lights on and machine-gunned them until all had been killed. Fortunately, the lads in the boat were swallowed up in the darkness and the Germans never saw them or they probably would have been given the same dose of medicine.

The radio chap, with his foot nearly off, managed to get into the boat, never said a word about being wounded, took his place at an oar and rowed all night with the others. When morning came, they were alone on the ocean. They tried to fix each other up as best they could. The radio boy wanted them to cut his foot off but they had nothing to do it with.

With ten teaspoonfuls of water a day, and such emergency provisions as were in the boat dealt out in the smallest quantity, they had enough for fifteen days only. They had a small lug sail, which they rigged. They were in the zone of the Northeast Trade Winds. They could never make land beating against the wind. The only thing they could do was run before it — with land nearly 3000 miles away.

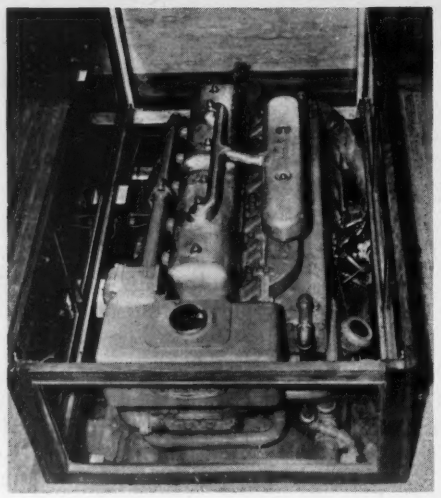
Gangrene set in and the poor devils who were wounded began to drop off. The radio boy was the first to go. When he knew he had no chance, he refused to take his share of water, leaving it for those who had a better chance to survive. The mate lasted 24 days and cut notches in the gunwale of the boat for each day. Then he died and only the two boys were left. They cut no more notches.

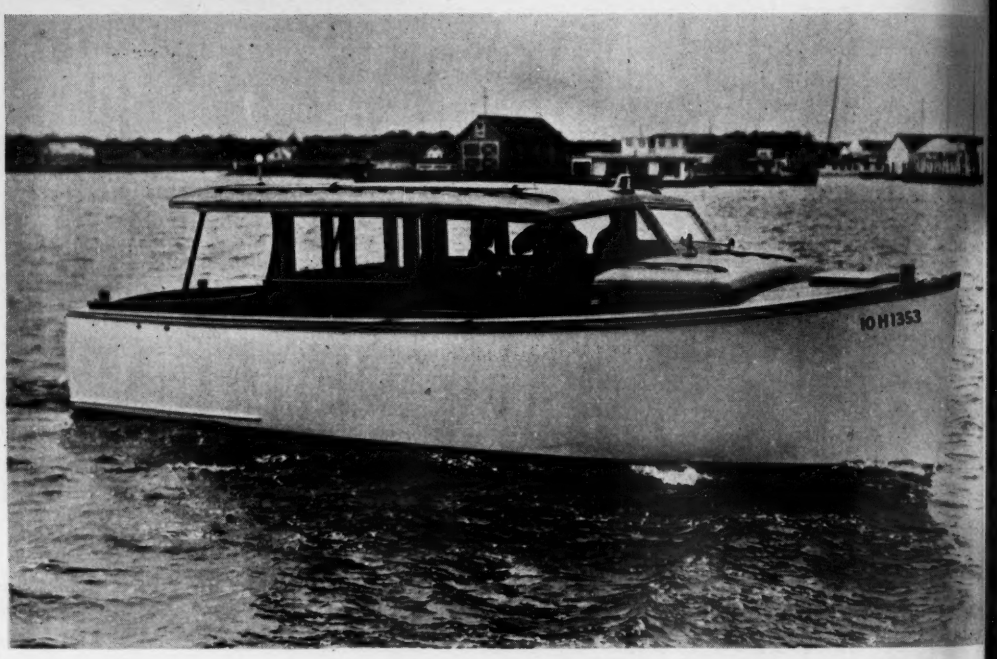
In Mid-Atlantic, in broad daylight, a steamer passed them within half a mile. Though they did everything to attract attention, the men on the ship never saw them.

(Continued on page 82)

At top, the two boys and the boat in which they made the 70-day voyage, taken three weeks after they arrived at Nassau. Right, the two on the verandah of the hospital a few days after they landed, being interviewed by the Duke and Duchess of Windsor

Left, "National Defense 32," an aircraft rescue boat built for the U. S. Army Air Corps by the Huckins Yacht Corp., of Jacksonville, Fla. She is a 32-footer of 9' beam and 22" draft and is driven by a pair of Kermath 6-cylinder Sea Chief engines. Below, "Judy," 32' sport cruiser owned by Carl Ottersen, of Freehold, N. J. Driven by a Type Y Mack Mariner Diesel (center, left) of 100 hp., through a forward "V" drive of 1.62:1 ratio, she makes 14 to 15 miles per hour.





Below, "Tonya II," 56' 6" over all, 13' 2" beam and 3' 6" draft, designed and built by Dawn Cruisers, Inc., for Burkett Miller, of Chattanooga. Two Hall-Scott Invaders drive her 24 miles per hour.

C. Robinson

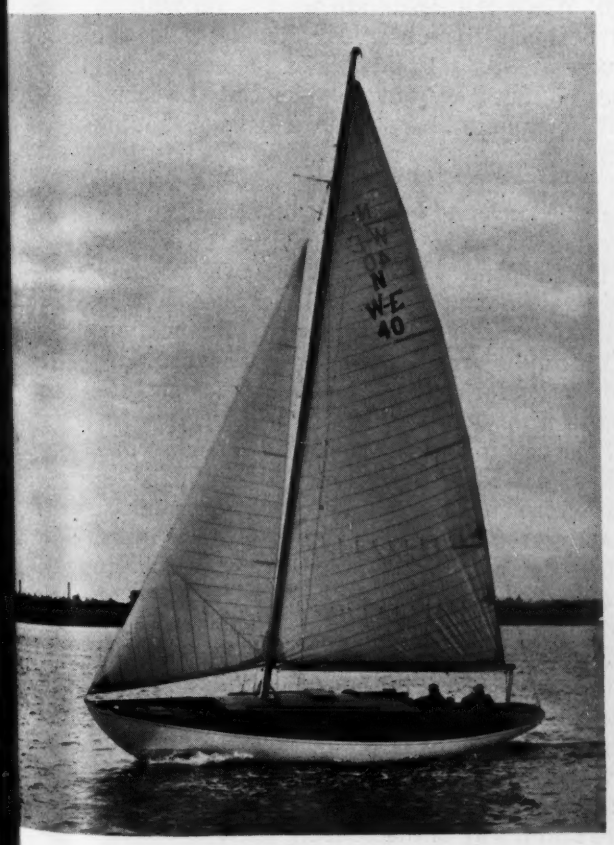
Rosenfeld

Below, the New Week-Ender, designed by Philip L. Rhodes, of Cox & Stevens, Inc., for Donald B. Abbott, of New York. She was built by Palmer Scott and Co., New Bedford, and is 38' 10" in length over all, 27' 0" l.w.l., 9' 9" beam and 5' 10" draft. Her motor is a 25 hp. Universal "Utility Four." Her plans were published in the January, 1941, issue of "Yachting."

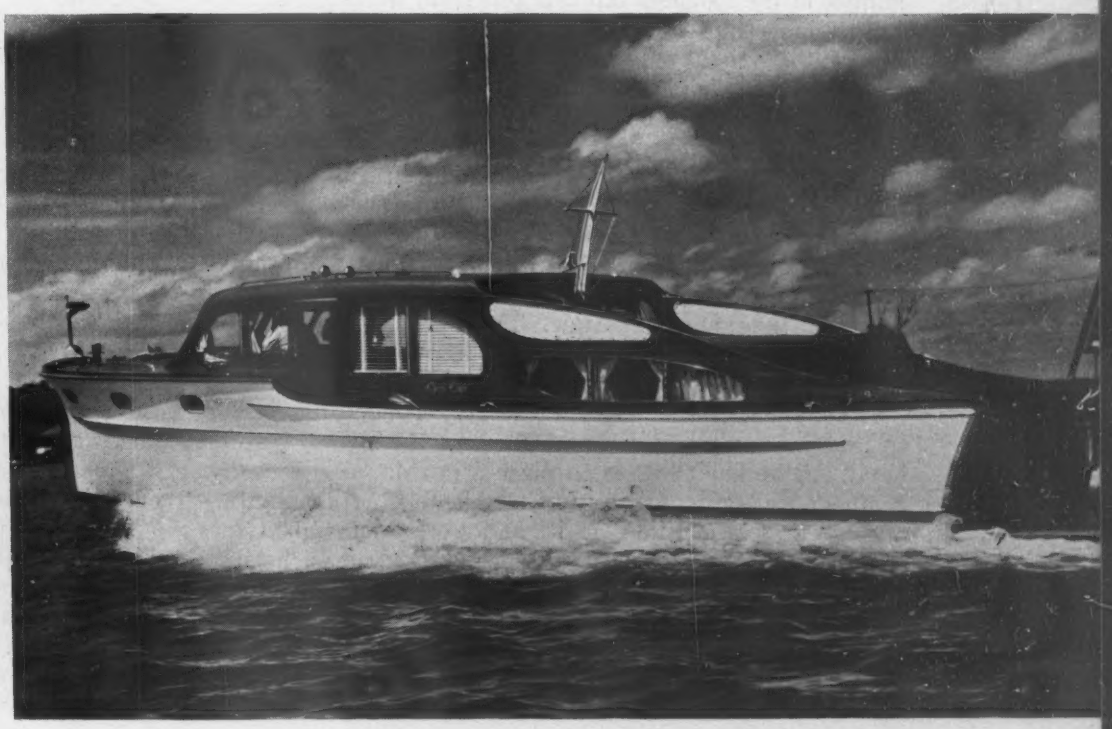
Left, "Wilrose," Col. W. G. Stuber's new cruiser, hails from Rochester, N. Y. She was designed by Nelson & Almen and built by the Annapolis Yacht Yard. "Wilrose" is 66' 0" in length over all, 15' 7" beam and 5' 0" draft. A pair of Gray Diesels, developing 165 hp. each, gives her a speed of 15 m.p.h. Below, the Cruisette 34, Custom Model, one of the 1941 Elco fleet. Two cabins accommodate from six to eight persons. A pair of Chrysler motors furnish motive power for the boat.

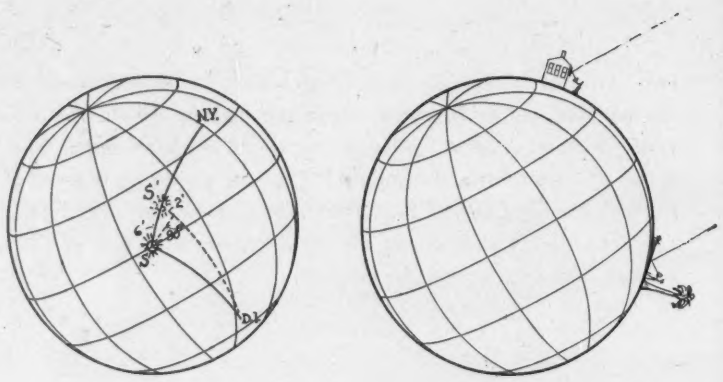
Rosenfeld

WHAT'S NEW IN BOATS



Right, from Algonac comes a new double cabin cruising yacht, part of the 1941 Chris-Craft fleet





THE NAVIGATOR'S WINTER CRUISE

By

ROBERT W. BYERLY

SUMMER navigation has its difficulties. First and foremost, there is the difficulty of persuading an agitated sun to perch on an undulating horizon. Then, as soon as the sight is taken, everyone wants to know where we are and when we shall make a landfall. This atmosphere of excited interest deprives the navigator of his ordinary powers of addition and subtraction and makes working up the sight nearly as hard as taking it.

Winter navigation is quite a different story. The reflection of the sun on the surface of the molasses smiles steadily at the winter navigator, and the double altitude between it and its low hanging counterpart in the sky can be measured with great deliberation and accuracy. And it is easy to work up a sight without a single mistake when no one is interested in the result.

The difficulty with winter navigation is that the answer is always the same. The cruising radius of the winter navigator is not more than one mile from his home if he is reasonably accurate. He comes to know his winter latitude and longitude so well that he dreams about them at night. He envies the navigator marooned on a desert island who starts taking his sights without the remotest idea of the answer he will get when he works them up.

Purely by accident, I have hit upon a way in which the stay-at-home winter navigator can place himself in the same position as the navigator on the desert island, except that he does not have to live on shellfish and seaweed. The plan is very simple. It involves merely substituting an ordinary plate glass mirror for the bowl of molasses. The surface of the mirror reflects as well as or better than the surface of the molasses but it differs from the latter in having no inherent tendency to be horizontal at the place of observation. It may, in fact, be nearly vertical. But, however the mirror is placed, it must be horizontal somewhere, that is to say, it must be parallel to the horizon plane at some point on the earth.

A navigator observing double altitudes in a mirror leaning against a wall in New York is measuring the same angles as a castaway 6,000 miles away observing the reflection of the sun in the horizontal surface of a pool. The observations of the two navigators must work out to give just the same latitude and longitude. They are, of course, the latitude and longitude of the desert island which are quite unknown to both navigators when they start to work.

Here, then, is the way for the stay-at-home navigator to practice navigation without knowing the answer beforehand. All he has to do is to place a mirror quite casually against a wall or in any position in which it is not horizontal, observe double altitudes in it, and work them up in the usual way. Unless his mirror is nearly horizontal, he will find that he is a long way from home.

The first problem that arises in this kind of navigation is the same one that confronts the navigator on the desert island: There is no dead reckoning position from which to start. There are doubtless many ways of getting around this difficulty. The simplest one which I have found is to get the maximum altitude observable in the mirror (which is the noon altitude at the desert island) and the approximate time of this altitude. This can be done either by observing the time when the sun and its reflection stop moving apart and start to come together, that is, by ordinary artificial horizon noon sight, or by plotting altitude against time in sights taken before and after the maximum altitude.

By either method, the Greenwich civil time of the maximum altitude can be determined roughly; this, converted into degrees, is the approximate longitude of the desert island. The approximate latitude is found from the zenith distance obtained by subtracting the maximum altitude from 90°. The latitude is the declination of the sun plus or minus this zenith distance. The difference between the two latitudes obtained by adding and by subtracting is usually so great that the castaway navigator could tell which was the correct one by the climate of the island. The stay-at-home navigator should be able to select the correct latitude by observing the approximate position of the mirror. If this is too much for him, he can take another noon sight a day or two later, without changing the position of the mirror, to see whether the maximum altitude is increasing or decreasing with a change in the declination of the sun.

The dead reckoning position obtained in this way is extremely rough. When the sights are worked up with it, the differences between the observed altitudes and the calculated altitudes are likely to be several degrees, so that the Sumner lines obtained are not reliable. But the intersection of the Sumner lines makes a good dead reckoning position and, when the sights are re-worked to this position, a second set of Sumner lines is obtained which are quite as good as those usually found in navigation at sea.

Altitude corrections have to be neglected in this sort of navigation, for they depend on the altitude at the place of observation and so do not apply to altitudes measured in a mirror which is not horizontal at the place of observation. But omitting altitude corrections does not cause any serious error. Correction for height of eye does not come into any artificial horizon observation, nor does correction for semi-diameter if the two images are made to coincide when the sight is taken. The only correction to be applied to such an observation is the correction for refraction, that is, the bubble sextant correction of *H.O. 211*, and this is quite small except when the sun or star is near the horizon. If the sun is 15° or more above the horizon at the place of observation, the omission of this correction cannot put any Sumner line off more than three miles and this is close enough for most navigators in a cruise so far from home.

The really punctilious navigator will not be satisfied with a method which may introduce errors of three miles or so. Besides, he may wish to use moon sights where the error caused by omitting altitude corrections is considerable. He, then, will have to find a way of introducing altitude corrections. This is the real finesse of this method of tipped-mirror

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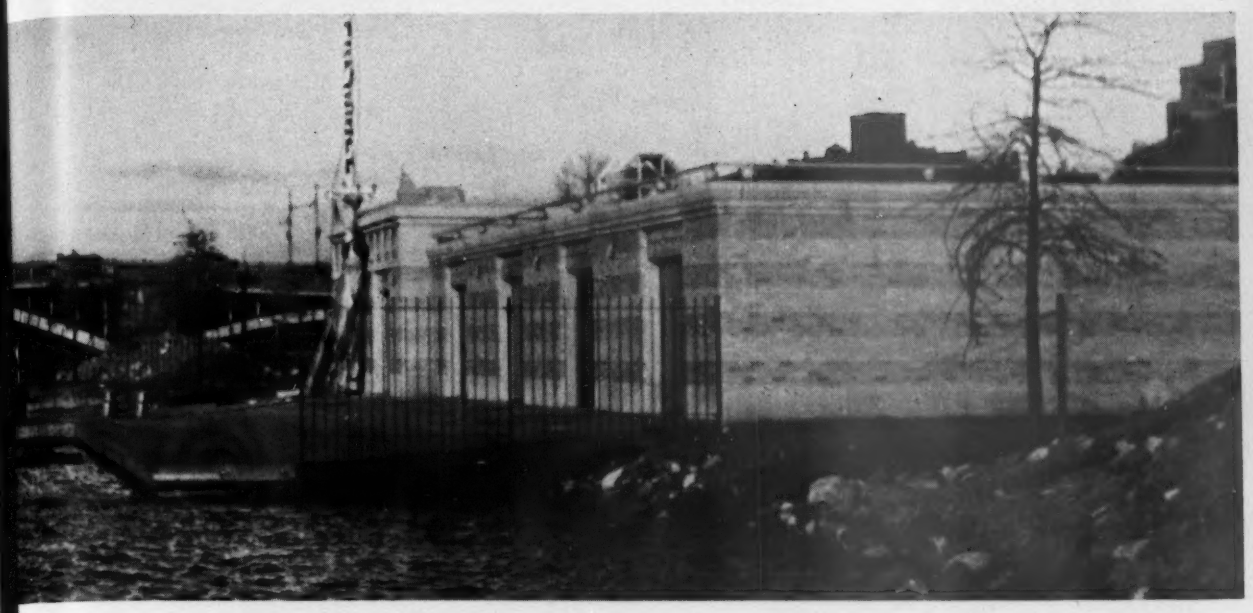


The new boathouse, built to provide sailing for all, is already finished. An appropriate decorative frieze is included

A UNIQUE YACHTING DEVELOPMENT

Boston Program Will Provide Sailing for All on Charles River Basin

By LEONARD M. FOWLE

WITH the advent of spring, the most far-reaching step ever taken to popularize sailing and yacht racing will be launched on Boston's Charles River Basin. The organization responsible is known as the Community Sailing Association and is sponsored by the Metropolitan District Commission of Greater Boston.

Here is a plan which will provide recreational opportunities, on a splendid sheet of water, for poor and rich, novice and yachtsman, schoolboy and collegian, old and young — for anyone who may yearn to sail a boat. It is a program which will offer every facility for the sport, including clubhouse, boats, instruction and safety patrol.

This is no dream of the future when privileged and underprivileged shall live in a Utopia, but a reality that should be in full swing by June 1st and probably earlier. The boathouse is already finished, standing on the Boston shore near the Longfellow Bridge, just below the Union Boat Club, and awaiting only the arrival of the boats (some 40 dinghies designed by Prof. George Owen, of M.I.T., and building at James E. Graves' yard, in Marblehead), plus the lads, lassies and grown-ups qualified to man these craft.

How this all came about is a story in itself, for there were many contributing factors, such as the Storrow Memorial Fund, the gift of Mrs. James J. Storrow to beautify and develop the Charles River Basin; the tremendous success of the M.I.T. sailing program in these waters; the growth of intercollegiate yachting in the dinghy field; the desire of Commissioner Eugene C. Hultman, of the Metropolitan District Commission, to gain the fullest use of these waters, and the interest of social service organizations in sailing as a healthy recreation for the youngsters from the crowded areas of Boston and Cambridge.

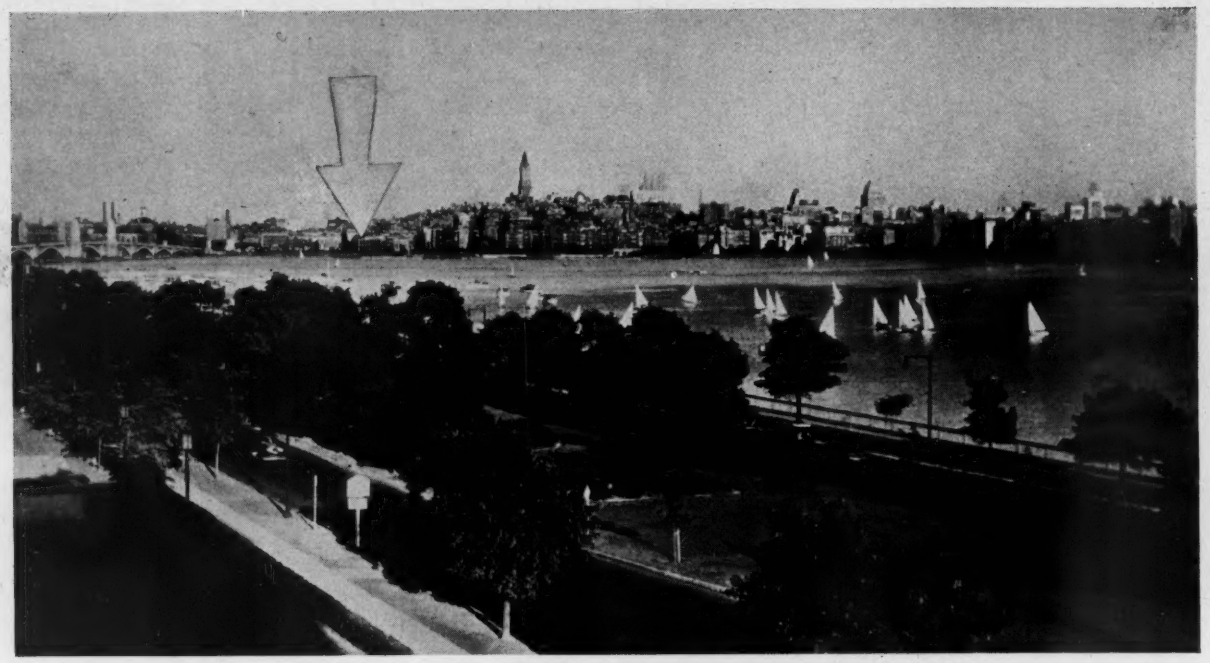
Undoubtedly, the chief force behind this specific development was Joseph Lee, of the Boston School Committee. Shortly after Tech started its sailing program, he conceived the idea that "sailing provided an adventure that appealed to kids of 13 to 16 years, the difficult age when boys from the congested West and North Ends of Boston are apt to get into mischief while wandering the streets of these slum areas." Joe Lee carried his idea into execution by having these youngsters build a lugger-rigged, dory-shaped sail boat for use on the Charles River, waters whose development for the general public has always been one of his main hobbies.

The youngsters took to these boats like ducks to water, even though the craft were not all a real sailor would approve. These 39 colorful but ungainly craft have provided sport for nearly a thousand boys, although the active participants at any time ranged between one and two hundred lads. The success of the idea won an ally in W. Duncan Russell, general director of Community Service, which administers a large part of the boys' work program sponsored by the Greater Boston Community Fund.

Many other allies were enlisted and the idea that supervised sailing on the Charles would be a boon to the people of Greater Boston was sold to the M.D.C. The Storrow Funds provided the money, Tech agreed to lend Walter C. ("Jack") Wood to direct the program, and the coöperation of the authorities at Harvard, Boston College, Boston University and Northeastern, as well as that of many yachtsmen, was obtained.

Although the major aim of this sailing project is a program of activity for the youngsters who would otherwise be roaming the city streets, many older and more privileged persons will share in the benefits it offers. The Community Sailing Association will be a club in which all who wish to participate must hold membership. While even the underprivileged boy or girl must pay a fee, it will be extremely low, perhaps 25 cents a month or less. Yet the program must receive financial support and this the sponsors expect no difficulty in obtaining, through memberships from yachtsmen, other adults interested in taking up sailing, the Sea Scouts, and college and schoolboy organizations and clubs, with dues ranging from $15 a year downward, according to what the individual can pay.

Many of these will also contribute another share to this unique program, that of assisting in the instruction of novices. Taking a leaf out of the experiences of the Tech development, Jack Wood plans to conduct the Community Sailing



The arrow indicates the location of the new Charles River Community Boathouse. In the foreground are some of Technology's fifty dinghies which will be matched by a similar fleet at the new site

Association along similar lines, each junior earning a certain ranking according to his abilities.

It is here that the colleges, many of whose students have long served as volunteer and paid social service workers for Boston's boys' work groups, and intercollegiate yachting, which has developed many fine and experienced dinghy skippers, come into the picture. It is these young men who will launch the program, probably in May, and, when the schools close, will act as instructors for the hundreds of lads who will participate. Shore schools are already under way to prepare these collegians for their task. In return for their contribution, the college yacht clubs, with the payment of a small additional fee, will be allowed to use the dinghies for intramural and intercollegiate competition in the slack seasons of the spring and fall.

The boats will, as already stated, be available for the Sea Scouts in return for similar coöperation; and for the adult general public on the fee basis. These persons, if they are novices, will have the opportunity of attending a shore school in the new boathouse to become qualified to take out the boats. For the more experienced yachtsmen, no such training will be required, although all who wish to sail these dinghies must prove their ability to handle the boats.

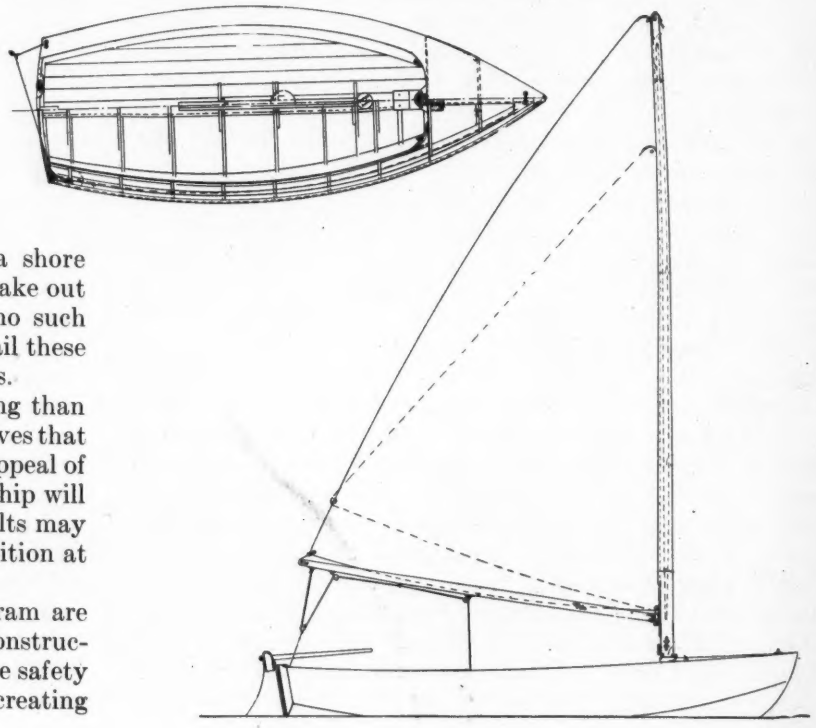
As the civic sailing program develops, other racing than intercollegiate will be introduced, for Jack Wood believes that this competitive phase will add to the adventurous appeal of the sport. The striving for higher ratings in seamanship will be another incentive for the youngsters and the adults may also have their racing by forming groups for competition at specified hours.

The new dinghies that will be used in this program are chine-built plywood craft of 13 feet 3 inches. Their construction is most interesting for, to insure stability and the safety factor, they will be practically double-hulled, thus creating what amounts, in effect, to a sponson or air compartment around the entire hull. It is believed that they will prove extremely able and safe.

The cat-rigged craft will have two sizes of mainsail, a light weather sail of 72 square feet on a 15½-foot hoist and heavy weather canvas measuring 56 square feet on a 12-foot hoist. The spar to carry this rig is hollow and constructed to stand without staying. The boats will be 12 feet on the water line, with beam of 5 feet and, what is unusual in plywood craft, will have a mahogany veneer allowing them to be finished bright. It has been suggested that the dinghies be given the names of famous vessels associated with Boston and Massachusetts history.

The boathouse for these dinghies, is a one-story building of gray brick, trimmed with rough granite on which are carved many types of ships for an attractive cornice. The ship motif is carried out also in the iron grillwork and a mast, which boasts a crow's nest, for a flag pole.

The new dinghies, designed by Prof. George Owen of M.I.T., are chine-built, plywood craft, measuring 13' 3" over all. Alternate light and heavy weather sail plans of 72 and 56 square feet, respectively, are provided



When the fishing fleet gathers in port at night, a great variety of types and sizes of outriggers may be seen

FISHING—EFFICIENT OUTRIGGERS

By

LANSDELL ANDERSON

FFICIENT outriggers play an important part in game fish trolling and leading fishing guides go to great pains to perfect this part of their equipment. Many owners of private cruisers, particularly those used in pursuit of game fish exclusively, have followed the lead of these guides, but others apparently underrate the value of a good pair of outriggers.

Some anglers fail to appreciate the primary purpose of the sturdy, lofty 'riggers favored by guides specializing in blue marlin trolling and effectively used by others for sailfish and white marlin. Boatmen do not go to extreme lengths and rigid construction in this equipment merely to troll two additional fishing lines. The fact that four lines may be fished conveniently instead of two, as formerly, is purely incidental. In blue marlin trolling, for example, more than two baits are rarely put over.

The main purpose of an outrigger is to skip a bait — a large one on occasion — along the surface of the water so as to attract the attention of game fish. Boatmen agree that a smooth-working outrigger bait raises more game fish than a stern-trolled bait, although many sails and white marlin, which are first sighted following along deep under a skipping bait, will often swerve into the wake to smash a bait riding along just below the surface in the white water kicked up by the wheels. The 'rigger bait, however, is credited with an "assist" in such cases.

It is a grand thrill, after long, fruitless hours of trolling, to sight a shapeless brown shadow sliding along under the skipping bait. Planing in to the kill with pectoral fins spread wide, glinting rays outline its form in clearest detail. For the moment, a hundred-pounder seems huge — especially if you have not yet caught your first white marlin. The cruiser then lifts sharply over a steep swell and the bait settles unnaturally for a moment before a whippy outrigger suddenly jerks it ahead in a long arc, clearing the surface for yards at a single bound as the cruiser slides down the far side of the sea. Losing its fleeing lure, the marlin swirls, then flashes away and dissolves again into the depths.

The loss of that chance at a sporty white marlin might be chalked up to faulty outrigger design. Many a giant blue marlin or acrobatic sailfish loses a bait in this way or, as more frequently occurs, turns it down without striking because the action is an unnatural one.

When the mate on a charter boat clips the fishing line into the clothespin on the outrigger halliard, he is careful to put the bait at exactly the distance at which it will ride best. If the line is lengthened too much, the bait will troll below the surface rather than skip along smoothly. Moreover, the leader wire and snap will slap up and down into the water ahead of the bait. Few fish will rise to a bait presented in such manner. If too short, the bait will jump erratically, causing a fish to lose it or turn away in bewilderment.

Several factors determine the distance at which the bait will work satisfactorily. The surface, whether flat, ruffled by a moderate wind or roughened by a stiff breeze, and the

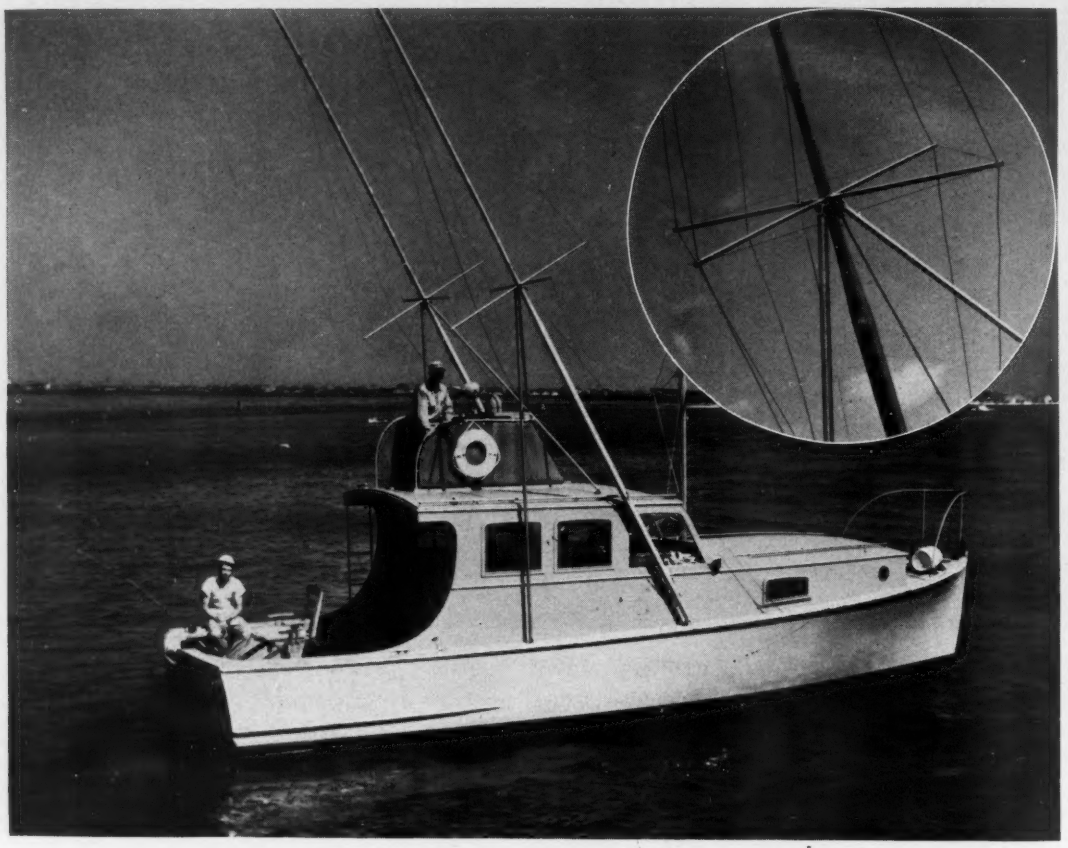
speed maintained, as well as the quarter on which the boat is taking the seas, influence the length of the lead. From long experience, the guide adjusts the lead to compensate for these factors. The size and type of bait also determine the distance at which it may be trolled from the stern.

As important as any of these factors is the height of the outriggers. Obviously, the higher the tips of the 'riggers when lowered into trolling position, the further back it is possible to drop the baits. While sails and marlin often swim right up to the transom of a small, single-motored skiff which slides along easily without undue fuss, game fish usually shy away from a large, twin-powered cruiser. Therefore, the longer the outriggers, within reason, the better. It is also apparent that, the longer the 'riggers, the wider the spread between the two baits. This affords greater coverage when zigzagging along the edge of the Gulf Stream or working a tide rip where small fish abound and large ones may be cruising in search of food.

Rigid, heavily stayed 'riggers allow greater control of baits. When driving into a short wind chop, they are less apt to whip the baits clear out of water if the boat pitches slightly. In a following sea, baits sometimes have a tendency to stall as the boat falls off on a heavy swell. In this case, limber, whippy outriggers jerk baits high in the air the moment the boat gathers normal headway again or the speed is accelerated by succeeding following swells. It is a comfortable feeling, when pushing through rough water at high speed with the 'riggers up, to know that they are up there to stay and not whipping all over the sky, threatening to buckle or snap with every roll or pitch of the boat.

Possibly, the tendency for longer and stronger outriggers has been carried a bit too far. When the big game fishing fleet gathers for the night in Cat Cay's secure little harbor, all sorts of weird, towering 'riggers lance the sky. As simple and fine a pair as any seen there during the past two years are the raked bait-towers on the *Spray*. Patterned along similar lines, those on the *Sport II* carry three sets of spreaders each and are a bit more complex in construction.

The *Blue Fin II*, sighted trolling off Maryland and New Jersey last summer, sported an excellent pair of 'riggers. It is difficult to imagine a simpler design embodying equal strength and affording as perfect operation. Raked well aft, the 'rigger tops are abaft the transom, thus eliminating the possibility of a fishing line blowing across the cockpit and snagging some person or object when a fish hits the bait, pulling the line out of the clothespin. Further, well-raked 'riggers have less tendency to jerk a bait out of water when the boat pitches.



"Blue Fin II" carries an excellent pair of outriggers in which simple design is combined with ample strength, affording perfect operation

The three pivotal bearings on the gunwale rotate on a single axis. It is not necessary to shorten or lengthen a single wire when lowering or raising the 'riggers. The exact centers of the after strut bearing, the main outrigger bearing and the forestay bearing all pivot on a common axis. This detail must be worked out to a fine point or there will be a sag in the forestay in either the up or down position of the 'rigger. The vertical after strut and main shaft bearings are simple clevis types, pivoting on cast bearing plates securely fastened to the gunwale. A turnbuckle fitted to an eye bolt through the gunwale serves as the forestay pivotal point. It is not usually possible to lead the forestay as far forward on the gunwale as desired for greatest effectiveness unless the entire outrigger is farther aft than on the *Blue Fin II*.

The spar, 12 feet long, is made of three laminated strips of cedar, each 1″ by 2″, building up to a 2″ by 3″. The spar is seated with the longer dimension running athwartships. It is tapered at the bottom to fit into a ferrule made of 2″ brass pipe. The ferrule at the upper end of the spar, seating the spreaders, is an 18″ length of 2″ light brass tubing. The spar is tapered gradually into the lower end of the ferrule and the bamboo pole slipped into the upper end.

(Continued on page 85)

UNDER THE LEE OF THE LONGBOAT

By "SPUN YARN"

A FRIEND of mine named Joe Bloe has reminded me of a suggestion I made three ago years when Mussolini was the Big Shot of the Mediterranean: namely, that he go buy a Star boat and take a little cruise in a whirlpool. Joe says Benito has gone dizzy without following my advice and asks what I would suggest in the case of Adolph Hitler, God's gift to the Supermen. The way my mind runs, the only thing I can advise for Adolph is ocean racing. There's a tough windward course that the British have been sailing since before the days of the Spanish Armada. But I wouldn't recommend that to a humanitarian like Adolph. There's a slick little leeward port named Oblivion that he can drop down to without any trouble at all. Benito made it while still dizzy from contemplating what happened to his ocean racing fleet at Taranto. If one or the other of them stopped throwing out his chest there'd be room for both.

My unbreakable habit of going off half cocked (slang for leading with my chin) often makes me friends and brings me closer to the sources of information. For example, Lieutenant Commander David M. Collins, who was mad as hops when I said, partly erroneously, that the Navy was regarding yachtsmen with a jaundiced eye, now tells me that the Bureau of Navigation has consented to reconsider certain applicants for commission in the Reserve whom it had rejected. Maybe this isn't news. Maybe as we draw nearer to wiping Mr. Hitler's nose for him both branches of the service will be more receptive. I seem to recall tales of lads who were kicked out of the draft (slang for selective service) in the last war only to get themselves accepted as volunteers after the search for physically perfect specimens of manhood had slightly wearied.

There's another laugh on me. For years I've been awfully humorous about the navigator's alibi when he fails to make an expected landfall. I've said (ha ha!) that it was the current that put him off his calculations. Skimming airily through Dutton, the naval textbook, the other day, I discovered that, besides movement of water, current includes patent log error, foul bottom, rotten steering, observation errors and faulty judgment. In short, current is not only what I facetiously said it was but it is, moreover, the official alibi of the naval navigator. Whether it stays with him in a general court martial is something I wouldn't know about and hope I never shall.

Have I been speaking of ability to judge distances, or was it somebody writing under his own name in the body of the magazine? Anyway, by the time I'd been cruising in the Chesapeake for several weeks last summer, I began to think I was pretty good at this useful and entertaining pursuit. That was before Clinton de Witt, of Wisconsin, sailed with me. We shoved off from Hampton, Virginia, and when we got about half way between Old Point Comfort and Thimble Shoal Light, I thought "two miles" and then asked Clinton how far we were from the light. He looked casually at the red conical tower and said, "Oh, about a mile and a half." We were then between the buoys marking the slue across Horseshoe Bank and I was able to figure our exact distance from the tower. It worked out at a mile and a half. Later in the afternoon, when the day was hazy and distances were more than ever deceptive, we brought a fairway buoy in the York River abaft the beam and I said to myself, said I, "It looks like five so it's probably three," and aloud I asked, "How far to York Spit Lighthouse?" "About three and a half miles," said my shipmate, who had been studying it. Consultation of the chart proved he couldn't have been righter. Feeling utterly inept by that time, I asked him to tell me how a man from Lake Michigan, taking his first cruise in the Chesapeake, could be so infernally accurate about distances.

Well, he didn't know exactly, except that he had made it one of his life studies. On his return home, however, Clinton copied off from an old Thompson's Coast Pilot of the Great Lakes certain visibility suggestions that had been a basis for his estimates. As will be seen, they take no account of atmospheric conditions. Here they are:

"The windows of a large house can be counted at about 13,000 feet, or 2½ miles.

"Men and horses appear as points at 1¼ miles.

"A horse can be clearly distinguished at 4,000 feet.

"The movements of men can be made out at 2,000 feet.

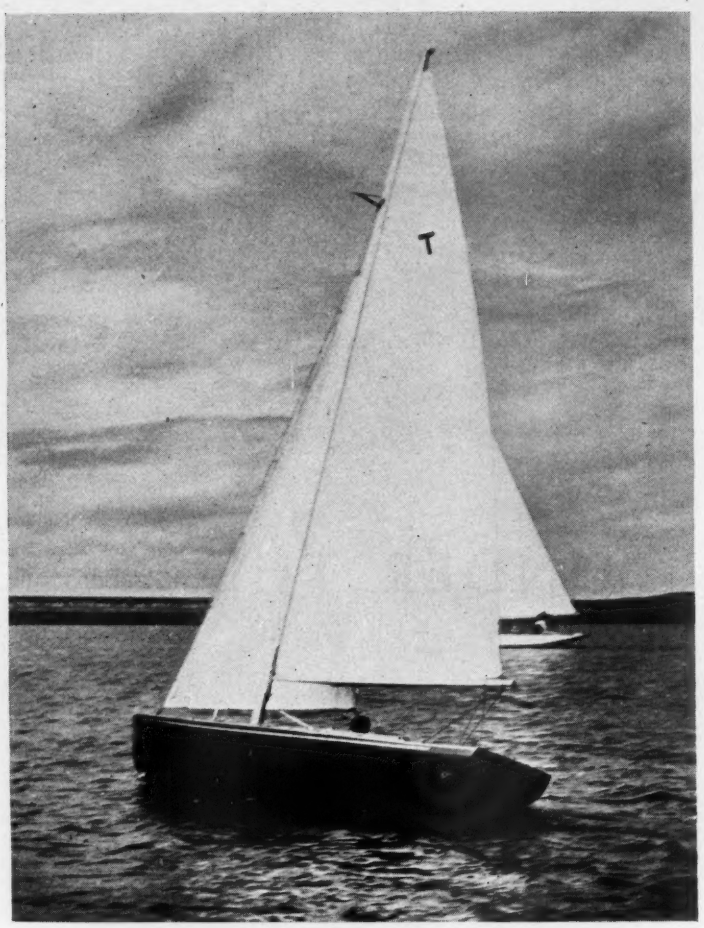
"An Arabic mile is when you cannot tell a man from a woman, in clear weather, with good eyes."

I'd like to warn gals with nudistic leanings to be suspicious of that last definition. It's too indefinite. Why, they say an Arab can see the bright stars in broad daylight with his naked eye, and it's my opinion that few Arabs would mistake

(Continued on page 84)

A BRITISH ONE-DESIGN RACER

A Neat Centerboard Racing Boat for North Wales by a New Zealand Naval Architect

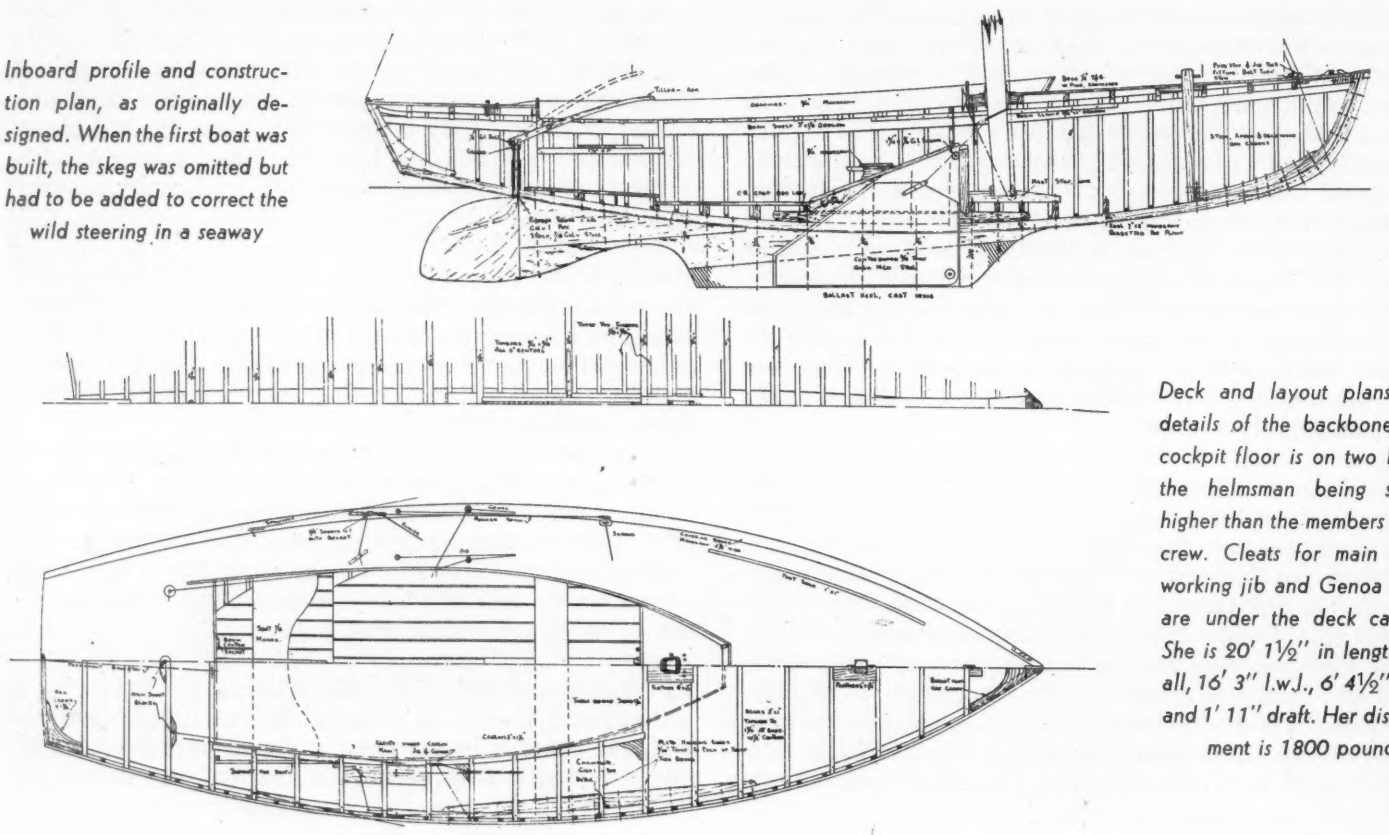


Strong winds are common in the waters in which "Tern II" is used so that her sail area is moderate, 185 square feet

ALTHOUGH at present employed by the British Admiralty in its design section, the naval architect responsible for the plans shown herewith hails from Auckland, New Zealand. Perhaps that is why he has been able to produce such a neat design for a centerboarder, something which few of our cousins across the Western Ocean seem able to accomplish. Most of the European designs for centerboard boats of light draft seem to have something wrong with them, at least to American eyes. The boat on this and the next page, however, resembles the craft built in this country in general hull form, though the fin is not common on this side of the water. Mr. Arthur C. Robb, the designer, writes us regarding the genesis of *Tern II*, as the boat is called, as follows:

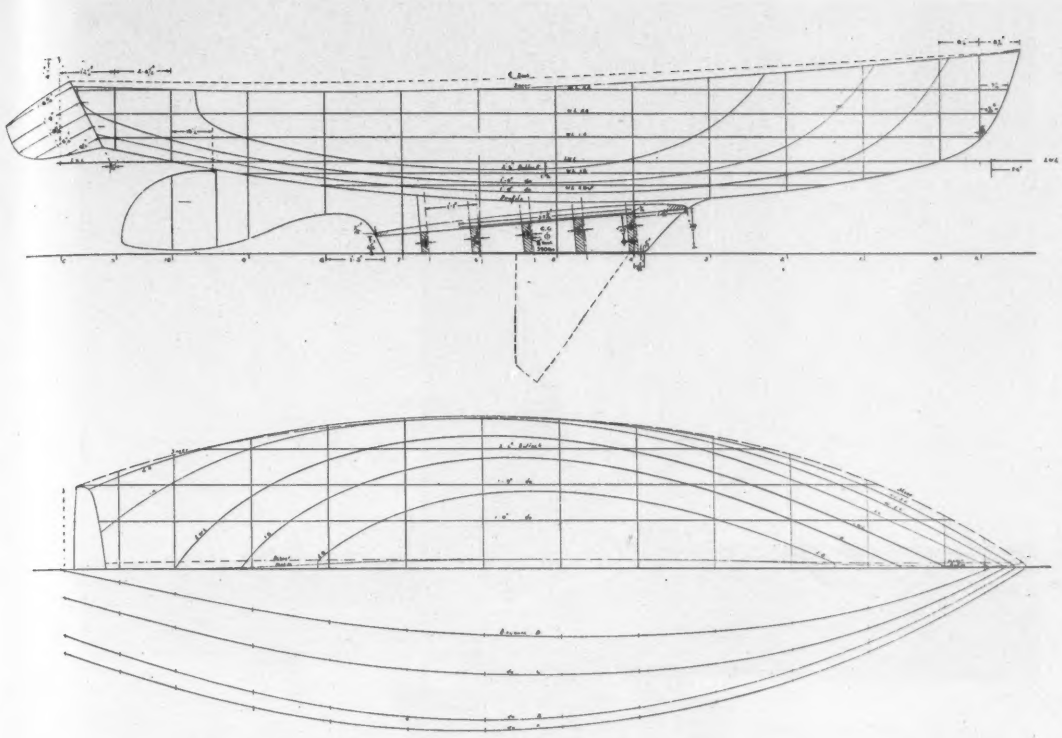
To the yacht designer it is a source of some surprise — and, between ourselves, a great deal of satisfaction — that, no matter how many designs are produced for a handy racing day boat, it would seem that there is always room for yet another. The conditions to be met are seldom the same and, even with the great amount of data to draw upon, to forecast the exact requirements of local conditions is not so easy as it at first appears. Much study is usually required.

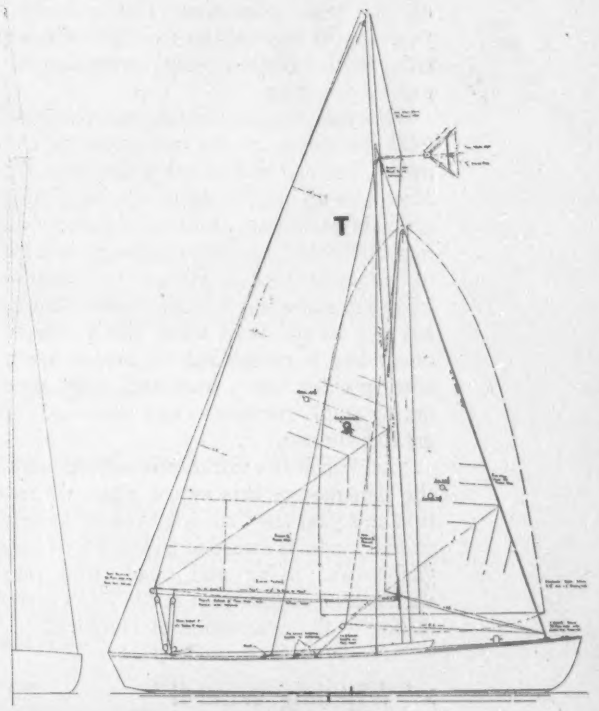
Around the coast of North Wales and about the River Mersey, those grand little boats, the "Seabird" one-half raters, have, for many years, given not only keen enjoyment and close racing for adults but have trained literally hundreds of youngsters, in waters which called for seaworthiness



Inboard profile and construction plan, as originally designed. When the first boat was built, the skeg was omitted but had to be added to correct the wild steering in a seaway

Deck and layout plans with details of the backbone. The cockpit floor is on two levels, the helmsman being seated higher than the members of the crew. Cleats for main sheet, working jib and Genoa sheets are under the deck carlings. She is 20′ 1½″ in length over all, 16′ 3″ l.w.l., 6′ 4½″ beam and 1′ 11″ draft. Her displacement is 1800 pounds





The lines of "Tern II" show a trim centerboard boat of light draft. The fin is straight on the bottom for convenience in hauling out. Right, the sail plan is moderate in area. Below, the boat on a close reach

in the boats as well as real seamanship from the crews. Odd, wee ships, bows for most of their length, wild steering off the wind, yet after one has seen three or four youngsters punching a one-half rater through the notorious South Stack Race, with the tide setting to windward at three to five knots against a 40-knot breeze, then their worth is truly appreciated. But, like so many of those who have served us faithfully, be it a horse or a dog or a boat, there comes a time when their good points must be reborn in a new generation.

Sailing conditions in those waters are exacting. Racing courses are laid out off a rockbound coast in the open waters of the Irish Sea. The spots for shelter or picnics are in tiny rocky coves, only yards in breadth and, at low water, little more than a couple of feet in depth over a sandy bottom.

And so it came about that, early in 1938, several proposals for a new but similar class were asked for. It is of one of these that this is written.

To ensure the ability to beat out of these shallow coves in the face of strong winds and considerable seas, a fin keel was thought best with a straight bottom for convenience in rolling the boat up on a beach. Considering a maximum cost allowance of £125 (say $600) delivered afloat, complete and ready to sail, it is surprising what a high standard of construction and finish was obtained, as the photographs and the following summary of the specifications will reveal.

Main keel. English oak, 7″ x 2″, in one length, bent to shape.

Stem and stern knees. English oak crooks.

Centerboard trunk logs. English oak.

Ballast keel. Cast iron, with British Columbia pine deadwood.

Planking. Philippine mahogany in long lengths and narrow widths, ⅝″ finished thickness.

Transom and rudder. Philippine mahogany.

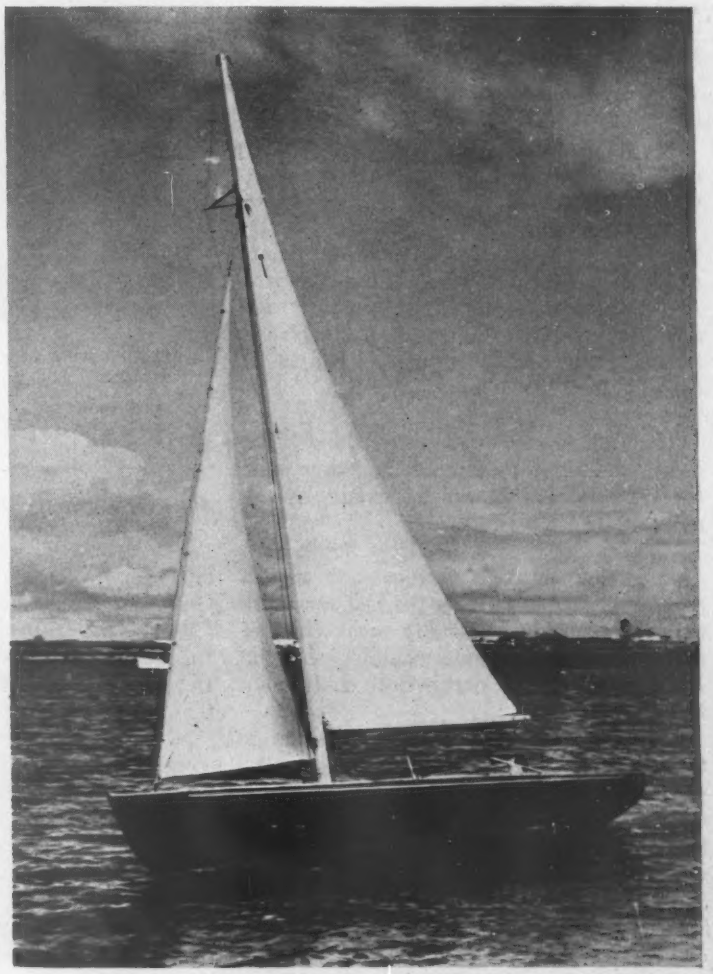
Frames. Canadian rock elm, ¾″ x ⅝″ on 6″ centers. In way of centerboard trunk and mast, ⅞″ x ⅞″.

Bilge stringers and beam shelf. 3″ x 1¼″ Oregon pine.

Covering board, coamings, centerboard trunk, and all other trim, mahogany.

Deck (canvas covered), watertight bulkheads, cockpit floor. British Columbian pine.

(Continued on page 82)



A peaceful scene on peaceful water. There's not enough breeze to ripple the surface and spoil the reflections but this cat slips along with her sail barely asleep. She is B. Palmer's "Queen Bee," hailing from Millington, Michigan

George G. Garvin

▶ The Cruising Club's Medal

For many years, the Cruising Club of America has awarded the club's Blue Water Medal to the yachtsman who, in the course of the year preceding, has evinced the year's most meritorious example of seamanship in the planning and execution of an extensive voyage.

This year, the club has departed somewhat from tradition in the presentation of the award. Instead of bestowing the Blue Water Medal on an individual, it is to be given to a group of yachtsmen. Instead of commemorating a notable deep water passage, it is given in recognition of a voyage less than one hundred miles in length. Never, however, has the award been more richly deserved; never has it recognized an exploit planned with greater care, executed with greater daring and precision and crowned with greater success.

Yachtsmen the world over will understand the rightness of this award when we reveal that this year the Cruising Club of America's annual medal is awarded collectively to those yachtsmen, living and dead, who played such a tremendous part in the war's greatest drama — the evacuation of Dunkirk!

▶ "Whistling Wind II" Wins Ice Boat Crown

On January 12th and 13th, Walden Smith's *Whistling Wind II*, of the Lakeside Ice Y. C., of Greenwood Lake, captured the Eastern Yachting Association's Class E championship. The event was sailed on Lake Musconetcong, Stanhope, N. J.

Smith won one heat on both Saturday and Sunday and finished the series with 28 points and the title. Bob Wilcox, sailing *Buckaroo II*, of the Monmouth Club, was tied with Smith going into the last race. He placed fourth in this one, however, and had to be content with 25 points for second place honors.

The deciding race was sailed in a brisk north wind. The boats made fast time over the ten-mile course, Smith winning in 11 minutes, 22 seconds.

William Harless, of the Great South Bay Scooter Club, broke a three-way tie in the Scooter Class by winning the last race and the championship in his *Big Scoot*. Harless also won the Baby Scooter championships in *Little Scoot*, finishing first in both contests in the two-race series.

The entry list at the regatta was so large that all the races scheduled could not be completed. Racing continued the following weekend (after this issue went to press) to decide the championships in those classes which were unable to complete all their heats on January 11th and 12th. An account of the finals will be published in the March issue of YACHTING.

THE MONTH IN YACHTING

▶ Gold Cup Regatta at Detroit

At a recent meeting of the Gold Cup Contest Board, it was decided to hold the 1941 Gold Cup speed boat race at Detroit, on Labor Day, September 1st. The Dodge Brothers Dealer's Association, assisted by the Detroit Gold Cup Committee, will sponsor the ninety-mile race.

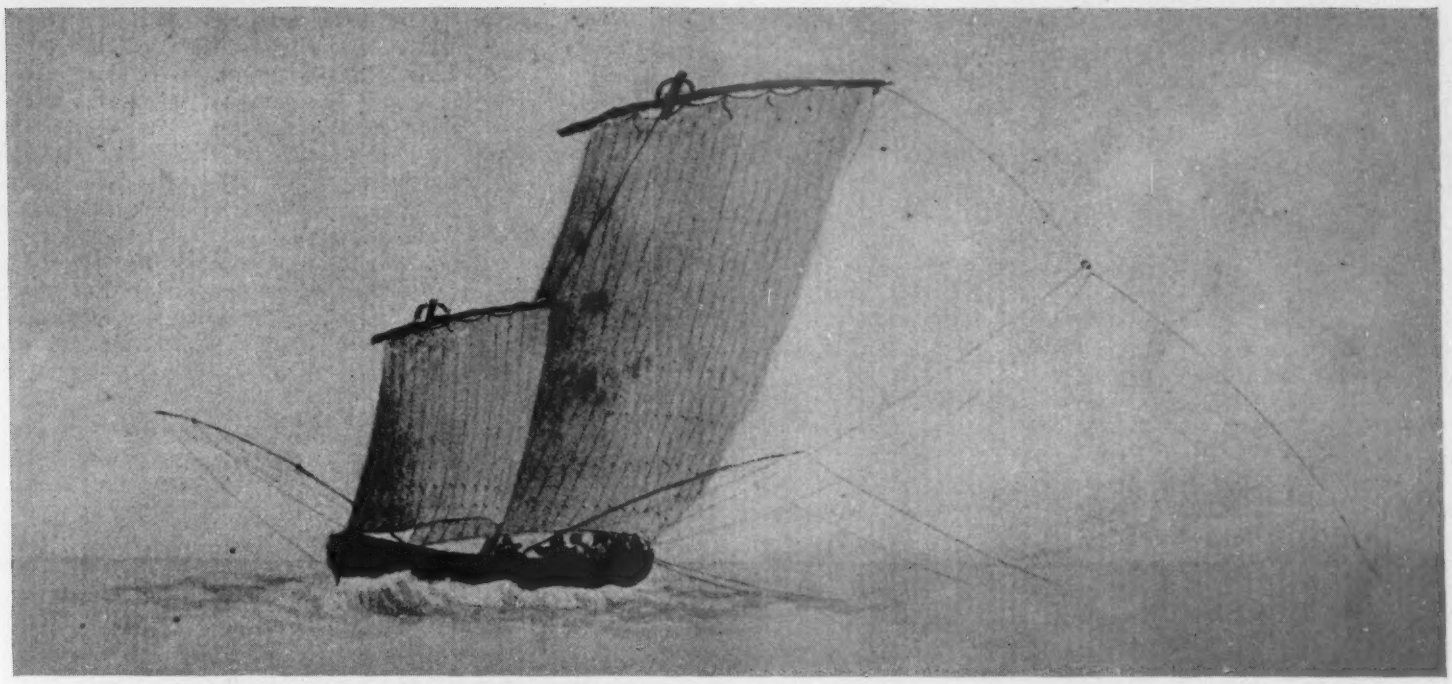
It was also decided by the board at the meeting to change the minimum lap length for Gold Cup races from two and one-half to three miles.

Last summer, the race was held at Northport, L. I. Zalmon G. Simmons, of the Indian Harbor Yacht Club, won at Detroit in 1939 in *My Sin* and was responsible for bringing the event to the East. Last year, the Indian Harbor Yacht Club played host in the grand manner and a spectator fleet of 1500 yachts was on hand to witness one of the biggest upsets in the history of the event.

▶ Auerbach Race at Miami

The fifth annual "Judge" Emil Auerbach Memorial Trophy motor boat race, previously held around Absecon Island, Atlantic City, N. J., has been transferred to the Biscayne Bay Regatta, at Miami, Florida, March 1st and 2nd, 1941.

The race is open to any type of inboard hydroplane and will be run in three heats of fifteen miles each. The first heat will be run on March 1st; the other two on the following day.



The artist wrote on the original water color: "Boat of Castro, North Coast Spain — Fishing for Bonettas — about 6 Men — July, 1811." It shows that outriggers for trolling are far from new

▶Fishing Outriggers in 1811

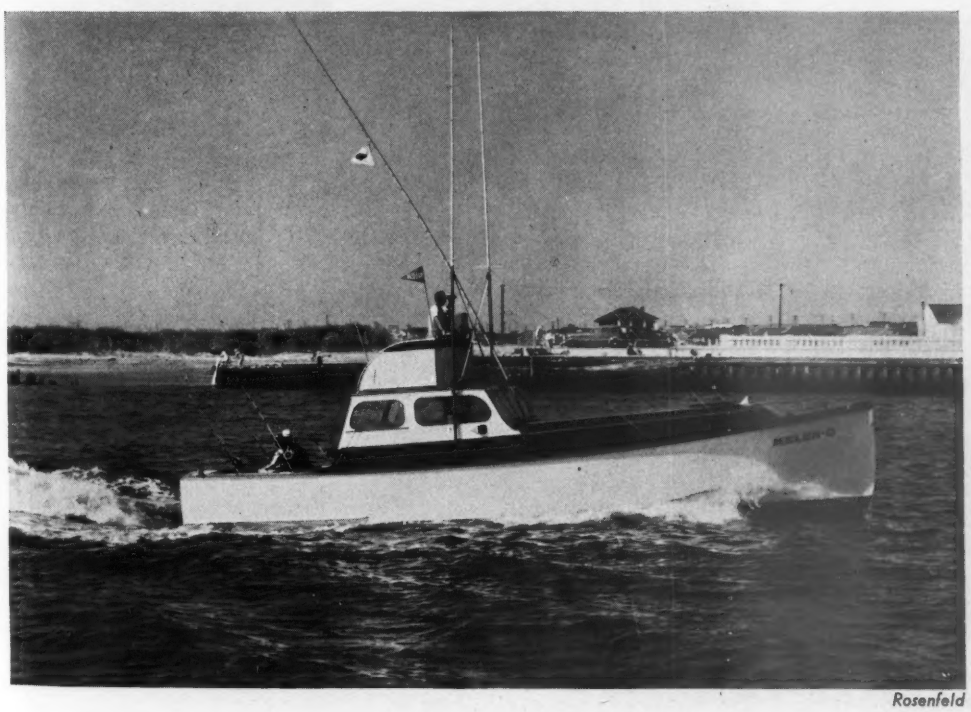
There is nothing new under the sun. The above picture was taken by A. E. Luders from an old pictorial log book now in the possession of Commodore Clifford W. Mallory. The log was kept by George Tobin, a British naval officer, over the years 1794 to 1818. This drawing was made in 1811, off the north coast of Spain. It shows graphically that there is nothing very modern about today's outrigger fishing boat. The fine draftsmanship of all of Tobin's paintings, assures the accuracy of all details.

The rig, with the two lug sails, the smaller one forward, dates back to the days before jibs were developed, the main driving force of the sail plan being in the large lug and the small one acting as a head sail. Such a rig needed a fair-sized crew as the yards had to be dipped each time the vessel came about.

Tobin had an active career with the British Navy and achieved the rank of Captain.

▶A Veteran Passes

William P. Kiggins, vice president of Henry J. Gielow, Inc., one of the oldest and most experienced men in the yachting field, died on January 6th, after a short illness. Mr. Kiggins was 68 years of age and had devoted practically his entire life to yacht brokerage and marine business in general. More than thirty years ago he was connected with Stanley M. Seaman and for the last twenty years he had been a member of the Gielow organization. Such a loyal and devoted man will be missed, not only by his own organization but by the entire industry.



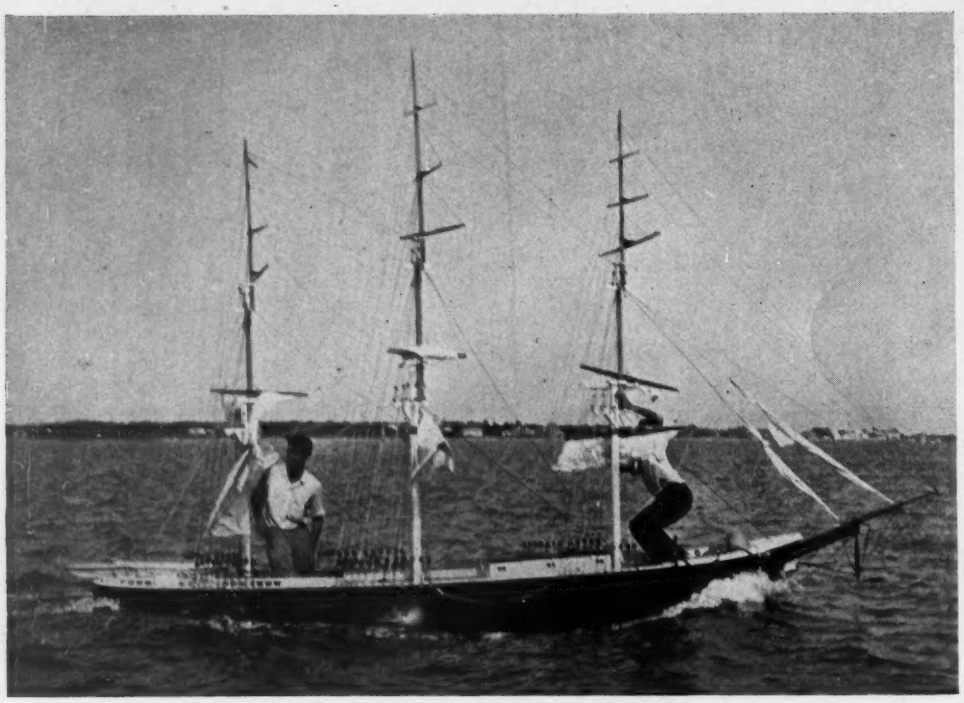
Rosenfeld

▶The Navy Takes 'em Over

Here is a partial list of the yachts already taken over by the U. S. Navy and converted, or in the process of being converted for naval use. A complete list of those taken over in all the Naval Districts is impossible to compute at this time.

Intrepid (renamed *Sylph*)	205′	Walter P. Murphy
Orion	333′	Julius Forstman Est.
Hi Esmaro	267′	H. E. Manville
Noparo (ex-*Viking*)	272′	N. B. Woolworth
Lotusland	206′	Col. Edw. A. Deeds
Haida	218′	Max C. Fleischmann
Eutropy	172′	Robt. V. G. Furman
Elda	154′	Arthur V. Davis
Vara	150′	Harold S. Vanderbilt
Buccaneer	165′	Leon Mandel
Sea Wolf	124′	Robt. H. Wolfe
Pegasus	119′	Clifford Hemphill
Onwego	120′	Geo. L. Bourne
Stella Polaris	110′	Livingston L. Short
Trouper	107′	C. A. Tilt
Katoura	93′	Alfred L. Loomis
Edmar	81′	Maj. Edw. Bowes
Freedom (schooner)	89′	Sterling Morton (Presented to Naval Academy)
Arlis	120′	R. L. Sullivan
Conseco (ex-*Alder*)	160′	Philip S. Ross
Coronet	185′	Mrs. Marian S. Bush
Egeria (ex-*Sialia*)	130′	J. Howard Pew

Captain Samuel Good's "Helen G," a sport fishing boat 42′ 6″ over all, 12′ beam and 4′ draft. Two Kermath 6-288 Diesels give her a top speed of 18 m.p.h. on a low expenditure of fuel. She works out of Brielle, N. J., in the summer season and out of Riviera, Florida, in winter



Starting to make sail on the "Howard Allyn," a 19-foot three-skysail-yarder built on the lines of the famous clipper "Flying Cloud." Below, the wind has petered out and skipper and crew are whistling for a breeze

▶ The "Howard Allyn"— A Miniature Clipper

"Must be something wrong here," mumbled the clerk, looking over my application for registration.

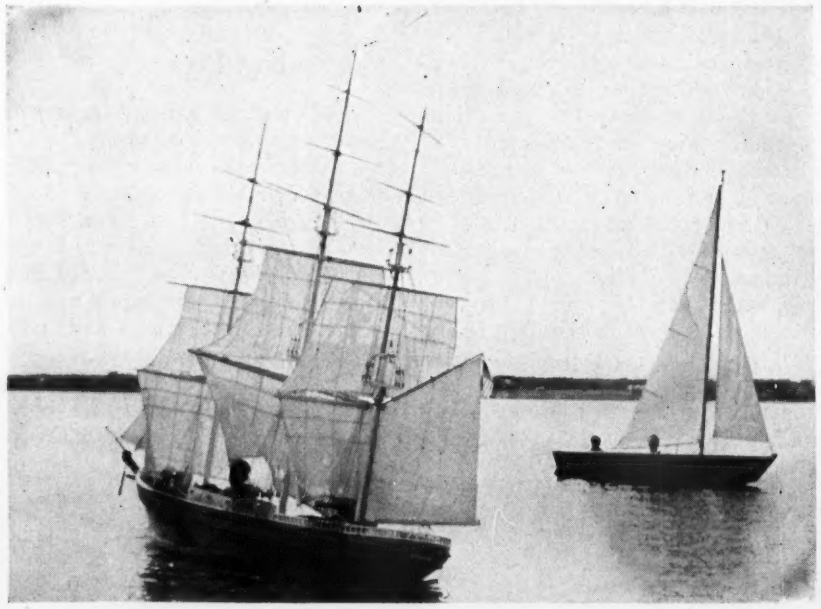
"You say she has three decks — but is only 19′ 5″ long. That doesn't sound right."

However, I assured him it was and, a few days later, the *Howard Allyn*, probably the only full-rigged ship launched in New England in — well, it's anybody's guess how many — years, slid into the water at Hyannis to the amazement of a collection of Cape Codders who remembered well the rip roaring old sea captain for whom she was named.

"I'm glad to see you named her for him," commented one of the spectators. "I knew him well. Had a remarkable command of the king's English, chiefly the profane part."

All in all, the *Howard Allyn* was given a warm reception at Hyannis last summer. It was her first taste of salt water, for she was built at Westfield, in the hills, 200 miles from the ocean.

"But why did you ever build such an impractical boat?" my friends all ask me. All I can say is that I did it because the world is full of practical people who build practical boats — and I enjoy being different. A more detailed answer would be that afternoon and night work as a reporter-photographer for the *Springfield Union* leaves my mornings free — and there is not a great deal to do mornings. So there was nothing to do but build a boat when I found myself, a transplanted Cape Codder, working in a strange inland town two years ago. Well, what kind of a boat? I thought of old Donald McKay, whose clippers were long and narrow. Why not a model of one of them? And so it was from his *Flying Cloud* that the *Howard Allyn* was built.



The proportions worked out so that she was a little more than 19 feet long, with a beam of 41 inches, and her masts not too high for trimming the topsails from the deck.

She is planked with quartered fir below the water line and oak above (the oak being necessary because no other wood could be made to take the curve around her stern without splitting). Her frames (one for every one on the original ship) are one inch square oak, and she is fastened with copper nails. She was more than two years building.

Under power she is fast. Under sail, with about 1400 pounds of ballast in her holds, she would be fast, too, if her captain and crew knew how to handle her.

I sailed her about ten times during a two-weeks' vacation, with a different crew each time, and finally learned to tack her, beating up to windward quite successfully.

The first idea to which it is necessary to become reconciled is that you do not steer a boat of this type with the rudder. It took several days to learn to wear (jibe) her around and much longer to master the trick of hauling in some sails and letting out others and bracing all around at just the right time to bring her about from one tack to the other without losing headway and missing stays.

Next summer, I hope, on the basis of this experience, to venture farther from shore, possibly crossing the Sound to Nantucket.

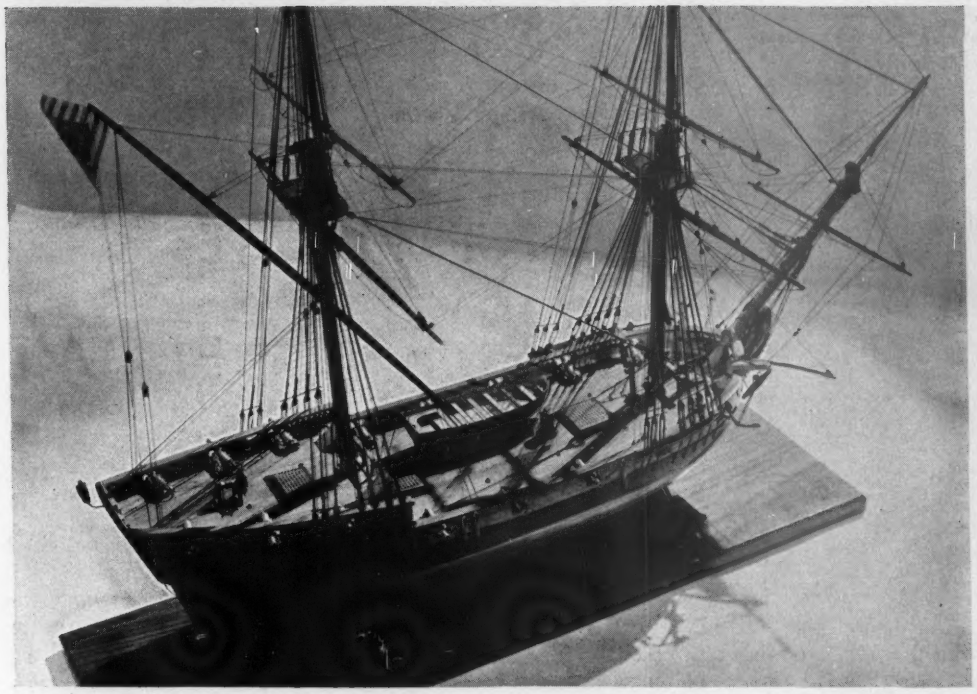
ELISHA PENNIMAN

▶ Model of the U.S.S. "Lexington"

This attractive model was made by Nikita Carpenko, of New York. The ship is the American brig, *Lexington*, one of our first men of war. Her dimensions were: Length over all, 86′ 0″; beam, 24′ 6″. Her armament consisted of 16 four-pounders. The scale of the model is $\frac{3}{16}$″ to the foot. It is planked in pear wood. A picture of Mr. Carpenko's model of the U.S.S. *Argus* appeared in the May, 1938, issue of YACHTING.

The *Lexington* was one of the small fleet of fourteen merchant vessels that were hastily converted into war vessels, at Philadelphia, in 1775. She sailed under Captain John Barry, on April 7th, 1776, and, while cruising off the Capes of Virginia, fell in with the armed sloop *Edward*, a tender to the British man-of-war *Liverpool*. After a sharp fight, in which the sloop was badly cut up and many of her crew killed, the *Edward* surrendered.

Later in that year the *Lexington*, under Captain James Hallock, sailed to the West Indies. While returning, in October, she was captured by the British 32-gun frigate, *Pearl*. The weather, at the time of the capture, was so stormy that only five of the crew of the *Lexington* were taken out of her and transferred to the frigate in the boat that brought the prize crew on board the brig. On the following night, the brig's men overpowered the prize crew and brought the *Lexington* safely into Baltimore.



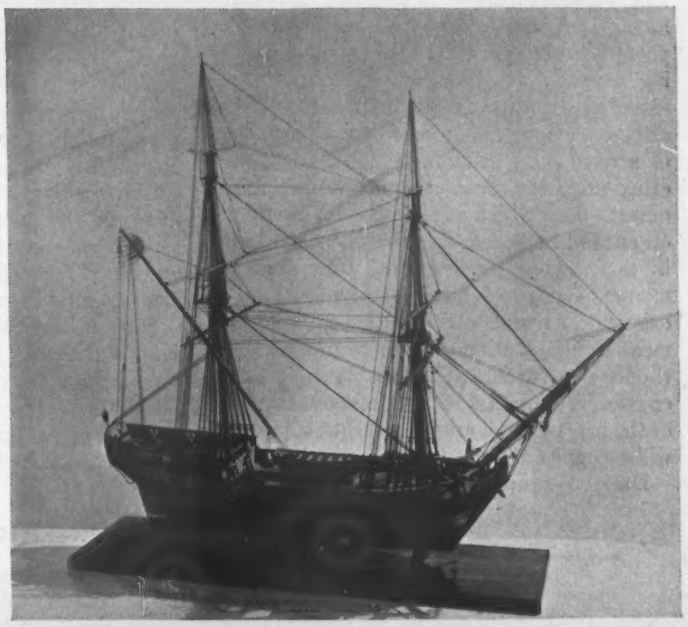
▶Fall Series Winners at Larchmont

William Conover, chairman of the Winter Sailing Race Committee of the Larchmont Y.C., has announced the results of the fall series which came to a close late in December. Winners in the three classes were: Arthur Knapp, Jr.'s, *Four Deuces*, with a percentage of .904 in the "B" One Designs; George Isdale's *Queen Mary* in Class X, with .889 per cent, and R. N. Bavier, Jr.'s, *Fun*, scoring a percentage of .967 in the 110 Class. Knapp's victory gains added significance when it is realized that a total of 25 boats sailed in Class B at some time during the series. This marks Knapp's return to frostbiting after a lapse of several years. He served as chairman of the winter sailing committee last year.

The "B's" and "X's" are now well along in the midwinter series, while the "110's," unable to remain at their moorings when a freeze is imminent, are sitting this one out, waiting to engage in the spring series.

In the spring of 1777, the *Lexington* sailed across the Atlantic to France, where she arrived in April. With the brig *Reprisal*, Captain L. Wickes, which had taken Dr. Benjamin Franklin to France the year before, and a ten-gun cutter named the *Dolphin*, under Lieutenant S. Nicholson, the *Lexington* made a cruise from June to August in the Bay of Biscay, the English Channel and around Ireland, capturing fourteen vessels in five days and recapturing the ship *Crawford* with 110 prisoners, who thus regained their freedom.

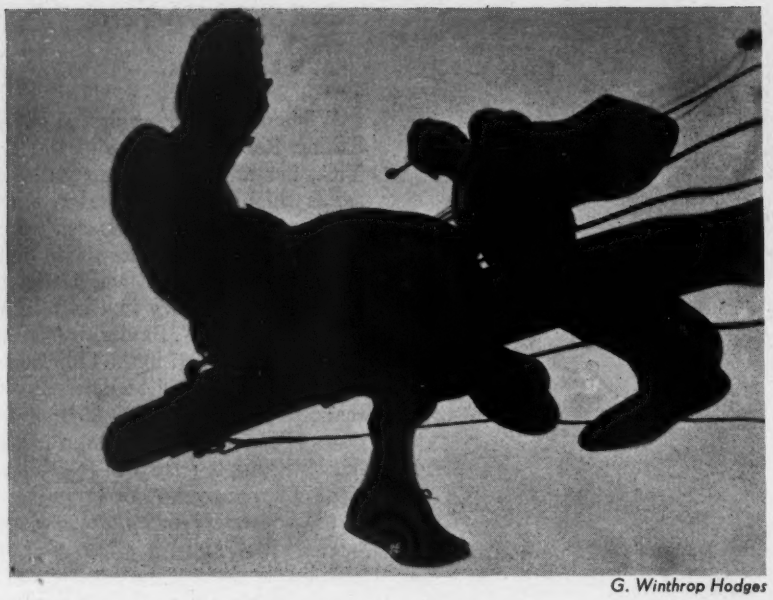
Returning from France, in charge of Captain H. Johnston, the *Lexington* was captured on September 20th, 1777, by the British cutter *Alert*, after an engagement of three and one half hours, during which all the ammunition on board the *Lexington* was expended and she was surrendered to save the lives of her crew.



A scale model of U. S. S. "Lexington," one of the first American men-of-war. The brig saw plenty of action during the Revolution. Her battery consisted of sixteen four-pounders. The long lateen yard on the mainmast is a survival from an earlier era

Photos by Don Selchow

One of the 29-foot airplane rescue boats built for the U. S. Navy by Palmer Scott & Co., Inc., of New Bedford, from designs by B. T. Dobson. With a crew of nine and 160 gallons of gasoline aboard, her twin Sterling Petrels drive her 37 m.p.h.



G. Winthrop Hodges

Can you figure this out? It is not a surrealist on the loose. Instead, it shows two fellows at home on a bowsprit, so much so that the one on the left is taking this picture of their reflection in the water

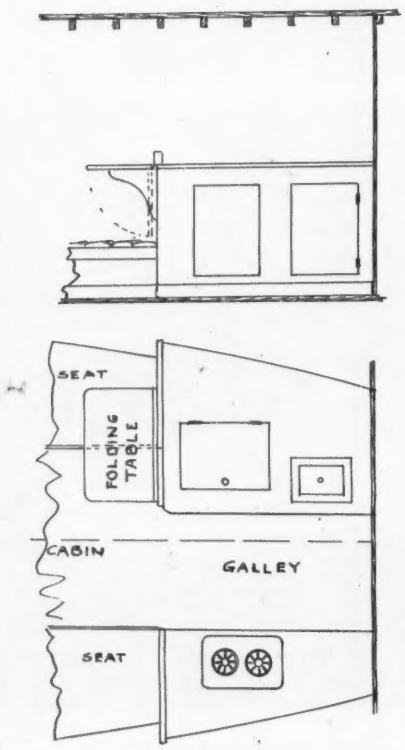
AT HOME AFLOAT

▶Folding Shelves for Small Cruisers

Adequate stowage and locker space has long been recognized as a "must" for comfortable cruising on small boats. Equally important is abundant shelf space, not for storing supplies or miscellaneous gear but to serve as a temporary stand for foodstuffs, dishes, pans, glasses, etc., in the *preparation* of a meal. One soon finds it serving many other purposes. Such a stand, however, requires space which is always at a premium on a small boat and, as a result, is apt to be in the way so much of the time that its moments of usefulness barely justify its existence. Anyone who has tried to prepare a meal, though, with no space except the top of the ice box (which will probably have to be opened in the midst of the process), the sink or the nearby bunk available to put things on, will recognize the need for some remedy.

Harry Wagner, on his Coastwise Cruiser *Free Lance*, seems to have worked out an ideal solution of this problem. The idea is nothing new but is too seldom seen. A drop leaf shelf is hinged onto the side of the half-height partition between the cabin and the galley. A swinging bracket supports the shelf when in use and, when the bracket is swung clear, the whole shelf folds down flat along the bulkhead, out of the way. When erected, the shelf is in easy reaching distance of the galley, making it ideal for the purpose outlined in the paragraph preceding. It can serve, also, countless other purposes, such as an individual dining table for a hurried meal, or a table for bottles and glasses.

Such a shelf might be installed on both sides of the boat; it does not take up valuable room and is always ready to be swung into position. An elevated lip around the edge is not imperative but has the virtue of keeping gear off the floor in a seaway.



Side and top views of the folding shelf

▶Plywood Mounting for Charts

Most small cruising boats have no room for a regular chart table. Consequently, charts are difficult to work with and are apt to become damaged through lack of adequate stowage space when not in use. The advent of waterproof marine plywood suggested a remedy for this double predicament, a remedy which has since proved practical.

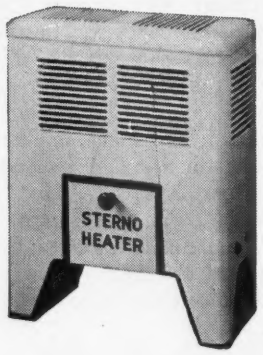
A piece of waterproof plywood is cut to a size slightly larger than one half that of a government chart. Then the chart is cut in half (if a larger board is used, the chart need not be cut at all but stowing is then more difficult) and both halves are glued with waterproof glue on different sides of the board. Spar varnish is then applied over the charts. The finished product provides a movable chart table on which accurate calculations may be made, instead of the haphazard plotting which results from working on an uneven, cramped surface. The varnish makes the chart practically waterproof, permitting plotting on deck, if necessary, regardless of the weather.

The average cruise seldom covers more than one chart but, if a more extensive voyage is planned, several sets may be made up. The wood is thin enough to permit easy stowing.

▶A Cabin Heater for Small Boats

Cabin heaters for large and medium sized boats have been on the market for some time. These have proved successful but, unfortunately, their size and price have made them practically prohibitive for small cruising boats. It is on just this size of yacht, however, that a heater would be most welcome. The little boats are more apt to be damp, more apt to have wet sails which need drying and are also sure to be more in need of cheery warmth on a cold, rainy day afloat.

In answer to this need, S. Sternau & Co., Inc., of New York City, has developed a cabin heater which is a compact unit, small enough to fit into any cabin. A low price makes it especially attractive.



The small size and low price of this efficient Sterno cabin heater make it ideal for small cruisers

The heater is of the circulating type, cold air coming in at the bottom and passing out through grills at the top and sides. A baffle plate within aids in the circulating and heating of the air. Sterno Canned Heat is burned for fuel. This may be ignited and extinguished until consumed and comes in a new form which remains solid while burning, thus preventing spilling in rough weather. Screw holes in the bottom of the legs of the heater are included for securing it to the cabin floor. The heater comes in green or white finish and the entire unit is coated inside and out with four coats of rustproof, vitreous enamel, making it suitable for marine use.

It is intended, primarily, for use in damp weather and when there is a nip in the air, not for real winter weather. A second heater, in another part of the cabin, would, naturally, increase the heating possibilities.

"MOON MAID"

"Moon Maid" is a short-rigged motor-sailer owned by James F. Deckert, of Royal Oak, Maryland. She was designed and built by Ralph H. Wiley, of Oxford, Maryland. A Chrysler Crown engine, with 2½ : 1 reduction gear, drives her at 9½ knots maximum and 8½ knots cruising speed. The galley is located on deck in a separate compartment abaft the deck cabin. Her principal dimensions are: Length over all, 46' 6"; beam, 12' 0"; draft, 4' 0".

Howe Lagarde Photos

THE VISITOR FEATURES COMFORT FOR TWO

SHOWN on this page is the smallest member of the Donald Abbott fleet of stock auxiliaries. She is the Visitor, designed by Philip L. Rhodes of Cox & Stevens, Inc., and built by Palmer Scott & Co., Inc., of New Bedford. Her principal dimensions are: Length over all, 29′ 0″; length on the water line, 20′ 6″; beam, 8′ 0″; draft, 4′ 6″. She carries 372 square feet of sail.

The new boat is designed to be of adequate size to provide a combination of cruising comfort for two people and satisfactory sailing speed. She is of adequate length for a third berth and one may be included if desired. The added length, however, was incorporated into the hull to prevent hobby-horsing in a seaway and to provide the extra stowage space and room so necessary for two people to be really comfortable. It was not really intended to serve as room for more berths which would reduce comfort below and make her sail up hill with the larger crew all in the cockpit. Comfort for two instead of discomfort for four or even three is the aim of this little yacht.

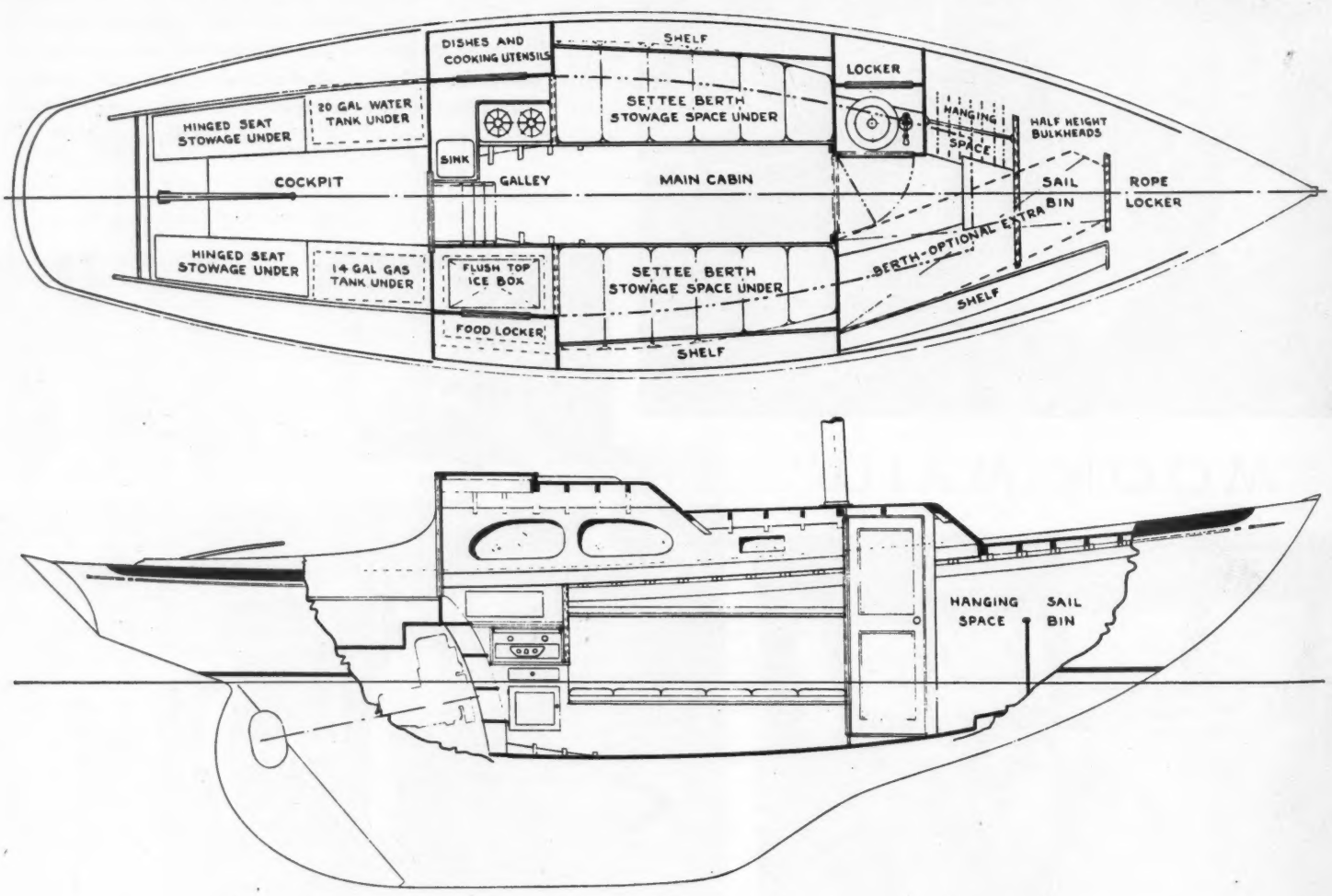
The cockpit is of the sunken variety. Decks are wide and unobstructed, particularly forward where light sails and ground tackle must be handled. The rig is simple and of the accepted modern type. One unusual feature, though a well established practice abroad, is the fact that the mast is stepped on deck. This increases the room and permits a more open layout below decks.

Headroom under the doghouse is 6′ ½″ and full sitting headroom is provided elsewhere. Abundant stowage space is afforded forward, especially if the two-berth layout is selected. A well equipped galley is placed aft, where there is both full headroom and better ventilation. Two settee berths, with stowage space under, are in the main cabin. The toilet room is enclosed.

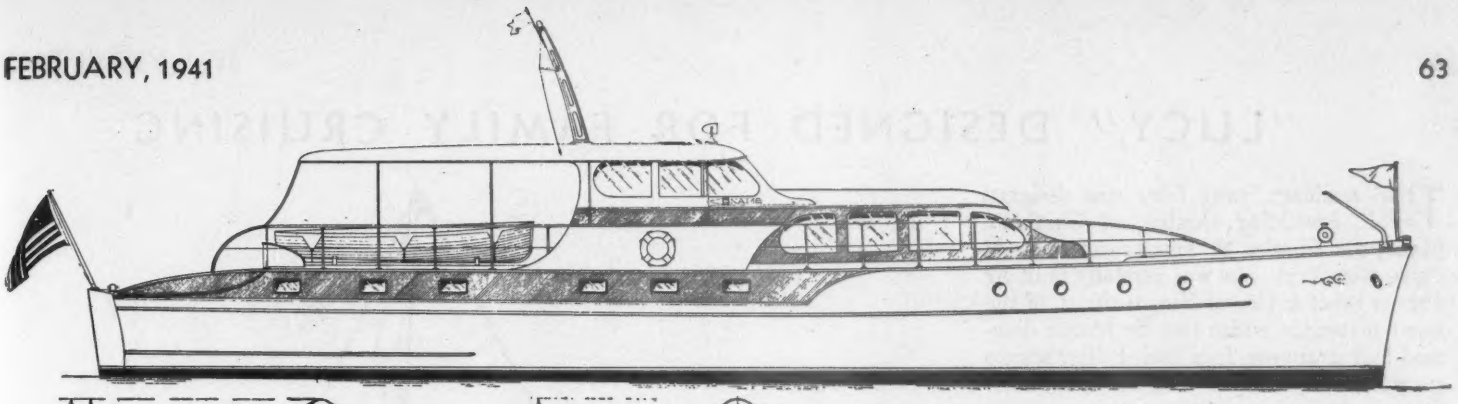
A Universal Blue Jacket Twin engine, with electric starter and reverse gear, is the standard power unit and is located under the cockpit and the companion steps. Removal of these steps makes it readily accessible. A gas tank of 14 gallons capacity and a 20-gallon water tank are located under the cockpit seats. The throttle and clutch controls are placed in the cockpit, convenient to helm.

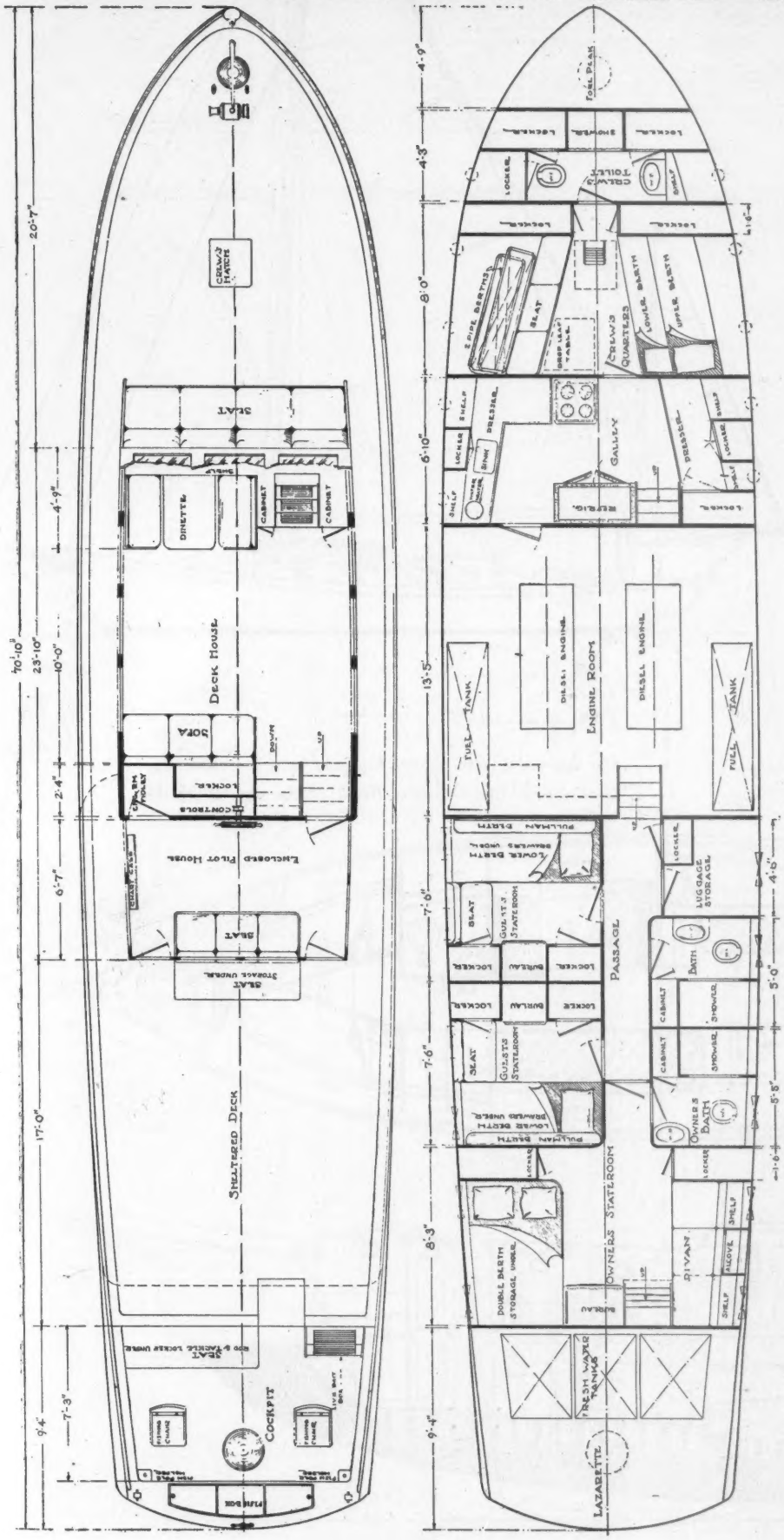
Construction is high grade. The keel is of white oak or yellow pine, molded 3½″. Outside ballast is 3200 pounds, iron. Stem and horn timber, steam bent frames and floors are all of white oak. Planking is of ⅞″ Philippine mahogany, fastened with No. 12 bronze screws. Tapered rail, cabin trunk, companion hatch and the cockpit seats and coaming are also of Philippine mahogany. Decks are of white cedar, canvas covered, over deck beams of spruce or ash, as preferred. Bulkheads and cabin trunk are of phenol-resin-bonded plywood. The hull interior is sprayed with Cuprinol preservative. Bronze is used for blocks and all hardware.

The rig is modern. An unusual feature is the stepping of the mast on deck to increase room below. Accommodations (below) were laid out to provide real comfort for two. A third berth can be fitted



The plans reproduced in this section are the property of the designers under whose name they appear. For further information concerning any design address the naval architect in question.





A TWIN SCREW MOTOR YACHT

ON this page are the plans of a most interesting motor yacht which is now under construction at the yard of Henry C. Grebe & Co., Inc., of Chicago. She was designed by the builders and her principal dimensions are as follows: Length over all, 70′ 10″; beam, 15′ 6″; draft, 4′ 0″. It is planned to use her for cruising on the Great Lakes and in southern waters.

Construction will be that typical of all Grebe boats. Keel and framing will be of selected white oak, with the outside planking double, the inner layer of white cedar and the outer of mahogany. Decks will be of teak and the hull fastenings Everdur bronze.

The power plant will be a pair of 165 horse power Gray Diesels, located amidships under the deckhouse. The fuel capacity is to be about 700 gallons and the fresh water tanks will hold 500 gallons. Auxiliary machinery will include Diesel generator, mechanical refrigeration, electric windlass, automatic steerer, ship-to-shore telephone, etc.

The arrangement provides ample deck space as well as comfortable living quarters below deck. Aft, there is a large sheltered deck and a good sized cockpit fitted with bait box, rod holders and fishing chairs. The lounge, in the deckhouse, has a dinette at its forward end and abaft it is the pilot house.

Below, the galley is forward of the engine room and is finished in composite tiling and equipped with stainless steel. The crew's quarters will accommodate four though the boat can be run with only two or three paid hands if desired. There is a shower and a toilet and plenty of locker space for the crew.

Aft, there are three double staterooms and two bathrooms, each with a shower, and a large trunk room. Plenty of lockers are provided and all cabins are insulated against heat and sound. The owner's room has a wide double berth to port with a divan opposite; the guests' staterooms have each a lower berth with a Pullman upper over it.

A watertight bulkhead is placed at each end of the engine room. In addition to the machinery, the fuel tanks are located in the engine room and the fresh water tanks in the lazarette.

At the top, the outboard profile shows the raking fronts of all deck erections and the manner in which the flush deck is camouflaged with paint and mouldings to give the appearance of a raised deck vessel. Left, accommodation plans

"LUCY," DESIGNED FOR FAMILY CRUISING

THIS auxiliary yawl *Lucy* was designed by F. Spaulding Dunbar, of Chatham, Mass., for Charles F. Vaughn, of Niagara Falls, New York. She was carefully built by Palmer Scott & Co., of New Bedford, of the finest materials, which include bronze diagonal hull strapping, lead keel, hollow spruce spars, stainless steel rigging, Merriman fittings, etc.

Her principal dimensions are: Length over all, 42′ 4″; length on the water line, 32′ 9″; beam, 10′ 11″; draft, 5′ 6″.

The new yacht, which embodies the rather distinctive flavor of a real sailing ship, was designed for family cruising. Comfort, ease of handling and sufficient speed for successful cruising racing were considered essential.

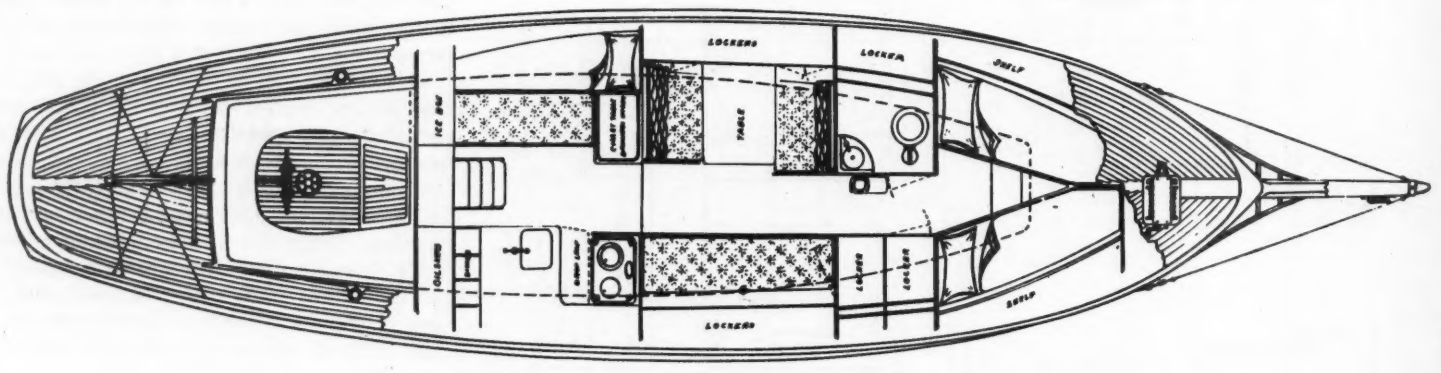
For ease of handling, several interesting features have been included. The mainsail has a roller reefing gear. More unusual still is a roller furling arrangement on the masthead Genoa. This sail may either be rolled up smoothly and retained on the headstay, or may be then taken in, leaving the wire halliard to serve as a headstay. With only the three working sails set, she is especially easy to handle, since all sheets, except the Genoa, are self tending and there are no running backstays. A stainless steel anchor rode leading through a roller chock at the end of the bowsprit is an interesting feature.

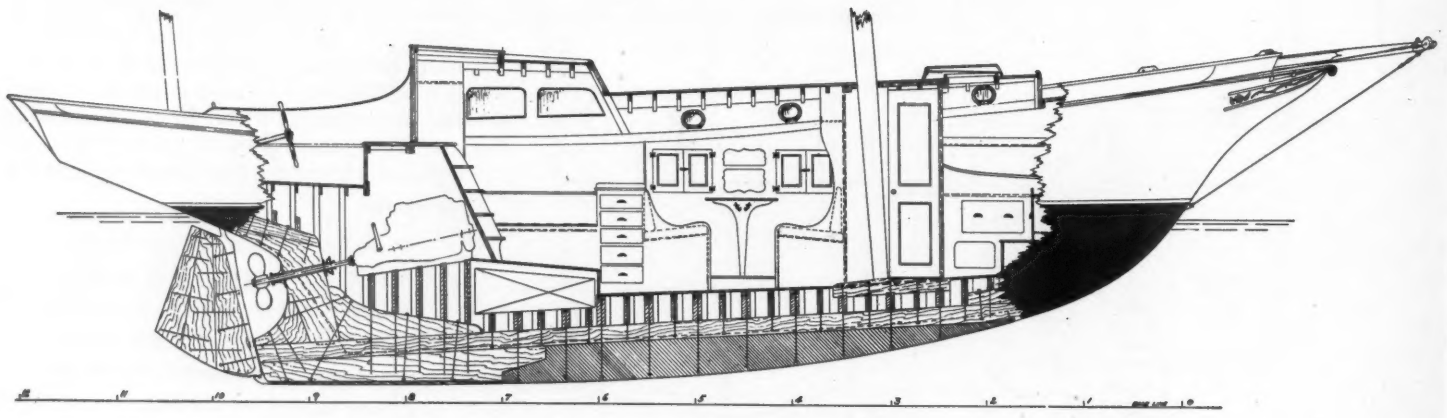
For auxiliary power, *Lucy* has a 6-cylinder Gray engine with 2.5:1 reduction gear which drives her at eight knots.

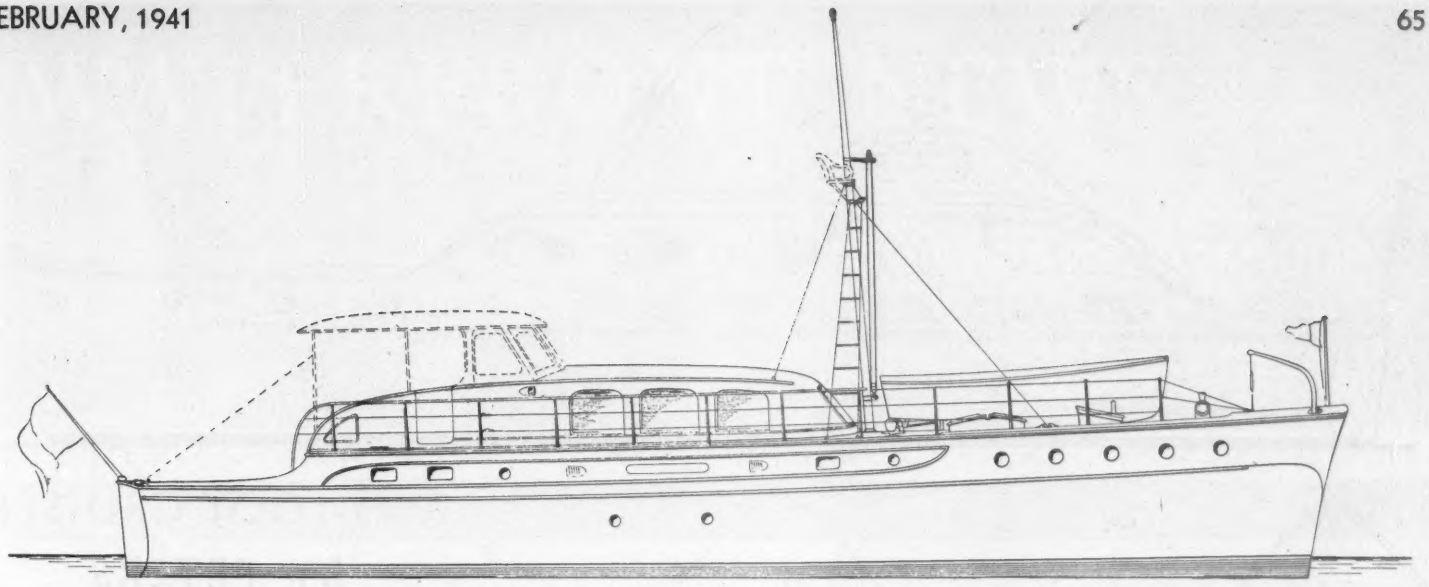
Generous accommodations are provided. Especially interesting is the large dinette to port which converts into a double berth. The interior is largely conventional, and of the proven type for a boat with no paid hand.

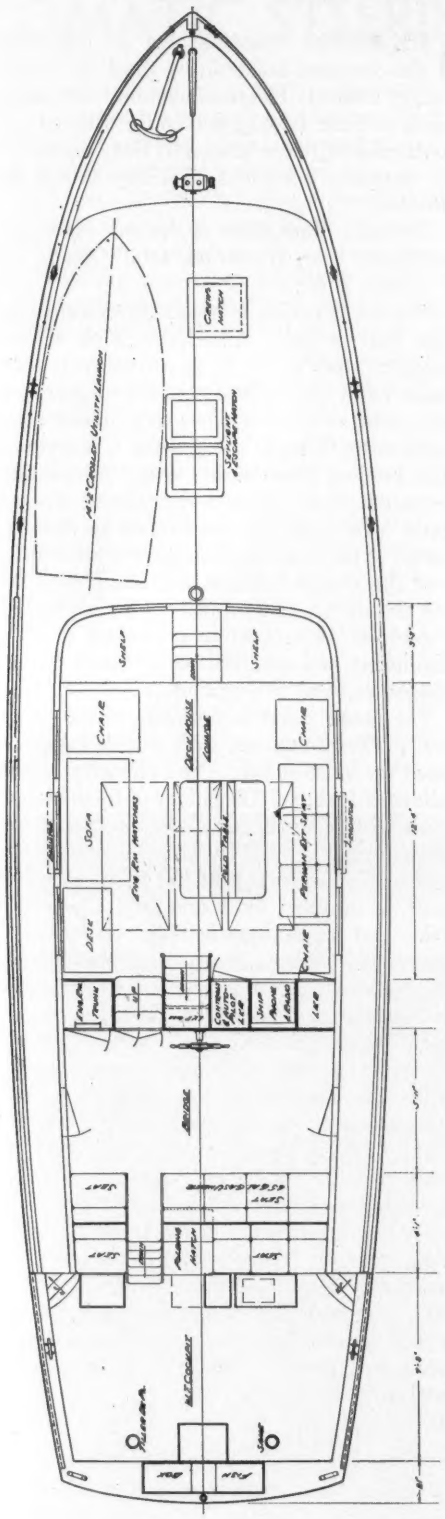
Lucy was completed last summer. A photograph of the yacht appeared in the November, 1940, issue of YACHTING.

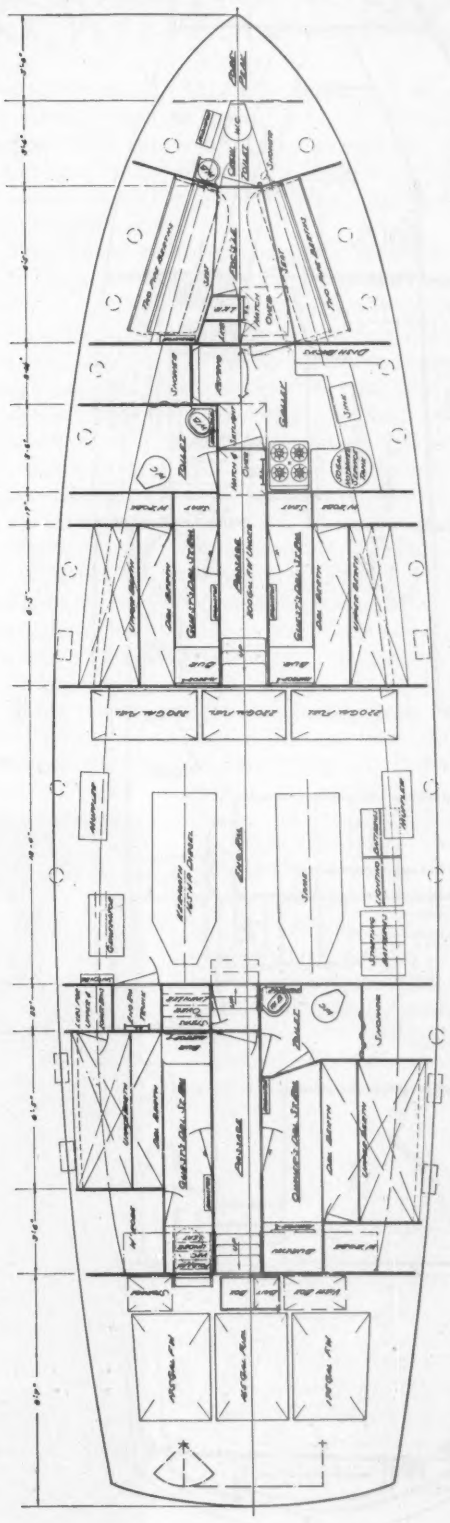
The new yacht, with clipper bow and generous sheer, captures some of the distinctive flavor of the old sailing ship











A 60-FOOT CRUISING FISHERMAN

THIS cruising fisherman is now building at Julius Petersen's yard, at Nyack, N. Y. She was designed by John H. Wells, Inc., of New York, for Powel Crosley, Jr.

Her appearance reflects the yacht's purpose throughout. She is intended to serve as a sturdy, seagoing cruiser, suitable for offshore fishing. Seaworthy design, strong construction, spacious accommodations, large cockpit, lookout mast and a wide cruising radius all contribute to this end.

The new yacht's principal dimensions are as follows: Length over all, 60′ ½″; water line, 58′ 9″; beam, 16′ 0″; draft, 4′ 2″.

Two Kermath 6-707 Diesels, of 165 hp. each, insure a speed of not less than 13 to 14 m.p.h. The engines are fitted with MacLaughlin underwater exhaust, Bendix controls and a Synchromaster. Eight hundred gallons of fuel are carried in four tanks. Fresh water capacity is 600 gallons. Federal-Mogul Equi-Poise propellers are used.

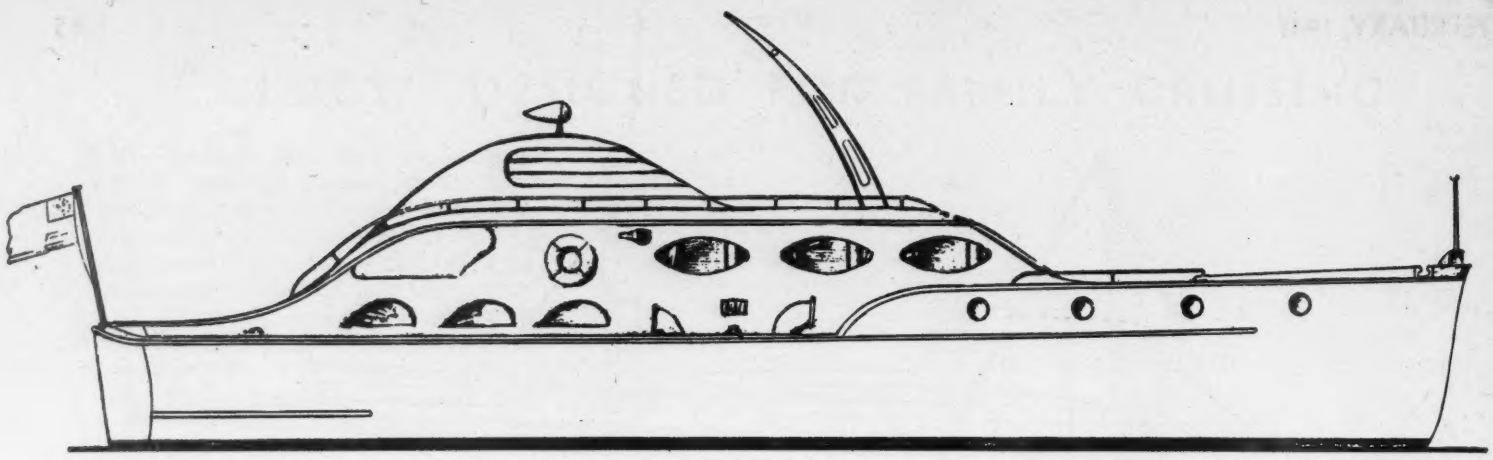
The self-bailing cockpit is fitted with two fishing chairs, bait box, fish box and stowage space for miscellaneous gear. Emergency tillers can be fitted to steer the yacht from this cockpit in case of damage to the regular steering gear. Special lockers for fishing and hunting equipment and a fishing rod locker are included below.

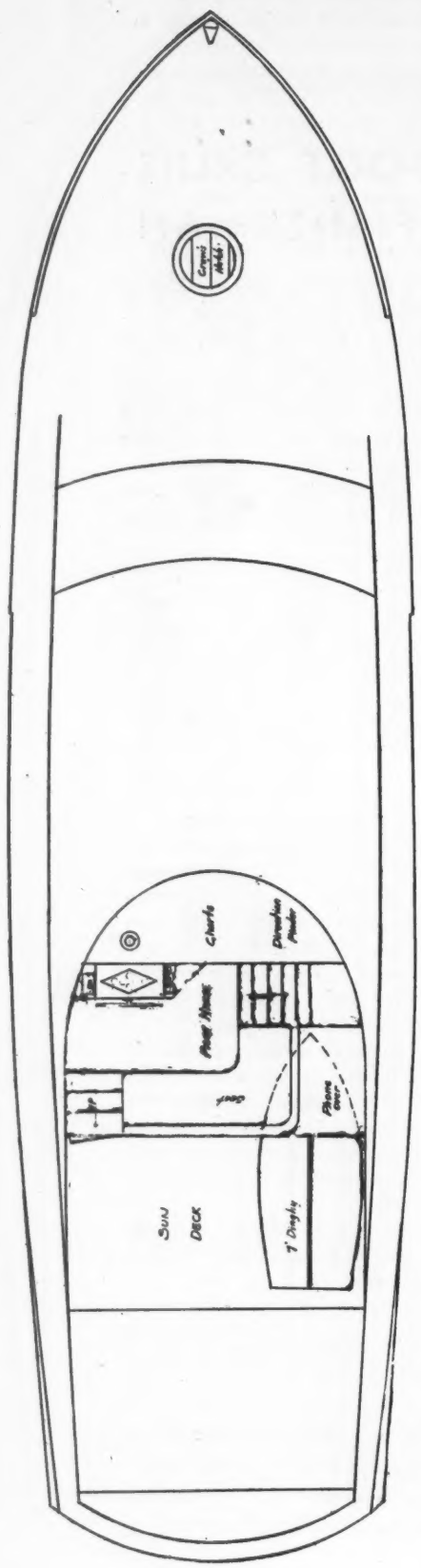
The interior layout reveals four double staterooms, one for the owner and three for guests. The owner's stateroom is fitted with toilet and shower and there is one similar washroom for the guests. Crew's quarters for four, with toilet and shower, are also shown, forward of the galley.

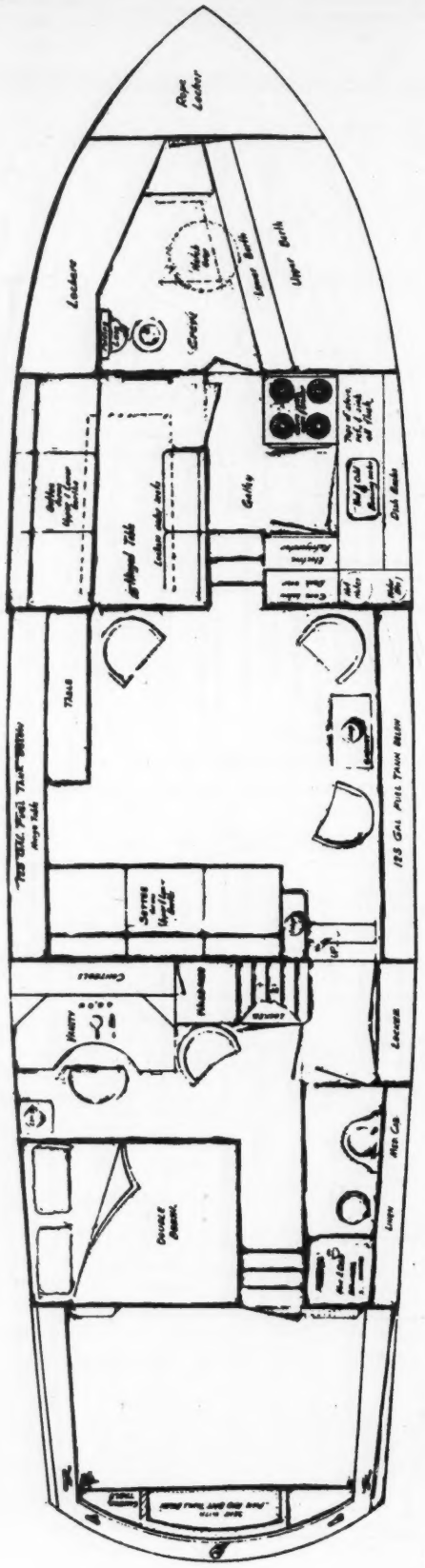
The deckhouse is especially comfortable and is equipped with folding table, sofa, desk and numerous chairs.

Equipment includes Crosley refrigerator, range and radio, a 75-watt Radiomarine ship phone, photo electric pilot and a Hallicrafters radio direction finder.

The seaworthy design, spacious accommodations, fishing cockpit and lookout mast, general equipment and wide cruising range all reflect the new yacht's purpose as a cruising fisherman







A 43-FOOT CRUISER BY PETERS

THE modern cruiser shown on this page was designed and built by the J. L. Peters Co., of Detroit. The semi-custom built yacht has a circular raked pilot house with a large continuous window, graced by heavy horizontal muntins. Excellent visibility should be afforded.

Principal dimensions of the new yacht are as follows: Length over all, 43′ 6″; beam, 11′ 6″; draft, 3′ 2″.

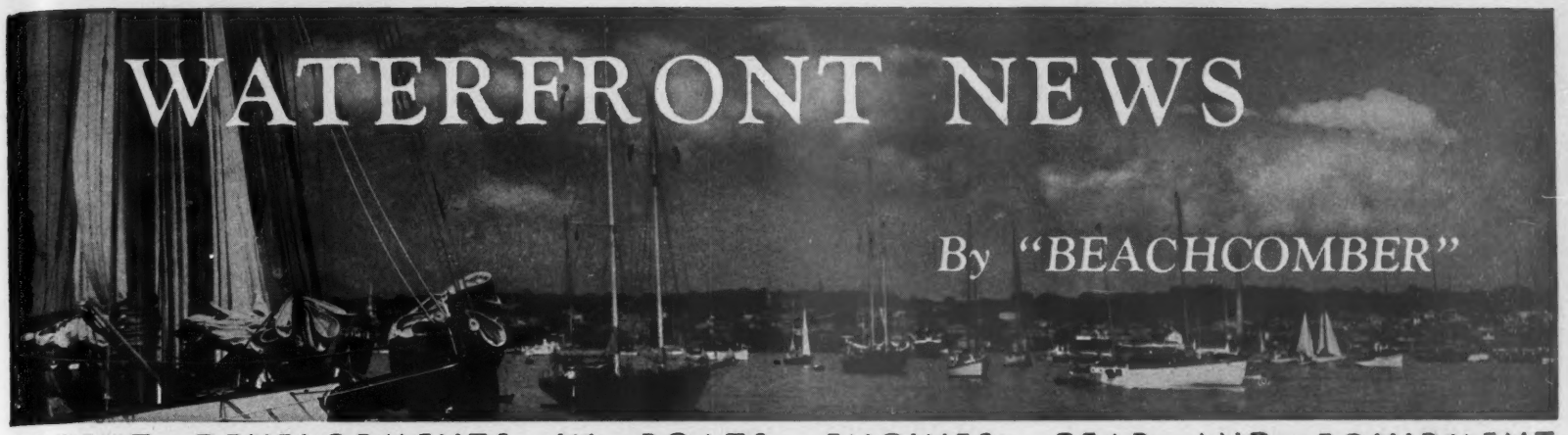
Her construction is especially interesting. The hull is built of a light, high tensile strength steel alloy. It is arc-welded, grit-blasted and is completely coated outside by a new metal coating process, as well as special underwater fillings. The coating is a layer of zinc, applied by a flame blower. A specially prepared plastic is used throughout the interior of the hull for permanent air sealing. Added to this is a two-inch layer of spun glass over the entire hull interior, the bulkheads and the decks, and topped by a covering of Weldwood. Condensation or sweat is thereby eliminated and possibilities of sound transmission reduced to a minimum.

The power plant is optional, either gasoline or Diesel engines, with a wide range of speed up to 25 m.p.h. Tank capacity is 440 gallons of fuel and 200 gallons of fresh water.

All motors, machinery, piping and tanks are mounted in rubber. Electric power, for lighting and operation of the yacht's equipment, is supplied by Exide Iron Clad batteries and an automatic water-cooled generator. The various items of apparatus thus supplied with electric power include forced air ventilation, electric refrigerator, automatic pressure hot and cold water system, shower, phone and other equipment designed to increase comfort and efficiency on board.

She sleeps an owner's party of six, two in a double berth in the after stateroom, two in a settee which converts into upper and lower berths in the deck saloon and two more in an upper and lower berth in the forward stateroom, opposite the galley. Crew's quarters for two in upper and lower berths are forward. A separate hatch and outside entrance to pilot house affords complete privacy to the owner and party. Full 6′ 2″ headroom is provided throughout.

This modern yacht sleeps six in the owner's party and crew of two. Construction of her high tensile strength steel alloy hull is especially interesting



RECENT DEVELOPMENTS IN BOATS, ENGINES, GEAR AND EQUIPMENT

AUTOMATIC STEERING WITH THE PHOTO-ELECTRIC PILOT

A FEW days ago we were discussing power cruisers with a man who owns a 48-footer. We were talking of engines, layout, sound insulation, etc., when somewhat to our surprise he burst forth with the remark that one of the worst features of modern boats is the steering wheel. We have nothing at all against the physical make-up of modern wheels so didn't spark at first. However, our friend went on to explain that what he had in mind was the terrible inconvenience of having to stand at the wheel hour after hour, day after day, most of the time performing only the function of keeping the boat on a straight course. Then we not only got the idea but were able to second his thoughts.

He told of many long runs off the coast with small parties aboard where there was always something else the man at the wheel could be doing; of the hours he had spent alone glued to the wheel while his paid hand wrestled with meal preparation or cleaning up in the galley and his wife and the guests conversed happily in the cockpit, a world of their own; of the problems of getting anywhere in the fog, with the need of constant reference to charts, and frequent trips out of the pilot house and onto the forward deck to listen for fog horns and signals. "How much simpler and pleasanter it would have been," he said, "if there was only a robot to whom the job of steering could have been turned over."

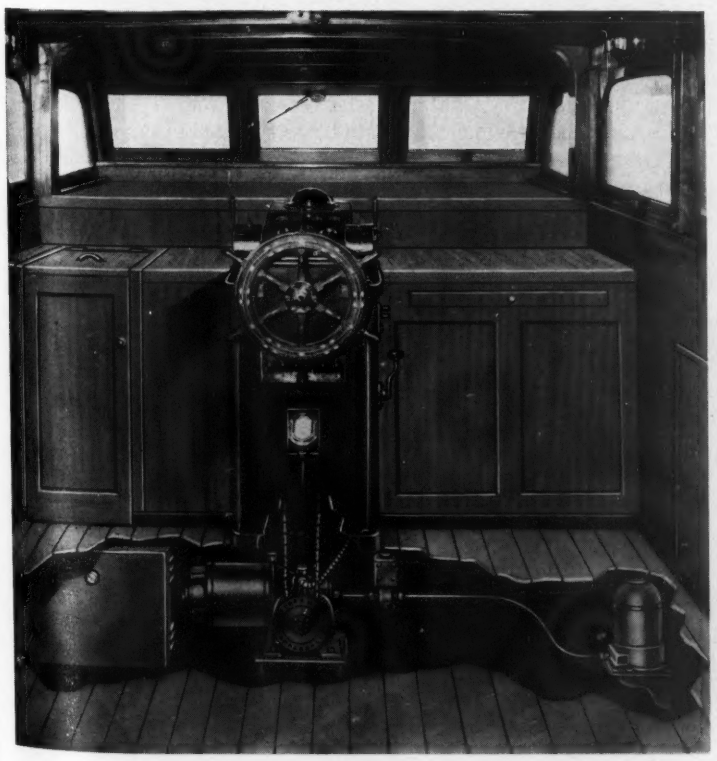
We thought of some of our own experiences; an all night trek back from the Cup Races at Newport a few years ago with our guests quite undisturbable after several days of festivities and only ourselves to act as helmsman, navigator, engineer and lookout. We recalled the time when a bleary-eyed helmsman all but put us ashore in a fog having inadvertently changed his course from the NE diamond on the compass card to the SE diamond. We even thought of how we had tried to lash the helm on a straight course on several occasions and how it would work for only a few minutes for the instant anyone moved a few steps in any direction, the delicate balance was upset and the cruiser would swing off farther and farther from the course.

Many other owners of yachts and the smaller commercial vessels have undoubtedly dreamed of practical substitutes for human eyes, brain, and hands in the job of steering. Over the years there have been several devices worked out to perform the duties of a robot helmsman. Some of these have been more successful as dreams than in practice, and as far as we know only two automatic steerers have ever been offered to the boating public. One of these is the Bendix-Holmes Automatic Steerer developed some five or six years ago, and the other is the Photo-Electric Pilot which quietly made its appearance in the Pacific Northwest some nine years ago. Several hundred installations of the latter device have been made on Pacific Coast craft during the intervening time but until last year the Photo-Electric was known to the Middle Western, Eastern, and Southern yachtsmen only by hearsay.

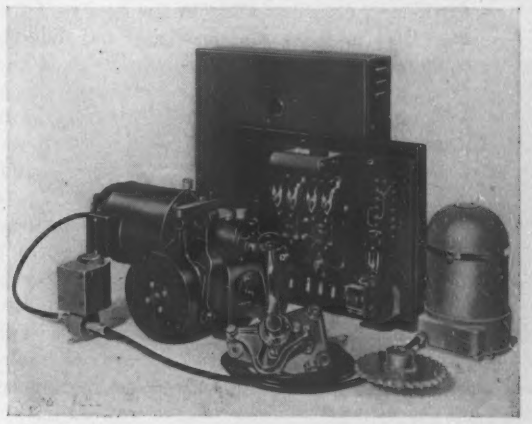
However, a completely hooked up working installation was on hand at the New York Boat Show and the Smith-Meeker booth in which it was shown was crowded with interested and enthusiastic spectators throughout the week. It was just like the real thing except that the wheel swung a miniature cruiser hull instead of a rudder.

The feature of the Photo-Electric Pilot which seemed to create the most interest was the fact that it is entirely automatic. Throw a switch to put the equipment in operation, put your boat on whatever course you want by hand steering, pull a lever to turn the wheel over to the steering motor, and that's all there is to it.

Perhaps the make-up of the system can best be described by tracing exactly what happens throughout the above simple steps. First of all, when the Photo-Electric Pilot is not being used there's only the one extra switch and one extra lever at the controls. The vessel's regular magnetic compass has no connection with the system and all working parts can be installed out of the way and out of sight. When you're out in the clear and ready for the Photo-Electric Pilot to take over you throw the main



Left — Cutaway view of a typical installation of the Model 50 Photo-Electric Pilot



Right — The entire equipment of the Model 50 Photo-Electric Pilot for boats up to 150 feet in length

switch which puts juice from the vessel's electric system into the equipment. Immediately the steering motor goes into action, in reverse, so to speak, turning the whole compass bowl with its photo electric cell until the beam of light reaches one of four notches at 90 degree intervals on the compass card. Then it stops. The compass card, though marked in neither degrees nor points, is magnetically just like any other high grade compass card and tends to keep lined up with the earth's lines of magnetic force at all times. When the vessel swings in one direction the compass card in effect swings a corresponding number of degrees in the opposite direction. As long as the clutch connecting the steering motor to the ship's wheel is "out" the photo electric cell follows the swing of the compass card in the compass unit. When the vessel has steadied down on the exact course desired to be steered the clutch is thrown "in" whereupon the steering motor takes charge of the wheel and the photo electric cell ceases to follow the notch. Instead the action is reversed and then whenever the vessel swings off its course as little as ½ degree the resulting swing in the compass card cuts the beam at one side or the other of the sensitive photo-electric cell which transmits an electrical order to the steering motor for corrective rudder. The greater the swing the more corrective rudder is applied, and conversely as the vessel swings back on her true course the corrective rudder is removed. When the vessel is directly on its true course the motor is inoperative and the wheel cannot be turned.

In case the above may be a bit confusing we'll explain the magnetic north to course to photo-electric cell relationship further. With or without the Photo Electric Pilot any given course is a certain number of degrees from magnetic north regardless of whether it is laid out as such or whether you merely start steering it without any regard to the chart. In the same way it is a certain number of degrees from the north point plus 90 degrees, plus 180 degrees, or plus 270 degrees. The photo electric cell and the whole compass unit (all but the card) is turned by the motor to take up a position at one of these four points. Then, when the course and thus the north point of the card swings away from or toward the cell the latter, just like the eyes and brain of a human helmsman, notes the direction of swing and applies the proper corrective rudder.

So much for the principle. The Photo-Electric Pilot is supplied in either the Model "40" or Model "50". Model "40" is designed for boats up to about 50 feet in length. In it motor, clutch, and electrical control equipment are combined in one unit. The compass unit is separate but connected electrically and mechanically by a multiple conductor cable and flexible drive cable. It can be installed in any convenient location where the magnetic deviation is constant on any given course. The motor and electrical unit may be placed under the deck house and out of sight and the clutch controlled by remote means. The net weight of the Model "40" equipment is 60 pounds and it is available for 6, 12, 24, and 32 volt systems.

The Model "50" equipment is suitable for vessels up to 150 feet in length. It is essentially the same as the smaller outfit except that the steering motor and electrical control are separate units. It also has a steering column clutch, automatic voltage regulation and is available for 32 or 110 volt systems. The net weight is 170 pounds.

A recent addition to the Model "50" equipment is a remote control feature which permits changing the course to left or right by means of a small hand switch at the end of a flexible plug-in cable. This is available as an extra on Model "40."

Current consumption is slight and since the equipment is ordinarily switched off and using no current except when the motors are running and generators charging there is no battery drain.

We have not yet had the pleasure of being shipmates with a Photo-Electric Pilot installation, but at the Show the manufacturers had an abundance of evidence and many first hand accounts to back up their assertions that the equipment really does a job regardless of weather conditions. Since the photo electric cell is sensitive to a swing of as little as a fraction of a degree it goes into action faster than a human helmsman. Under bad sea conditions there's no denying that bow and stern are sometimes pushed around a bit and though a man might do a better job of steering for short periods of time, say five or ten minutes, the robot doesn't get tired and would probably come out ahead on an hour after hour basis. Under these conditions provision is made for expanding the width of the beam of light and thus reducing the reaction to slight momentary changes of course.

There was a great deal of interest in this equipment at the Show. Several units were sold and it will be included among the equipment on each of three large yachts being built this year from designs by John H. Wells. If we only had an automatic lookout to supplement this equipment we'll venture to say the Photo-Electric Pilot would be found on every medium to large cruiser and yacht in the country. It is manufactured by The Photo-Electric Pilot Corp. of 701 Corbett Bldg., Portland, Oregon.

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE BIG BOAT SHOW

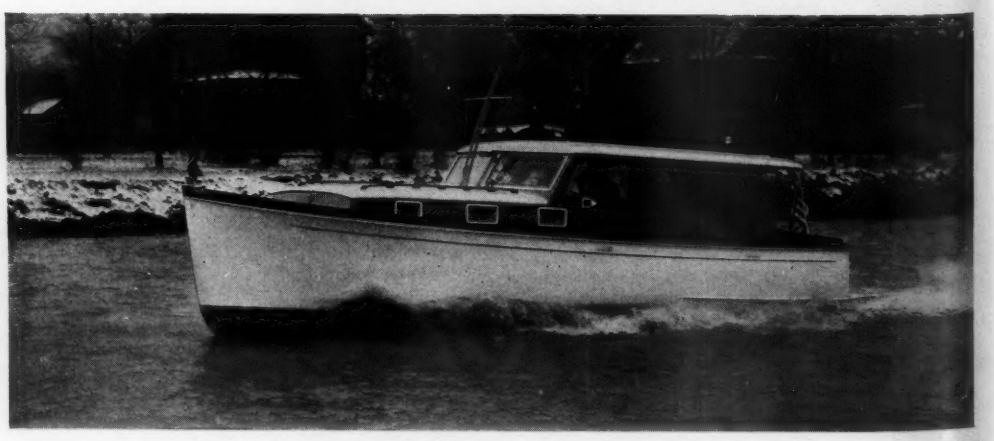
WELL, the 1941 Show of the National Association of Boat and Engine Manufacturers is over and judging from the crowds who battled their way around New York's Grand Central Palace every yachtsman within a radius of 400 miles was on hand some time during the week together with a generous sprinkling of others from farther afield. Those present undoubtedly had a pretty good look at the things which to them were the high points. However, for the benefit of those who didn't get to the Show we jotted down a few notes covering our own reactions to the new items as well as what seemed to be the impressions of the dozens of visitors we talked with.

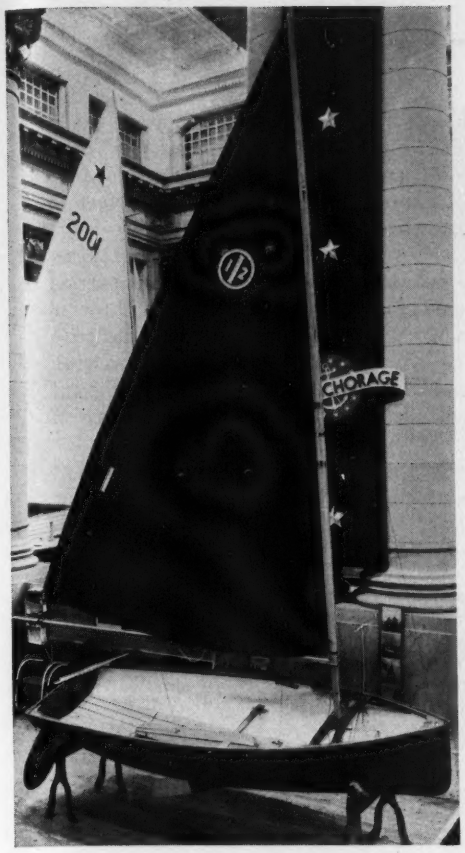
Before the Show opened there was considerable talk following the grapevine route of how boats being built for the Navy, Coast Guard, Air Corps, etc., had affected the design of the new 1941 cruisers, and how national defense contracts were occupying a large part of the time and building space of leaders in the stock boat business. One of the first things we did at the Show was to check these rumors to see what it was all about. Frankly, we found few facts to back up any notion that new boats wouldn't be available this year. Everybody knows that Elco is hard at work on a contract calling for forty or more motor torpedo boats for the Navy, but they had just as many cruisers in the Show as they have had in recent years. One or two builders made public mention of the fact that they are busy on defense contracts but their displays too were about the same as last year.

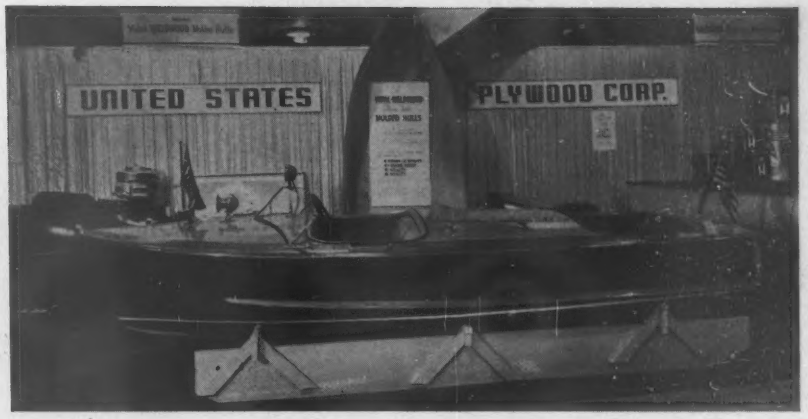
One boat and only one reflected the design of new defense craft, the new Elcoette 32. The reverse sheer of her bow and forward deck and the peculiar and attractive curve to her stem are patterned after the motor torpedo boats being built by Elco's Naval Division. She is available with a grand big cockpit 15 feet long and partly covered, as an open sport model, or with an enclosed deck cabin. The most striking thing about this new Elco is, of course, her appearance. It takes a little "getting used to", but once we climbed into the cockpit and looked out through the V-shaped windshield over the bow we realized that here, at last, is a real solution to what has been one of our pet dislikes in modern cruisers, limited range of vision ahead. The dip in the Elcoette 32's sheer forward improves visibility tremendously. Another feature we're heartily in favor of is the generous size of the hatch in the deckhouse floor leading to the stowage space beneath.

Another brand new cruiser at the Show which seemed to be getting more than its share of attention was the new Sparkman & Stephens designed Richardson 37-footer. The first of these was rushed to completion for the Show

The new Richardson Flagship, a 37-foot cruiser designed by Sparkman & Stephens, Inc.







Left — The new 12-foot International dinghy built from a Vidal Weldwood molded hull by the Anchorage, Inc. of Warwick, R. I., from designs by H. C. Hall. Right — A 16-foot Penn Yan inboard powered runabout built by the same process

and this boat replaces the former 36-footer in the Richardson fleet. Her principal dimensions are about the same but the freeboard forward has been increased a full nine inches to 5′ 3″, and aft it is now 4′ 3″. This change has made the sheer considerably more graceful and attractive and, combined with more rake in the stem and more flare in the bow, gives the illusion of a considerably larger boat. The standard arrangements for this cruiser include two deck cabin models with varying below deck layouts, and a double cabin arrangement.

Among the other cruisers the Owens Sedan, the Matthews 38-foot DeLuxe Sedan, and the big Elco 57-foot motor yacht all received more than their share of attention. The 1941 Owen's again upheld its reputation for taking several jumps ahead every year. This year there's a cabinet for a permanently installed radio receiver, more glass and dish racks, and a husky and outstandingly simple arrangement for handling the old problem of opening the windshields and closing them *tight* again. The styling job in the new Matthews interior looks better every time we see it and a few minutes of standing by with our ears cocked for comments convinced us that it rates 100 per cent with the women.

Among the smaller craft Gilbert Dunham 23-foot Stout Fella, a combination of day sailer and overnight and week-end cruising auxiliary, played host to so many thousands of Show visitors that several coats of paint were worn off the floor of her luxuriously fitted cockpit. And if you don't think there's a demand for this type of boat check with Dunham.

It remained, however, for the real small boats to produce the most sensational news at the Show. Half a dozen or more exhibitors burst forth with eye-filling examples of what the new Vidal Weldwood stress-free molded hulls have to offer. The U. S. Plywood Corporation which molds the hulls but leaves it to the boat builder to turn out the finished boats showed a 16-foot Penn Yan inboard runabout complete with all the trimmings and molded by this process. This boat removed all doubts as to the quality and eye-appeal of molded plywood hulls. At the same time Bill Dyer of the Anchorage, Inc., had the sailors and dinghy enthusiasts lined up three deep around his new 12-foot International one design dinghy. Not only did they come and look but they stayed and practically gloated over her beautiful lines, her grand piano finish, and the ingenuity of her fittings which are all standard, not extras. Many an experienced dinghy sailor reacted by imagining himself sailing the little boat and walloping the tar out of every other dinghy with 72 square feet of sail which has ever been turned out. Others seemed to glory in the fact that the Vidal Weldwood process is turning out the finest conceivable sailing dinghy complete with the very best of sails and equipment at a price which is about equal to that of their present lapstrake dinghies without equipment.

Other aspects of stress-free molded hull development were shown in the Crosley Marine's 15-foot Watersprite, a Vidal Weldwood runabout powered with the new 10 hp. Crosley marine engine. In this boat the emphasis is on simplicity and low price. Skaneateles had a fine display of their attractive and thoroughly proven Hydrolite Dinghy molded under a similar process, while tucked away on the second floor were a couple of Vidal Weldwood canoes which would bring forth many an "ugh" from the most solemn of Indians. All in all, the examples of this new process of boat building were far and away the most interesting and widely discussed feature of the Show.

In the motor and engine section there was comparatively little new this year largely because the engine builders have been pretty busy on the problem of how to turn out the engines they are now offering.

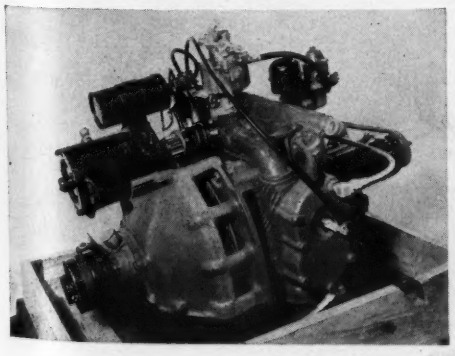
Hill Diesel of Lansing, Michigan was a newcomer this year, exhibiting several large Diesel generating units and featuring a new Model 6 R propulsion engine which develops 64 horsepower at 1800 r.p.m. It has a bore of 3½″ and a stroke of 5½″ and utilizes individual Bosch fuel injection pumps and Bosch pintle type injection nozzles. Both main and connecting rod bearing are precision type and bronze backed and the cylinders are finished with dry type centrifugal cast iron liners. The clean, non-gingerbready appearance of this engine created a great deal of favorable comment. It is also available in 2 and 4 cylinder sizes producing 17 and 34 horsepower respectively.

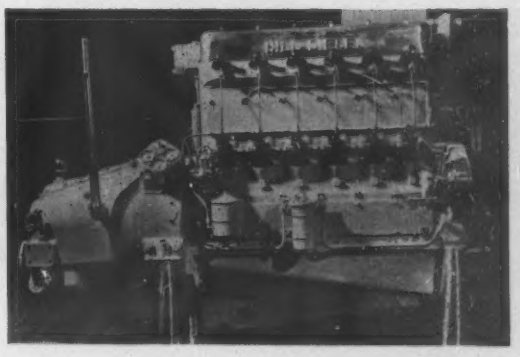
About the only other new engine we could ferret out was the little 2 cylinder Crosley air- and water-cooled job, a development of the little Waukesha engine used in the Crosley cars. It is rated at 8 to 10 horsepower at 3000 r.p.m. and its piston displacement is 35.3 cubic inches. The engine is supplied complete with starter, battery, ignition, clutch control mechanism and couplings. The principal dimensions are length 30″ width 24″, height 24″ and weight 190 pounds. The width between bolt centers is 19″. The Crosley engine created a great deal of interest for it fills a gap in the high speed engine line-up between the little air-cooled inboards and the small four cylinder water-cooled engines. At cruising speed the Crosley engine uses less than one half gallon of fuel per hour.

In the accessory and equipment sections of the Show there were several new items of note some of which are described on our next page and others which we are saving until next month. The radio telephone and direction finder people seemed to be going as strong as ever and we noted with interest a marked downward trend in the prices of the equipment.

The newest thing in paints seems to be CopperCote, a bronze bottom paint made of very fine copper similar to that used in the highly regarded Copperoyd. This can be rubbed down to a smooth racing finish and is available not only in the natural copper color but in red, blue, and green. An additional and distinctive virtue is the fact that the vehicle in CopperCote makes it a nonconductor thereby eliminating it from the electrolysis picture.

Last but not least, for the first time in years someone seems to have realized that a great deal of food is eaten on boats every season and the Yachtsman's Provision Company of Westfield, N. Y. was on hand to introduce a new line of canned vegetables, stews and fruits, packed in special corrosion resisting cans.





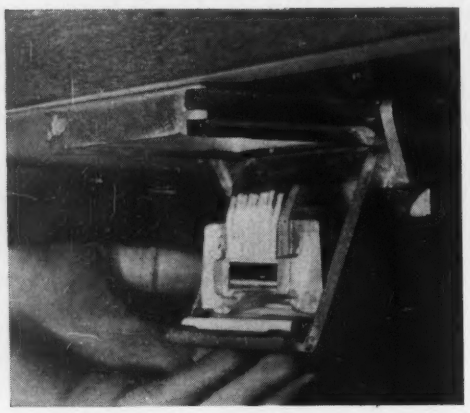
Left — The new Crosley 10 horsepower air- and water-cooled engine. Right — Hill Diesel's new six-cylinder engine which produces 64 horsepower at 1800 r.p.m.

ACCESSORIES—EQUIPMENT—GADGETS

FOR A CONVENIENT AND DRY SMOKE IN THE COCKPIT

ONE of the most numerous class of visitors at any Boat Show are the gadget hunters. There were thousands of them at the New York Show last month but we'll bet that most of them missed the best gadget of all. More or less hidden away under the deck of the Parkman "Champion" Star, was a new permanently installed waterproof cigarette and match box.

The gadget is made of cast bronze with a ground joint and flange along the edge. It is designed for installation on the under side of the deck of a Star but should work out equally well on other boats. About 20 cigarettes are



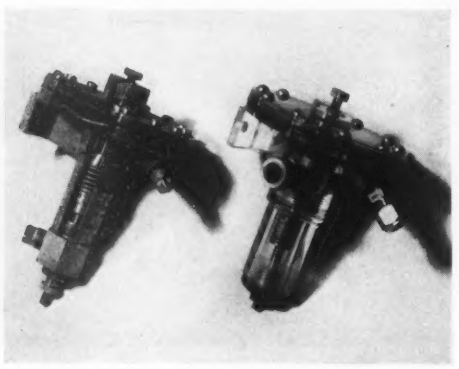
held in the main chamber and there's also a little holder for a paper of matches. A snap catch holds the whole thing tightly enough to produce perfectly dry smokes even after being held in a shower bath for 15 minutes.

The dimensions of the gadget are 3 inches wide by 5 inches long and it can be installed in either horizontal space under the deck or vertically on a bulkhead, inside the cockpit, etc. Having lost many a valuable second in our own races scrambling through a shelf or digging into pockets for crushed and half-soaked cigarettes, we feel that this gadget is just what everyone who ever smokes on deck or in the cockpit has been looking for. It can be obtained from Parkman Yachts, Inc., of 51 East 42nd Street, New York City.

AN AUTOMATIC FUEL SHUT-OFF VALVE

ONE of the most important and widely applicable items of new equipment which has shown up in the pleasure boat field in some time made its appearance at the Boat Show last month. It's the Zoder automatic vacuum-operated safety fuel valve.

It's hard to believe but nevertheless it's true as far as we know, that this is the first entirely



automatic fuel line valve which has come along. Stop and think about that a minute and you'll agree that it's a darned important item both from the safety and convenience angles. We know that the Safety Committee of the National Association of Boat and Engine Manufacturers has been on the lookout for something of this nature. It will also have the blessing of every owner who has cursed the necessity of opening hatches and climbing down into hot, greasy engine compartments to shut off the fuel line, to say nothing of the guy who remembers after he's ashore and several miles from his boat, that he left the valve wide open.

The only thing about the Zoder valve which is the least bit difficult to understand is that it is so all-fired simple. Essentially all there is to it is a flexible diaphragm and a monel spring and between them a monel valve and a brass valve seat. The spring keeps the valve closed *except* when the vacuum of the fuel pump acting on the diaphragm overcomes the spring action and opens the valve. Thus as soon as the engine is started the fuel pump opens the valve. It stays open as long as the fuel pump is operating, permitting a full flow of fuel to pass without interruption. However, the instant the engine and fuel pump stop or a break in the line occurs (releasing the vacuum) the spring takes charge and closes off the valve. It is recommended that the Zoder valve be placed as close to the fuel tank as is practicable although it will work at any position in the line.

Obviously there is a variation in the amount of head pressure at the tank side of the valve and in the vacuum at the pump side from one installation to another. This is compensated for on installation by a simple adjustment screw at the bottom which is wired and sealed after adjustment to insure against its being tampered with. At the top is a similarly wired and sealed cap screw which can be used to manually depress the diaphragm and open the valve if for any reason it is desirable to render the valve inoperative.

The Zoder valve has Underwriters' approval. It is being manufactured in brass at present but may shortly be available in a transparent plastic. It was developed by Zoder, Inc., of 1516 N. 14th Street, St. Louis.

A SCIENTIFICALLY DESIGNED HEAVING LINE

A COUPLE of years ago at a rendezvous of the Cruising Club of America, H. A. Calahan, the well-known author of books on sailing, racing, cruising, and the gadgets that go with them, made some observations on the handling of docking lines. At these affairs it has often been fashionable for boats to tie up two, three and sometimes four abreast which means they have to be worked in alongside and a line heaved from one to the other.

On this particular occasion, the wind was light to moderate and the water smooth, but nevertheless Mr. Calahan saw several lines heaved into the water instead of into outstretched arms and onto the decks where they were aimed — his own line was one of the first to miss. There was plenty of time that day to try again and again if necessary but those incidents set Mr. Calahan to thinking of what might happen if weather conditions were more boisterous and if for one reason or another the first heave had to be successful or all would be lost. Suppose, for instance, you have grounded and the necessary outside help doesn't dare approach closer than 75 feet to pick up your line.

He investigated and found (1) that practically no yachts under 70 or 80 feet carried any heaving line at all, and (2) that a throw of 15 feet is about all that can be expected with a ½" to ¾" diameter line. So he went to work on the job of working out a really efficient heaving line. He has worked on the thing off and on for the last two years.

The Calahan heaving line was introduced at the Boat Show by the manufacturers, the Cluff Fabrics Company, whose principal products are life preservers, cushions, and other

canvas goods. It consists of a ball of medium hard rubber of just the proper weight for the average man to throw a maximum distance. Attached to it, instead of the usual ⅛" or ¼" line, is 96 feet of light but strong canvas tape with a breaking strain of 300 pounds. This not only throws and handles better than the manila line but flakes down compactly and easily in a wooden trough which is placed on deck for heaving.

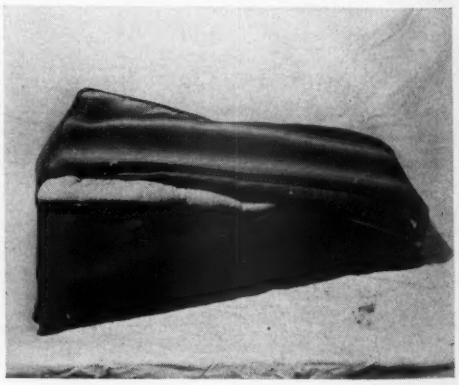
Mr. Calahan claims that heaves of 80 feet are not all difficult with his new gadget and feels that's pretty good when you consider that deckhands on the Moran tugs glow with self-satisfaction whenever their heaving lines whistle out more than 50 feet.

The tape is hardened and treated to prevent moisture and mildew. The Calahan Heaver can be obtained from the Cluff Fabric Products, Inc., of 214 Sullivan Street, New York.

AIRTRESS: A PERFECTED PNEUMATIC MATTRESS

ONE of the oldest forms of mattresses and cushions used on boats is the pneumatic type.

(Continued on page 76)



Champions in name as well as in fact accurately describes Champion Spark Plugs. The records made and held by Champion-equipped engines everywhere are ample evidence of this fact.

No other spark plug has ever come up to Champion's performance record in racing—that toughest of all spark plug tests. Racing champions the country over have come to depend on Champions for help in winning their races and setting their speed records. And the fact that Champions were again used by every winner in every major regatta and in setting every new speed record in 1940 is proof positive of their better performance and dependability.

Champion's many exclusive, patented features are all designed to give your engine the right kind of ignition for its best possible performance. The Sillment seal prevents troublesome gas or compression leakage at the shoulder and around the center electrode which is common to ordinary spark plugs. This eliminates rough, uneven and wasteful engine performance, and assures you of more speed, more power, greater economy and dependability.

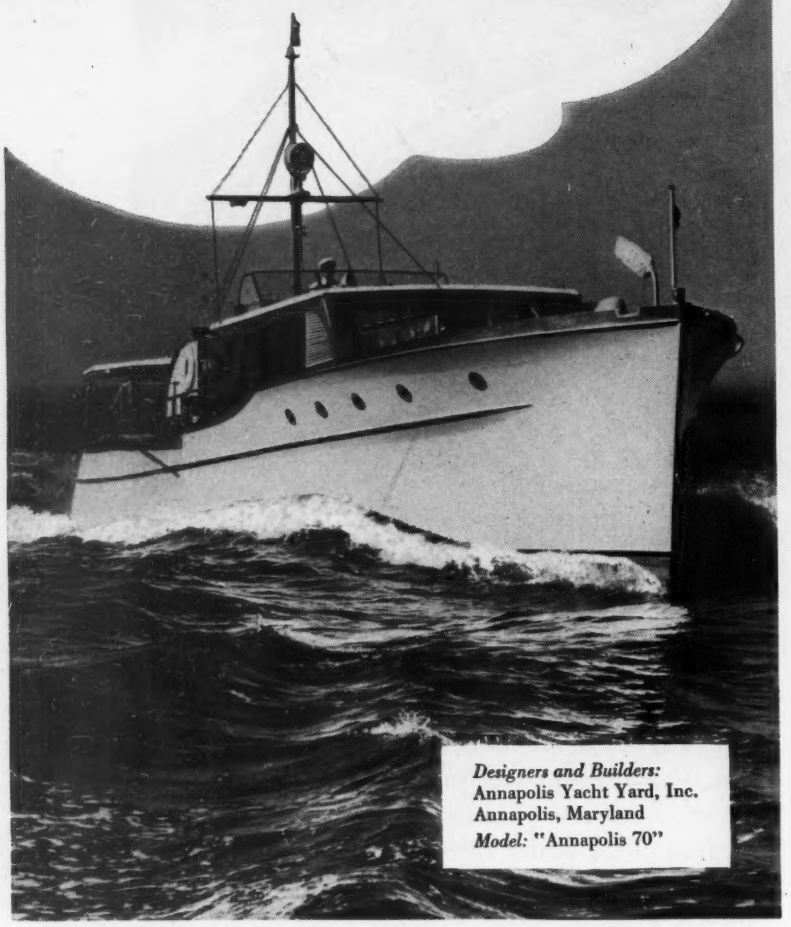
Whether your boat is in the water or not, plan to install a new set of Champion Spark Plugs in the engine at fitting out time. You'll soon discover "there's nothing like Champions" for better engine performance.

Fred Jacoby, Jr., always a Champion user and booster, again won the American High Point Trophy as he did previously in 1935, 1936 and 1938. Jacoby wired, "Champion Spark Plugs make champion drivers. They can always be depended upon."

USE THE SPARK PLUG CHAMPIONS USE

DU PONT DULUX—
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

THE NEW, DIFFERENT FINISH THAT STARTS WHITER, STAYS WHITER



Designers and Builders:
Annapolis Yacht Yard, Inc.
Annapolis, Maryland
Model: "Annapolis 70"

SHE'S in tip-top, seagoing shape—"From Now On"—because one spring painting of DULUX often lasts *all season long!* Brilliantly white, DULUX adds beauty and sparkle to a graceful hull, and gives it lasting protection as well.

DULUX is *different.* Its hard, smooth surface sheds dirt, stays gleaming white in spite of fumes and discoloring harbor gases. It resists chipping, cracking and salt spray. Hull and brightwork *stay* sparkling and shipshape because DULUX is long-wearing, mar resistant.

Thousands of yacht owners say—"DULUX *is* in a class by itself. It's as *durable* as it is beautiful!" There's a DULUX finish for every surface from masthead to waterline. See your nearest Marine Supplies Dealer or write to E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. (Inc.), Finishes Division, Wilmington, Delaware.

DU PONT
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Marine **DULUX** *Finishes*
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

A NEW, EASY WAY OF SPLICING WIRE

By

C. STANLEY OGILVY

ANY amateur — or professional either, for that matter — who has tried his hand at splicing wire rope must well remember the struggles he has experienced, tugging away with pliers at a frayed end that refuses to budge, jamming a marlinespike despairingly into a slippery hole that disappears before the wire goes into place — in short, going through all the grief usually met with in the process of making one simple eye splice.

The difficulties are all multiplied and magnified if the wire in question happens to be stainless steel. Many is the muttered curse that has emphasized another prick in our own already blood-besprinkled fingers as we have strained and squeezed, trying to get a stainless splice finished off in something resembling shipshape fashion. Consequently, no one could have been more pleased than we to hear of a new way to splice wire, which is not only simpler but actually makes a better appearing job which may be stronger. Even if you have never spliced a hemp rope and consider an ordinary wire splice beyond your skill, you can now learn how to make your own rigging splices in one easy lesson. Sounds too good to be true, doesn't it?

The usual method of eye splicing, whether for cordage or wire rope, consists of unlaying a section of the end, turning the rope back, and fastening it into itself by a more or less complicated system of tucks. The method behind the tucks is not particularly difficult to understand but, in wire, it is almost impossible to do the tucking without a great deal of twisting and bending, which weakens the resulting splice. It is also a tedious, arduous job, an amateur's time for a single splice in one-eighth inch 6 by 7 stainless steel being about one hour. The same job, by the new method, was timed by stop watch to take just under nine minutes, including the process of seizing.

The secret lies in the fact that there is no tucking whatever. This sounds impossible but here is how it works. Suppose, for example, that you are using 7 by 7 stainless steel wire rope. Instead of unlaying into seven separate strands, merely separate the seven parts into two groups, one of four strands, including the wire core, and the other of the remaining three. (If the wire has a hemp core, it is simplest to cut the core out of the splice entirely.) Unwind the two units, being careful not to disturb the lay, as far back as the neck of the proposed splice. Then take one of your two parts in each hand and wrap them together as if tying the first half of a square knot. This must be done so that the two pieces drop snugly into place; if they cross each other, untie and reverse the knot. There is only one right way, which becomes immediately apparent by trial. The size of the eye is next determined, merely by pulling the two ends as tight as desired. Then continue to wind each part around the other, leading always toward the neck of the eye. They will both fall neatly into place so that the whole eye looks as if it were originally fashioned in that shape. You will be left with both ends lying along the rope from the neck back, and they can now be unlaid the rest of the way, and seized along the rope, *not* tucked. Tucking weakens the rope and is unnecessary to prevent slipping.

The seizing, of course, is most important and is the biggest single factor in the strength of the splice as a whole.

The ends must be distributed evenly and bound in tightly with soft seizing wire sweated on with a serving mallet. The job can then be finished off smoothly with solder or can be served with marlin.

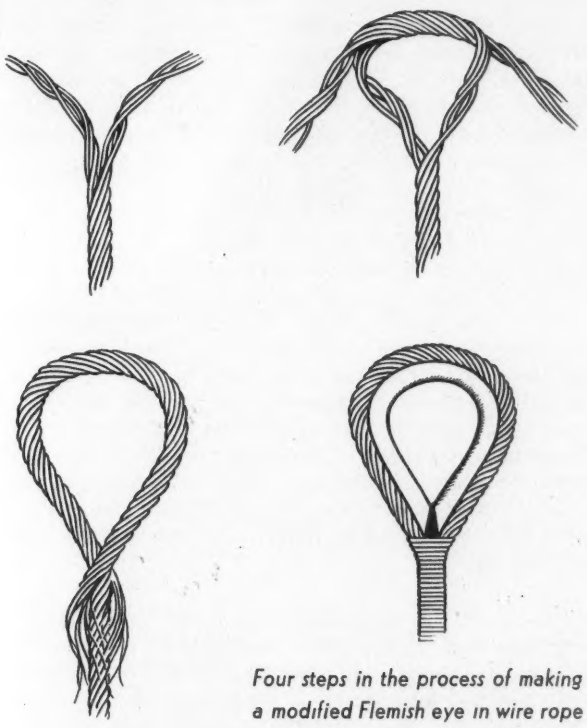
All this sounds far more complicated than it really is. By following the diagrams, one should easily be able to get the hang of the thing.

The question of comparative strength is naturally of interest. The new splice works most satisfactorily with "preformed" wire, since it holds its shape well when unlaid. When used on 6 by 7 or 7 by 7 preformed rope, the splice has nearly 100 per cent strength, as opposed to the 85 per cent usually credited to a splice. Even on soft wire, such as galvanized iron rope, the method is much to be preferred to the old type, provided care is taken not to deform the lay.

Probably the most difficult of all wire to splice is 19-strand "Korodless." It is not built like a rope and does not lend itself to any easy method of tucking. It was with great interest, therefore, that we tried the new type of splice on this wire. There was no obvious way to separate 1 by 19 into two parts, so we left the seven-strand core with three strands around it, and put the remaining nine into the second part. The finished splice looked rough but we decided to test it for breaking strength.

On the other end of the piece of wire was a standard splice, done by a professional rigger. We shackled one end of our wire to a rope around a tree and the other to our Ford, and pulled, increasing the strain gradually. The professional splice broke at the neck, while every strand of our own remained intact. This seemed a quite significant test, being made on the type of wire least adaptable to the new splice.

A final decided advantage of the new method is that it allows a certain degree of readjustment. In a standard splicing job, "what is done can never be undone." If the stay



Four steps in the process of making a modified Flemish eye in wire rope

comes out too short, a shackle or two can be added to the turnbuckle. But if it comes out too long — perhaps a half-inch too long — there is nothing to be done but to throw the whole stay away and make a new one, because there is never enough end left to resplice. To shorten one of our "wound splices," however, is but the work of a few minutes. The whole thing can be undone, readjusted, and done up again, without the slightest harm being done to the wire.

We know of several boats of the smaller sizes that have had the rigging spliced in the new way, some by amateurs, and all with complete success. The method should prove a useful addition to the yachtsman's bag of tricks.

While officers approving naval construction do inspect Hyde Wheels as a matter of routine, they know from experience that a Hyde Propeller is one item they could take for granted.

Hyde Bronze exceeds naval requirements in physical properties. It is a metal of extreme toughness and is resistant to the action of salt water. Hyde Wheels retain their pitch under all service conditions and are guaranteed not to break even when subjected to the severest blow.

Hyde Propellers are honest wheels, correctly designed, cast of the finest procurable metal and finished with exacting care. Long years of use on the seven seas driving every size and type of vessel prove their worth far better than meaningless names and phrases. Hyde Wheels cost no more than other wheels so let your next selection be a Hyde.

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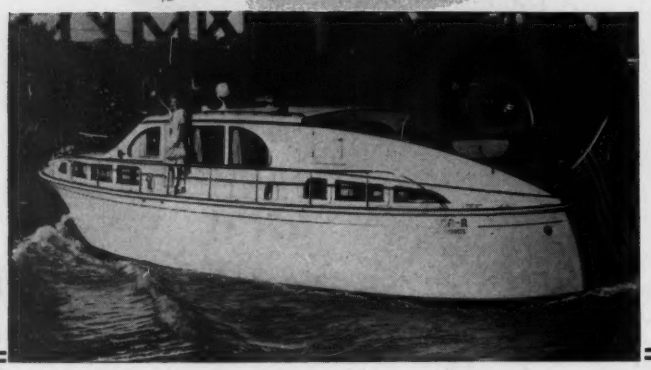
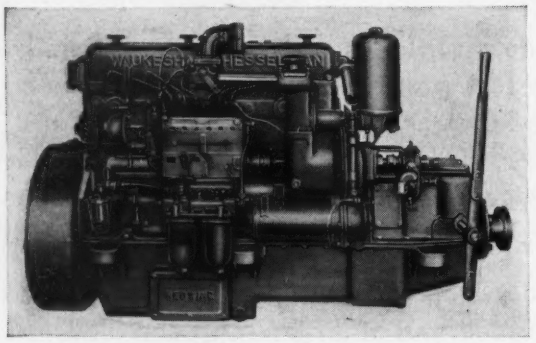
Red Wings POWER THE "ALBA-R"



• The trim, seaworthy Alba-R, owned by Mr. S. Robertson of Minneapolis, is one of the finest cruisers to come down the ways in many years and the owner is justly proud of her.

44′ long with a 13′ beam, the Alba-R comfortably accommodates 6 passengers and crew quarters for one.

Two powerful 75 h.p. Red Wing-Waukesha "Spark Diesel" engines turn the twin screws of the Alba-R at a comfortable cruising speed of 13 to 14 miles per hour, with a fuel consumption of 3 to 4 gallons of low cost fuel oil per hour per engine.



• ***65–75 h.p. model:*** — 3¾″ x 4¼″ bore and stroke; 6-cylinders, 4-cycle. Engine speeds up to 2000 r.p.m. Excellent for medium sized cruisers to 35 ft., using 18 x 12 propeller direct drive. The ideal engine to select in twin screw pairs for unusual smoothness in cruisers 35 to 50 ft. With 2:1 reduction gear turns up to 24 x 16 propellers with high efficiency. Wt. 1000 lbs.

Red Wing gasoline engines from 4 to 125 h.p., and Red Wing Waukesha-Hesselman Spark Diesels from 35 to 200 h.p., are satisfactorily performing on waterways all over the world, in all types of pleasure and commercial craft.

You owe it to yourself to get complete information on Red Wing engines and accessories if you are planning on a new boat or repowering your present craft.

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RED WING *Marine* ENGINES
RED WING MOTOR CO. RED WING, MINN.

Books for the Yachtsman

AMERICAN FISHERMEN

By Albert Cook Church

(W. W. Norton & Co., Inc., New York, $3.75)

▶ Following the author's "Whale Ships and Whaling," comes this new book of Mr. Church's seagoing photographs illustrating the history and the work of the fishing fleet from the early pinkies to the latest motor-driven draggers. There are pictures of the boats under way, in fair weather and foul; pictures of the fishermen's races and of the boats and men that took part in them; a series showing the building of a schooner, from the first blows of axe and adze to the day when, gay with bunting, the vessel is launched. Pictures also of the work at sea, on trawlers and mackerel seiners, and scenes ashore where the catch is marketed. A section covers the activities of the boats which hunt the swordfish.

The development of the fishing vessel is traced from the pinky through the able schooner to the present motor craft. There are lines and sail plans of fishermen, winding up with a Diesel-driven dragger of 1940.

The foreword, by James B. Connolly, who has written so much about the Gloucester fleet, sketches the history of the fishery from Colonial days and gives side lights on many noted vessels and their no less noted skippers.

The photographs are all of interest; many are of great beauty and dramatic in their lighting and content. It is a book for every lover of salt water and of the ships that work there.

GOLDEN GATE: THE STORY OF SAN FRANCISCO HARBOR

By Felix Riesenberg, Jr.

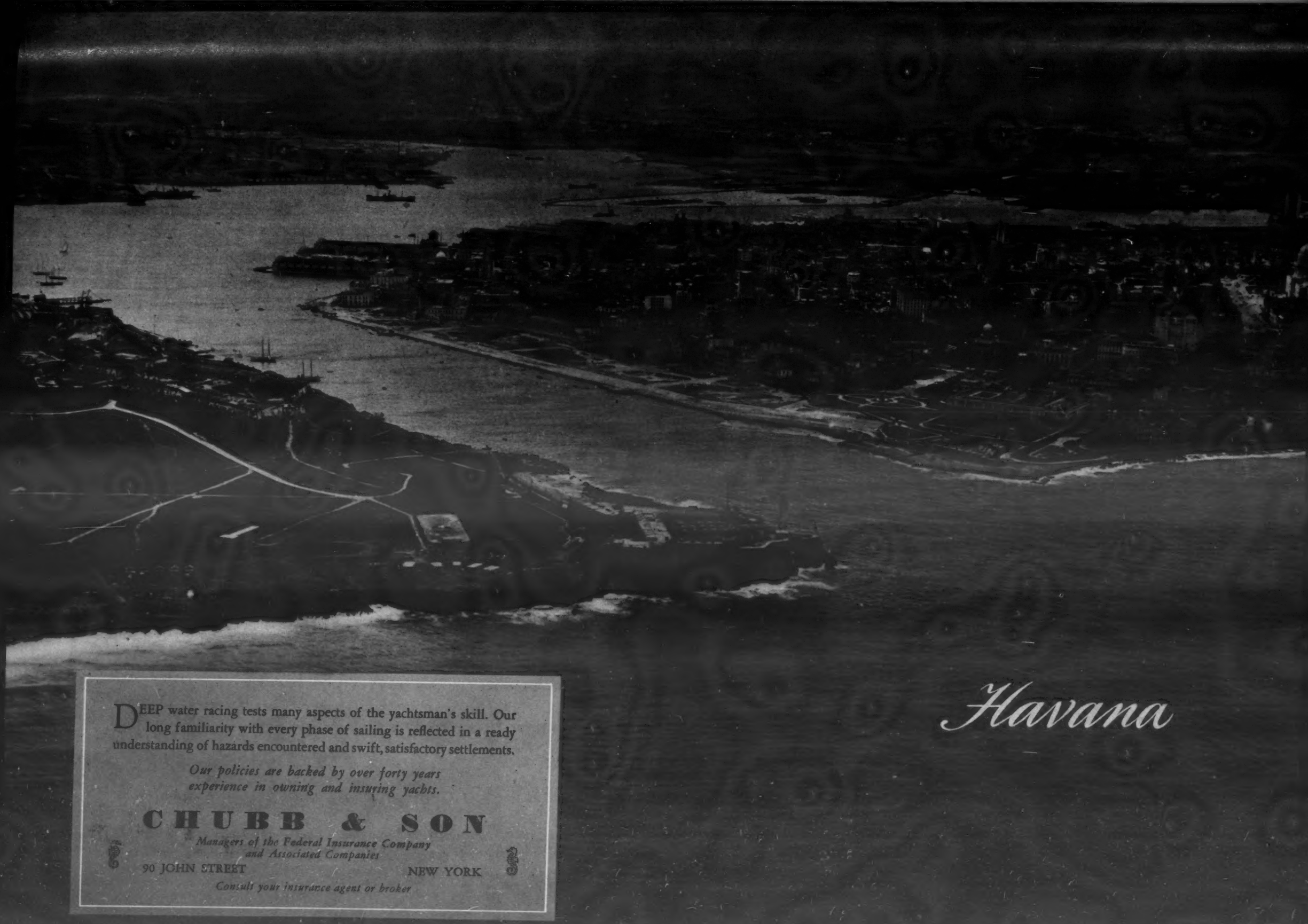
(Alfred A. Knopf, New York, $3.50)

▶ "Golden Gate," the book, is truly golden. It reads like a novel without an end — a prelude to greater things to come. The hero is San Francisco, the heroine the sea, and the villains the adversities which from time to time have attacked, but never vanquished, America's most beautiful and fantastic harbor. And Mr. Riesenberg is the omniscient observer who has chronicled the adventures as though he had been a faithful companion through them. Facts are the framework of the picture but into the composition have gone a human sympathy for a very human San Francisco and a love of the sea. There is, too, a theme to the book — the rhythm of the currents running through the Golden Gate, bearing the ships that have always been the life blood of San Francisco.

Logically, the book begins at the very beginning: "Long rollers of the blue Pacific broke on the coast of a hot earth; the mighty Sierra Nevada and the solid, south-marching Coast Range had come heaving upward in a terrestial revolution, a vast eruption of lava." San Francisco's birth was as tumultuous as its struggle for existence, yet out of the crude earth came a beautiful harbor that formed a safe, natural anchorage for many ships to come. But, as is the case with all beautiful things, the entrance to the harbor is treacherous. The Spanish frigate *San Carlos*, Captain Don Juan Manuel de Ayala, was the first ship to find shelter on the waters of San Francisco Bay. The date was August 5th, 1775. And the feat represented a triumph of seamanship. Even today, entering San Francisco Bay is a hazardous task.

▶ The arrival of the Spaniards began the rise of San Francisco's star and civilization began to gild the shores. But, before the city and steel-spanned harbor had reached present day proportions, San Francisco went through a confused childhood and hysterical adolescence. Villains in the picture were tempestuous and came in terrifying numbers: wars of possession between Mexico and the United States; adventurers of the stamp of Fremont, the fantastic gold rush of 1849; six great fires in eighteen months (1850–51) causing twenty-five million dollars in property damage; the struggle between the Vigilantes and the "Sydney coves;" "Black Friday," the financial upheaval of 1854; the unfathomable depth of "Barbary Coast" sin; the strangulation of the "Octopus," a wealthy combine of railroad men; the fight for "golden grain;" the "Red Record," exposing the ruthless cruelty of shanghaing; the devastating, levelling earthquake and fire of April 18th, 1906; the financial ruin of the stormy days of '29; the destructive labor wars of the early '30's, climaxed by "Bloody Thursday," in 1934; the falling off of shipping ever since.

But, through all its struggles, San Francisco has had one ally, the sea. On it, through the Golden Gate, sailed the clipper ships from Sandy Hook; steamed the liners from Europe and New York through the Panama



DEEP water racing tests many aspects of the yachtsman's skill. Our long familiarity with every phase of sailing is reflected in a ready understanding of hazards encountered and swift, satisfactory settlements.

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A LITTLE TUG

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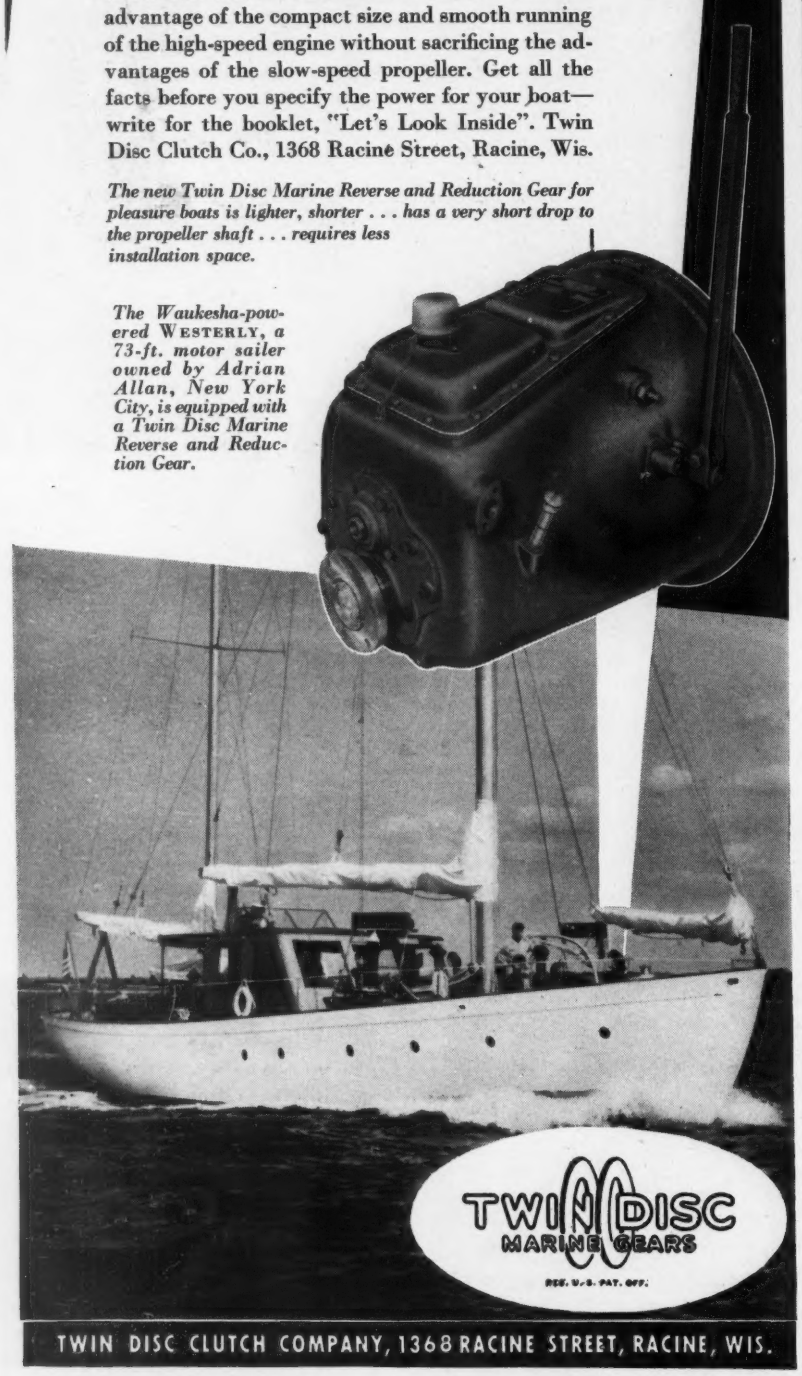
EASIER, FASTER, BETTER

You see a big liner being guided into the harbor by a small tug—warped into the dock smoothly and surely—not because the big boat hasn't the necessary power but because she hasn't the flexibility . . . the easy maneuverability of the tug.

Today's high-speed engines give the boat owner ample power in a small space. Twin Disc Marine Gears make this power more flexible by providing a permanently reliable reverse and reduction gear. Since Twin Disc Marine Gears are available in a wide range of standardized reduction ratios, the boat owner has a wide choice in wheels. He is not limited by the engine's rpms., but may choose the wheel best suited to his boat. Thus, he takes full advantage of the compact size and smooth running of the high-speed engine without sacrificing the advantages of the slow-speed propeller. Get all the facts before you specify the power for your boat—write for the booklet, "Let's Look Inside". Twin Disc Clutch Co., 1368 Racine Street, Racine, Wis.

The new Twin Disc Marine Reverse and Reduction Gear for pleasure boats is lighter, shorter . . . has a very short drop to the propeller shaft . . . requires less installation space.

The Waukesha-powered WESTERLY, *a 73-ft. motor sailer owned by Adrian Allan, New York City, is equipped with a Twin Disc Marine Reverse and Reduction Gear.*



TWIN DISC CLUTCH COMPANY, 1368 RACINE STREET, RACINE, WIS.

Canal; from it came early otter-skin wealth; over it now flies a new friend, the Clipper of the air lines. The harbor has been San Francisco's heart and today, when this, the most American of American cities, seems doomed to become a "ghost town," the harbor and the sea beyond it still reflect rays of hope. "Long rollers of this blue Pacific break on the ragged coast, incessantly pounding out some rhythmic message. Where they crash on the worn rocks of Landsend it may be: 'Look seaward, San Francisco, city of the sea.'"

▶ Thus ends a book almost poetically written and certainly graphically proportioned. Mr. Riesenberg's descriptions of the Great Fire and the longshoremen's strike, two of San Francisco's greatest catastrophes, run with scenario brilliance and clearness. And his picture of shipping in and out of San Francisco is sympathetic and accurate. Perhaps the city may regain the grandeur and glory of its adventure-ridden past; if so, Mr. Riesenberg will be its prophet and poet laureate. P. AKANA

PRIMER OF CELESTIAL NAVIGATION

By John Favill, M.D.

(Cornell Maritime Press, New York, $2.50)

▶ Blessings never come singly, the springboard for this platitude being the publication of Dr. John Favill's navigation primer. It is an introduction to the navigator's art which differs slightly in title and fundamentally in treatment from the primer reviewed last month. George Mixter's "Primer of Navigation" was aimed particularly at the man who desires to perfect himself in the practical navigation of a small boat — who is interested only in what concerns him, sidestepping abstract knowledge. Dr. Favill's "Primer of Celestial Navigation" should satisfy the needs of a man who has an intellectual curiosity about all methods, good, cumbersome, or obsolescent, of finding his position at sea.

This is not to imply that the new primer is above the head of the intelligent student. On the contrary, the explanations of the knotty problems of navigation are put with rare simplicity and lucidity. A student who has floundered in the erudite phrases of Bowditch and Dutton (respectively the old and new testaments of the navigator's bible) using a trig textbook to prize himself loose from a quagmire, only to find himself hung up out of reach of a dictionary on an equation bristling with symbols — such a student, turning to Favill, will revive his waning faith in his ability to make sense out of what he reads.

It is all very well for George Mixter to introduce certain elements and procedures of old time navigation only to dismiss them as useless members of modern society. I heartily second his cavalier treatment of the outworn favorites. On the other hand, it is highly commendable of Dr. Favill to delve into time sights, ex-meridian altitudes, and phi prime, phi second sights, along with the modern numbered methods, for in a nation that is becoming war-minded there will be many potential seafaring men who will interest themselves in all phases of the art, ancient and modern. Among such, this volume, which lays bare the mysteries of navigation with a firm and sure touch, should make a secure place for itself. A. F. L.

AIRTRESS: A PERFECTED MATTRESS

(Continued from page 70)

However, on good authority backed by personal experience we can say that pneumatic mattresses have never been held in particularly good repute because of their peculiar rolling motion. But, at the recent New York Motor Boat Show, an entirely new type called Airtress made its appearance. The Airtress is made of a fine grade of pure rubber manufactured under a process which leaves it entirely odorless, yet resilient and long lived. The mattress is one large air cell fitted with a valve at one corner for inflation with a bicycle pump. But unlike the older "rolling" type of pneumatic mattress a comparatively simple development has completely eliminated the "roll". The Airtress has a series of perforations or honeycombs in which holes about 2 inches in diameter are punched through and the top and bottom pulled together and vulcanized. These are placed at intervals of about 10 inches. It is designed for use with a cotton or kapok pad which is placed inside the zipper-fitted ticking or upholstery.

As we see it the advantages of the Airtress mattress are as follows: (1) The mattress itself absorbs no moisture and should the kapok pad get damp or water-soaked it can easily be removed and dried. (2) Not only will it never sag nor mat down but by varying the degree of inflation you can have a soft, medium, or hard mattress to suit the tastes of the individual user. (3) It collects no dirt or vermin. (4) Its support is absolutely uniform and formfitting. (5) No springs are required. (6) There's more comfort per inch of thickness than in other types therefore more stowage space beneath the berths is available. (7) Airtress mattresses in the odd shapes and sizes required for boat uses cost only a trifle more than standard sizes of the same thing.

The streets of Colon are overrun with pleasure-seeking sailors

"WE SAW THE SEA"

(Continued from page 28)

low sandy spit connecting the two continents. Even the rain, which set in as we steamed into the harbor, failed to dampen our excitement. Standing drenched on the forecastle deck, we tried to help with the mooring lines, all of us doing what half the number could have done better. By 8:30, she was moored as though expecting a hurricane and we trooped down to breakfast four hours after getting up.

That afternoon in Colon and all the next day in Panama City, we enjoyed for the first time one of the Navy's best institutions — liberty. Every third building a bar and the other two ready to collapse — that is Colon. It was interesting if only because of its novelty. A few well-kept stores appeared lost in the wilderness but the town's one really top notch hotel, set apart from the squalor and serene in the spaciousness of its own palm studded grounds, was a sailor's paradise. It was soon overrun with drink-sipping, steak-eating V 7's.

The next morning, in a body, we boarded a special train and paralleled the Canal on our way to Panama City, a larger, more prosperous version of Colon. We saw the Pacific, looking strangely like the Atlantic but a bit of a thrill just the same. The city, with its narrow, winding, almost medieval streets, its fine shops, its bizarre sights, sounds and smells and its contrasting shabby and fine residential sections, was justification in itself for taking the cruise. Suckers were treated unmercifully in the shops where real bargains and subterfuges abounded. It was at Panama that we first believed the claim: "Join the Navy and see the world." We saw the sea, lots of it, but we also saw a great deal more, with liberty at such frequent intervals as to satisfy even a landlubber and make the real sailors yearn to be off again.

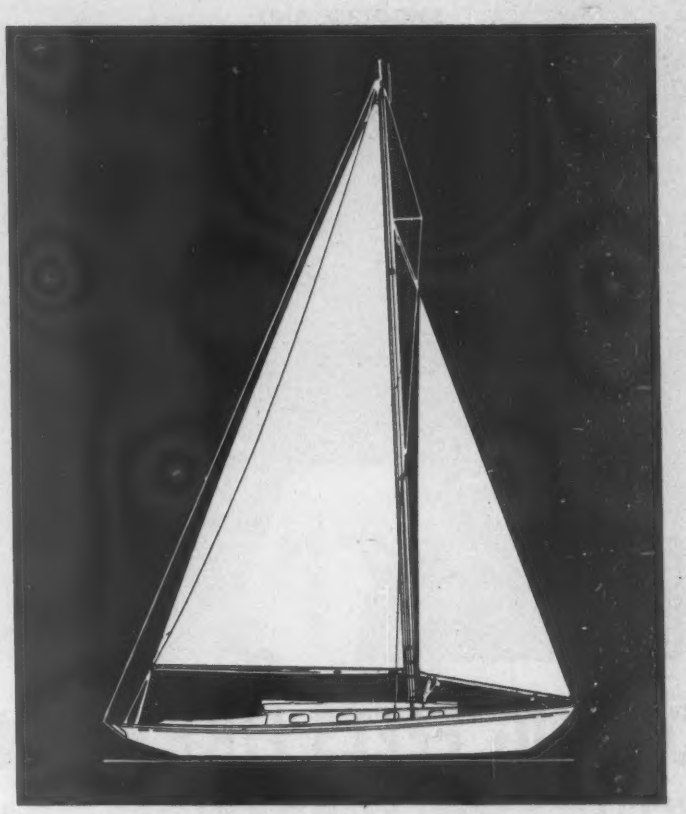
We left Colon early the next morning and headed north for Guantanamo, Cuba. The two days required for the passage were among the most interesting of the cruise. Among other things, we were interviewed by the officers on the selection committee to choose those who were to undergo further training. In spite of the fact that our fate hung in the balance, most of us found these talks interesting and enjoyable. We expected officers to be somewhat reserved and were therefore surprised and pleased to find them talking to us as equals and ready to "sling the bull." The same informality and friendliness was evident in their attitude toward us as a body while at quarters or whenever they came in contact with us. All this was accomplished without any loss of respect from us and at all times we understood who was boss and were not only ready but eager to follow orders. It was an interesting example of the informal and, at the same time, more effective, discipline in our Navy today.

No less satisfactory were our relations with the regular bluejackets. In spite of the fact that we were quite obviously inexperienced in naval life and almost always in the way, they did not seem to resent either our presence on board or the fact that some of us would soon rank above them. Instead, most of them were friendly and extremely helpful.

The day before we reached Cuba we saw the secondary battery in operation. It was anti-submarine target practice, using the five-inch guns and a solid projectile. We had always considered five-inchers pretty small stuff and were therefore doubly surprised at the jolt of the recoil and the deafening smash of the firing. It was a real thrill watching the shots peppering the small target and then skipping along the water as far as the horizon. When it was all over, we decided that submarines, as well as aeroplanes, were good things to stay out of.

*For 1941—*THE

BARNACLE



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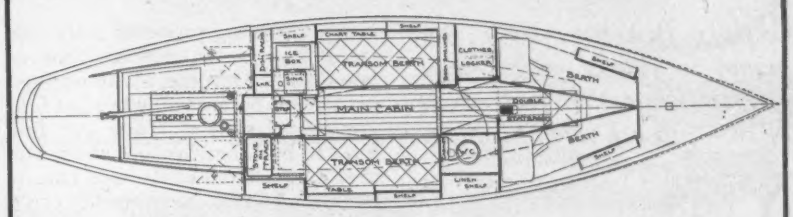

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The BARNACLE was conceived and tried out to the complete satisfaction of her owners and designer in 1940. She promises to be *the* design of 1941.
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31′ 6″ Malabar Jr. $3575
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with teak deck

A limited number of each of these boats is completed and ready for delivery. They cannot be duplicated at these prices

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BOATING FEELS LIKE FLYING WITH STERN VIBRATION GONE

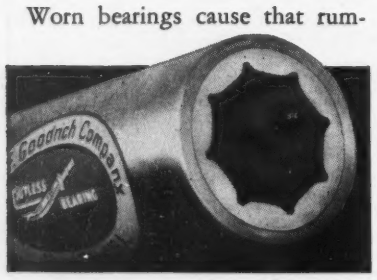
Cutless Bearings save you money in future years—and give you a smoother, faster boat NOW—just ask your shipyard.

YOU enjoy your boat more, so do your friends, and you enjoy *having* friends come aboard when she flies SMOOTHLY through air and water without a quiver from the stern.

It's easy, it's modern—and it's economical because Cutless Bearings pay for themselves in future years. They outwear all other types; they let the shaft turn more freely than any other type. Even their first cost isn't very high.

Grit can't scratch rubber

Worn bearings cause that rumbling, wobbling propeller shaft that makes you uncomfortable whenever you open the throttle. Hard bearings wear down because all water has fine grit particles in it. They cut and scratch, both bearing and shaft, but they *can't* scratch or damage Goodrich soft rubber. Sand grains can't even harm the *shaft* when you have a Cutless Bearing, because the rubber lets them sink in, roll on and out! Cutless Bearings resist wear like tire treads. Smooth, slippery surfaces let the shaft turn easily. Once installed they're in for years to come.



All you have to do is ask at any good shipyard. Any boat repair man can install them; any experienced man recommends them.

Made by The B. F. Goodrich Co., producers of dozens of important developments in rubber.

Why not make a note of the matter right now. Plan definitely to have Cutless Bearings this year. Enjoy your boat more and don't forget its improved performance is *free in the long run.*

LUCIAN Q. MOFFIT, INC.
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Goodrich *Cutless* PROPELLER-SHAFT BEARINGS

It was that same evening that the five-inchers barked again, hurling star shells in the most impressive and thought-provoking demonstration of the cruise. If these ships could turn the night almost into day for an area of miles around, one began to wonder if there was anything they couldn't do. Slowly, as the days progressed, the science, precision and might of modern naval warfare impressed itself on our minds.

Not so with Guantanamo. We reached there in the morning of the next day, had liberty from 1:00 to 6:00 and were back on board before 5:00. A single beer house, sand hills, cactus and shrubs instead of trees, and a profusion of army and marine barracks completed the picture.

The distant hills and mountains promised more interesting sights but we had no time to explore and it was with a greater regard for the *New York* that we returned on board. From the deck, we could gaze at the huge flotilla of naval ships dotting the spacious harbor and the signs of endless activity on shore. Few could suppress a feeling of security upon realization that all this assembled power would be on our side if ever it was needed.

IT was with mixed emotions that we left Guantanamo the next day and headed north — somewhat glad to get away from this port but sorry to be leaving the tropics. We still had a few hot days ahead of us and it was in one of the hottest of these that the crew was doing setting up exercises on deck to the music of the ship's band. One of the bluejackets, melting under the tropic sun, turned to a fellow sufferer and gasped: "Do you know what they're playing now? It's the 'Skater's Waltz'."

It was during these days that our division stood watches either on the navigation bridge, the signal bridge or at the gangways while in port. Though these watches often came at godforsaken hours, they showed us better than anything else just what made the ship tick.

We were in Norfolk, Virginia, a few days later, shivering from the unaccustomed cold and dreaming of Panama and stuff. Upon arrival, we entered drydock for minor repairs which would not quite be completed before the end of our cruise. It was somewhat anticlimactic to spend the last week of a cruise on dry land, but we were far from inactive. We were introduced, alternately, to the art of chipping paint, either with pneumatic or hand hammers, and to the equally difficult task of taking frequent liberties in Norfolk on a depleted bankroll.

The cruise ended officially on November 20th, the day before Thanksgiving and slightly more than three weeks out. We were glad to get home but then, as now, we looked on the cruise as a grand experience. We had been exposed to a lot, had learned at least a little, had made new friends, seen strange sights, been crowded and uncomfortable at times and even given a bit of work; but the one lasting impression was that we had had fun. We had expected the Navy to be businesslike, severe and tough. It was businesslike in that it was efficient and got the really important things done both well and fast. And yet, it was not tough but, instead, a friendly organization which might well have been following the motto that a happy ship is a good ship. An example? The U.S.S. *New York*, of course.

ACE AT EIGHTY

(Continued from page 37)

owned. He chuckled as he told the Shellbacks Club, in Toronto, four years ago, that yachting was not necessarily an expensive sport. He told story after story of the yachts he had built or bought, improved, and parted with — at a net profit.

Typical was his tale of the *White Wings*, the sloop which contributed most to his fame, apart from *Canada*. She was built by Alex Cuthbert, at Trenton, in 1886. Jarvis liked the look of her but she did poorly in the opening of the L.Y.R.A. circuit. He went down to Rochester with $1,400 in his pocket. The owner had trouble in getting a crew for the remaining races and gladly invited Jarvis as an amateur. She did better. Jarvis did not conceal his liking for her and the owner said he was more than willing to sell her for $1,400. Jarvis offered $1,000, came up to $1,200 and closed the deal. Next season, he entered the *White Wings* in 26 races and won 22 firsts and 4 seconds, and $1,800 prize money. The following year, he brought her prize winnings up to $2,600 cash and sold her for $1,800.

YET he was no pot hunter. At Put-in-Bay, when he first had the *White Wings*, he was offered a match with the *Alice Enright*, of Detroit, for $1,000 a side. He was confident he could win but felt he could not afford to risk $1,000 and therefore the other fellow should not. So he said he would race for something he valued more than the money, his national flag against the *Enright's*. The *White Wings* sailed for home with both ensigns at her main peak.

A great skipper. I sailed with him intermittently all of this century and never heard a foul word from him, though plenty of healthy "damns" when occasion warranted. He was quick with his fists. On the way to Jamaica he knocked a mutineer senseless. And every night he knelt down and said his prayers. At eighty he was still our ace amateur.

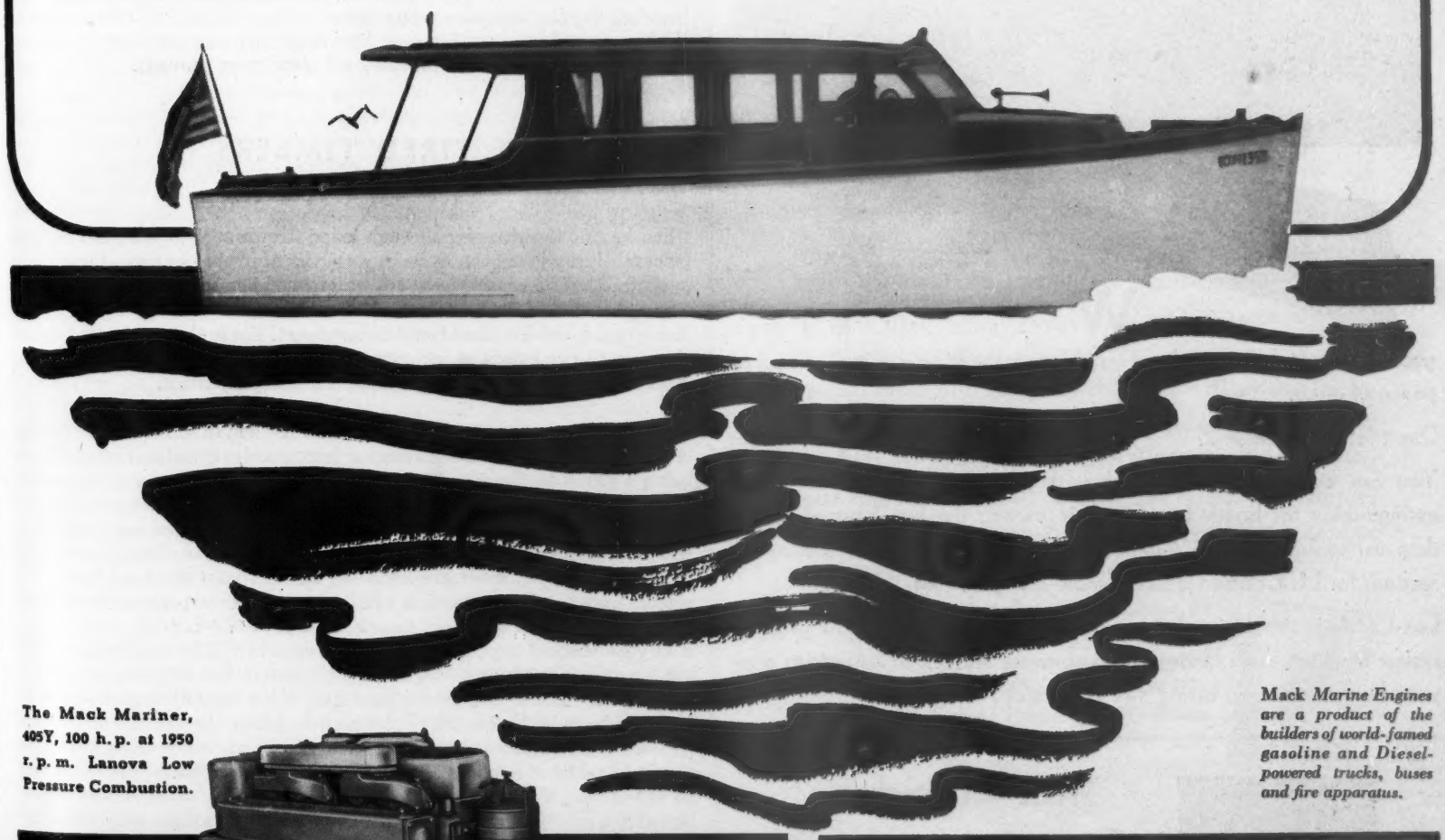
"JUDY" is a spanking lass!

Trim 32-foot cabin cruiser is powered with Mack Mariner— for quick starting, smooth power, long-run Diesel economy

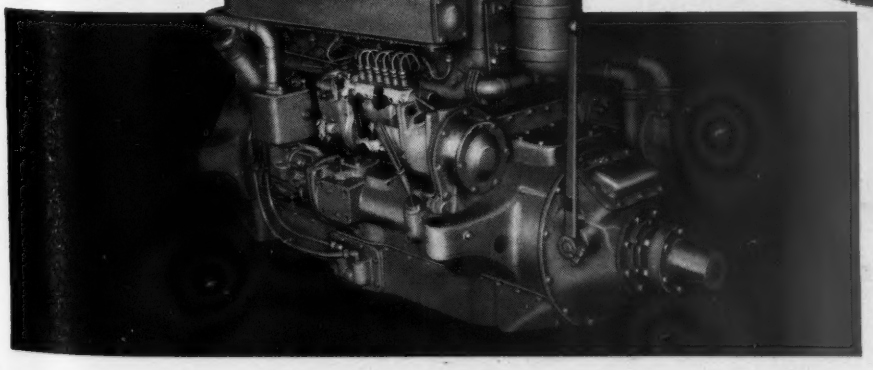
CLIPPING through a calm, or rising saucily to the challenge of dirty weather, "Judy" gives her owner the sense of confidence and satisfaction that comes with knowing the power plant is completely dependable. Her 100 h.p. Mack Mariner Diesel has 4 cycle efficiency. Has Lanova controlled combustion and turbo-head pistons to assure smooth-flowing, shockless power. Starts in a flash! Keeps fuel cost to the lowest possible level. Mack Mariner Diesels have a wide range of use on yachts from 100 feet down to the smallest 32 foot cruiser. These finest of modern Diesels are built to the same strict standard of quality and stamina that have made—and kept—the name of Mack world-famous for more than 40 years! Write for complete information today.

MACK MANUFACTURING CORPORATION, MARINE ENGINE DIV., LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y.

Judy, 32 foot cruiser built by Great Kills Boat Works, home port, Bayhead, New Jersey.



The Mack Mariner, 405Y, 100 h. p. at 1950 r. p. m. Lanova Low Pressure Combustion.



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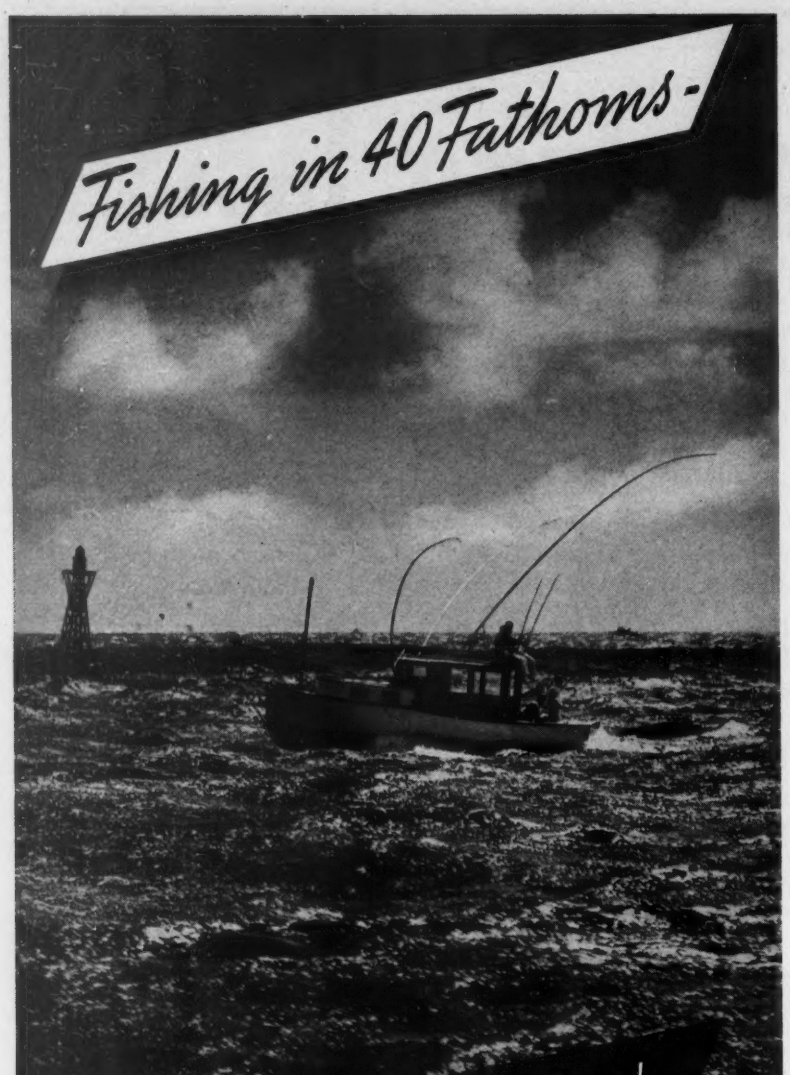

WHAT'S more sport than a day's good deep-sea fishing? It has everything — thrills, relaxation, complete peace of mind.

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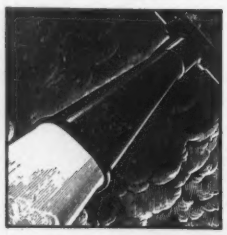

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THE NAVIGATOR'S WINTER CRUISE

(Continued from page 48)

navigation. It necessitates getting back to fundamentals. The Sumner line chapter in Bowditch shows that the key to all Sumner line methods is the sub-solar point — the point on the surface of the earth where the sun is directly overhead. Its latitude and longitude are the declination and Greenwich hour angle of the sun at the time of an observation; and its great circle distance from any point of observation is equal to the zenith distance of the sun at that point.

The diagram shows the sub-solar point S, the point NY where the observation was taken, and the point DI where a horizontal plane is parallel to the tipped mirror at NY. As the latitude and longitude of NY are known, the great circle distance NY-S or the corresponding altitude at NY can easily be calculated, and from this altitude refraction correction at NY can be found. Let us suppose that it is 6′. Since refraction makes the sun appear higher than it is, the apparent zenith distance is shorter than the true zenith distance, so that at the time of observation the sub-solar point appeared to be at S′, 6′ nearer NY than the true sub-solar point, S. The zenith distance corresponding to the altitude which was actually measured in the mirror is, therefore, the great circle distance from DI to S′ instead of the distance from DI to S. To correct the observation, it is necessary to decrease the observed zenith distance, or to increase the observed altitude, by the difference between DI-S′ and DI-S. This correction is the distance S′-X in the diagram, amounting to about 2′. The exact correction can be determined graphically or trigonometrically as preferred. Either involves a good deal of work, but winter evenings are long.

THE navigator's winter cruise may be long or short, fast or slow, according to the way in which he places the mirror. By tipping it just a little after each set of sights, he can cruise leisurely about the Pacific, or even across the Andes if he prefers, and he will soon learn how to base his dead reckoning on the amount he tips the mirror. Or he can jump about wildly from place to place by placing the mirror casually each time and starting his work like the navigator marooned on a desert island with no idea what the answer will be. In either case, he will develop extraordinary speed and accuracy which will stand him in good stead next summer.

TIRED TIMBERS

(Continued from page 32)

when he put the *America* through ledge-strewn surf to win a race. That General Butler loved the *America* was evident in that he owned and sailed and raced her for many years, and still owned her on the day of his death. Finally, in the manner already described, she came home to the Naval Academy, where her tired timbers found rest. There she has remained ever since, until her recent short voyage to the marine railway, an object of interest to visitors and of inspiration to the midshipmen.

THIS is the first opportunity that anyone has had in some time to see the *America* out of water, and the lines of her underbody are still something to bring a gleam to the eye of a sailor! Considering her age, she is astonishingly sound in some respects — particularly as to her copper-sheathed planking below the water line — and repairs will involve less removal of the present material than had been feared at one time. Experiments with recently developed wood preservatives also hold out the hope that, after repairs have been completed, it will be much easier to prevent dry rot, the ever-present threat to all old vessels, than it has been in the past.

It goes without saying that extensive repairs will be required, whether the *America* is to return to her natural element or to be made a permanent, earth-borne exhibit; and that a good deal of her ancient material must be replaced by new. Fortunately, you cannot change the identity of a vessel by such replacement. If, in the last analysis, there was nothing left of the original yacht but five feet of the keelson and a few planks, she would still be the *America*. As it is written in "The America's Cup Races" mentioned above: "There she lies — the same boat (*at least the same soul of her if not actually the same fabric of timbers, spars and sails*) that fared forth across the Atlantic in 1851, the first of all racing yachts to do battle with another nation and the winner of a cup that now bears her name and which has stood during eighty years* for the ultimate in a racing yacht, for the last word in speed under sail."

I give you then, gentlemen, the *America!* Let us view with gratification and enthusiasm the fact that she is not to meet the fate of so many brave ships, the fate that so nearly overtook "Old Ironsides." Let her be a toast wherever yachtsmen may gather together, whether she again feels the roll and scend of the sea, or stands in quiescent beauty, a monument to the tradition of American yachtsmen.

**Latest edition of "The America's Cup" published in 1930.*

WE GO TO THE FAIR

(Continued from page 43)

in lubricating oil. No harm, but messy for the cook. Not that there was much cooking. Oatmeal in the morning and a bowl of compound conglomerate stew with pilot bread at night required all the chef's dexterity to prepare and considerable skill to ingest before spilling.

The afternoon was magnificent. It was sunny, but not warm, and the racing clouds continuously varied the light on the turbulent waters. White, breaking crests were everywhere and the sea varied from slate gray to deep purple, with occasional glimpses of ice green when the light shone under the curled top of a big fellow just before it lost balance. When it broke with a roar and raced away down wind, there would be a slick of white suds in patterns that only the sea can make. Where the clouds cast isolated shadows, they made great liver-colored patches, ugly, like the color of certain large starfish that cling to the rocks at low water. Everywhere there was motion; the sea, the sky and the ship and, lest we become too accustomed to the rattle below and the whine above, the williwaws would come racing down, wrinkling the surface of the seas like the skin of a pachyderm and temporarily raising the pitch of the protesting rigging.

This was the most protracted blow of the trip. Using the double-reefed main for heaving to (the center of lateral resistance was so far aft that any other canvas carried her head off), allowed us to lie up closer and in the first day we actually worked twelve miles to windward. The next day, we lost sixteen miles. There was a lull for a time, which would have allowed sailing under short rig, but the reef cringle and the tabling down the leach of the main was tearing and sewing wet canvas in a cockpit drenched in spray is slow work. When the sail was repaired, it was blowing full force.

The seas, of course, were what made progress impossible but we estimated wind velocities up to Force 8 or 9 in the squalls. There is always the temptation to make copy out of a yachtsman's gale, but Forces of 6 and 8 were reported by the *Harmanteen* and the *John G. Spencer*. These readings were taken at 4:30 a.m., which was the hour of greatest calm, so we were probably not far off. Later, the fishermen were to tell us that they had run for cover but we were content with 125 miles of sea room and hung out a light at night without keeping regular watches.

By the third day, the barometer was falling. This we took to be a good sign, as we were obviously in an anticyclone area, but the wind neither lessened nor backed. That afternoon, we got a scare when the men in the forward cabin ran aft, saying there was a strong smell of gas — this with a fire in the galley stove. A storage battery under the cockpit had shifted so that it jarred open a petcock in one of the tanks and gasoline was draining into the bilge. We opened all hatches and companions wide and flushed the bilge with sea water and the danger was soon averted.

Next morning, things were quieter and we started north under a short rig. The high pressure area apparently dissipated itself by expanding but not shifting, as the wind remained steadily due north. We had been boxed about for three and a half days but, by noon, had worked back to a net loss of only 21 miles, which was quite a victory. Before dawn, we picked up the entrance buoy to Newport, Oregon, and later tied up to a dock, with the distinction of having been reported missing by the Coast Guard. Small wonder — it had taken a week to make good 65 miles!

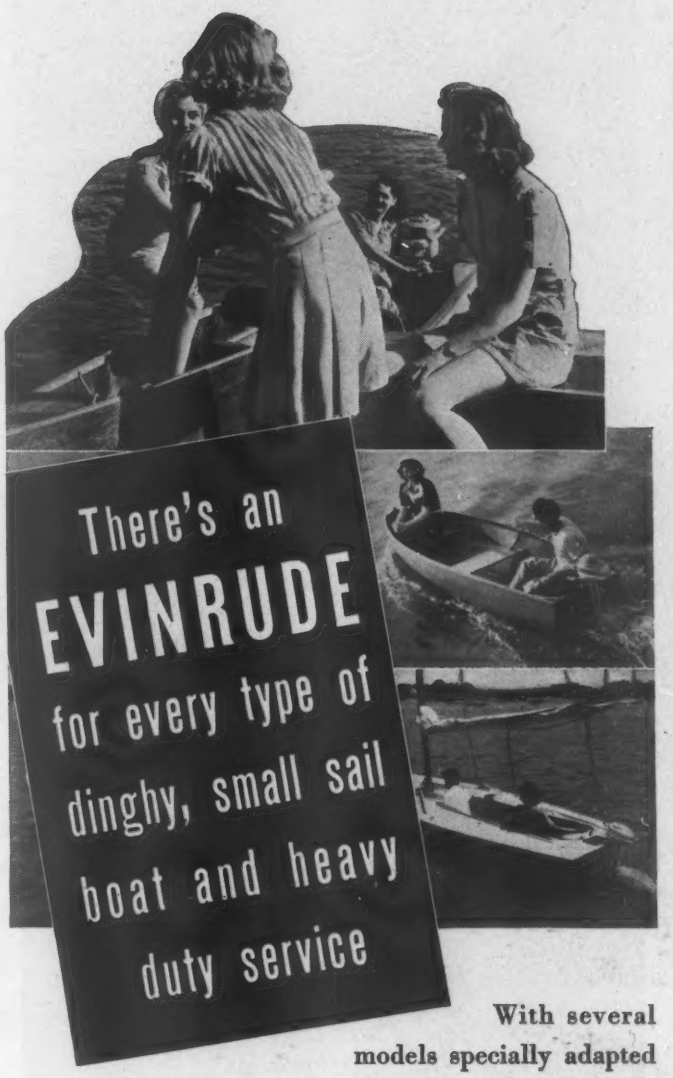
We were going out that evening but a fisherman's wife took Bill by the arm and, in a voice like that of a lugubrious missionary, said: "You mustn't go out tonight — that bar is sinful." Being pure of heart, we made enquiry and were advised that it was breaking badly and obscured by fog, so we decided to lie over. One of the local fishermen came aboard for a "snort" and a gam and gave us two large deep sea sole.

We limped from Newport to Cape Flattery with a broken valve spring and occasional use of sail, giving the Columbia River a wide berth. Despite thick weather, Destruction Island and Umatilla Lightship were picked up in due course. The log was not checking well with the distances and, hauling it in, we found the line cut but the two ends so twisted together that the rotator was still with us and functioning after a fashion.

There was heavy fog around the entrance to the Straits and, as sometimes happens, we could hear fog diaphones eleven miles away but not those we knew must be close aboard. But we groped our way in and eventually got a glimpse of Cape Flattery abaft the beam to tell us we were in home waters. Two days with the westerly on our tail put us in Seattle on the last day of July.

We had run a total of 2187 miles to cover a straight track of 1610 miles, during 1080 of which the engine had been employed. We had lost twenty pounds apiece (all from the right place), learned much about the sea and about small yacht design and rigging; we had confirmed at first hand much that we had read in books written by more experienced yachtsmen.

I almost forgot to mention one thing: we really went only for the ride. We did spend one day at the Fair but we were more worn out than with a week of double watches.



With several models specially adapted for *yachting service* — and with the exceptionally wide selection of standard models — yachtsmen find "all the answers" in the Evinrude line. Lightest, most compact motors for shortest dinghies and smallest sail craft. Special reduction gear models for auxiliary service on heavier hulls. Special long-shaft models, and special brackets for mounting on high transoms. A choice of four superb 4-cylinder models for larger tenders and highest speeds . . . including the sensational Zephyr . . . *light* as a "twin" . . . *smooth* as an "eight".

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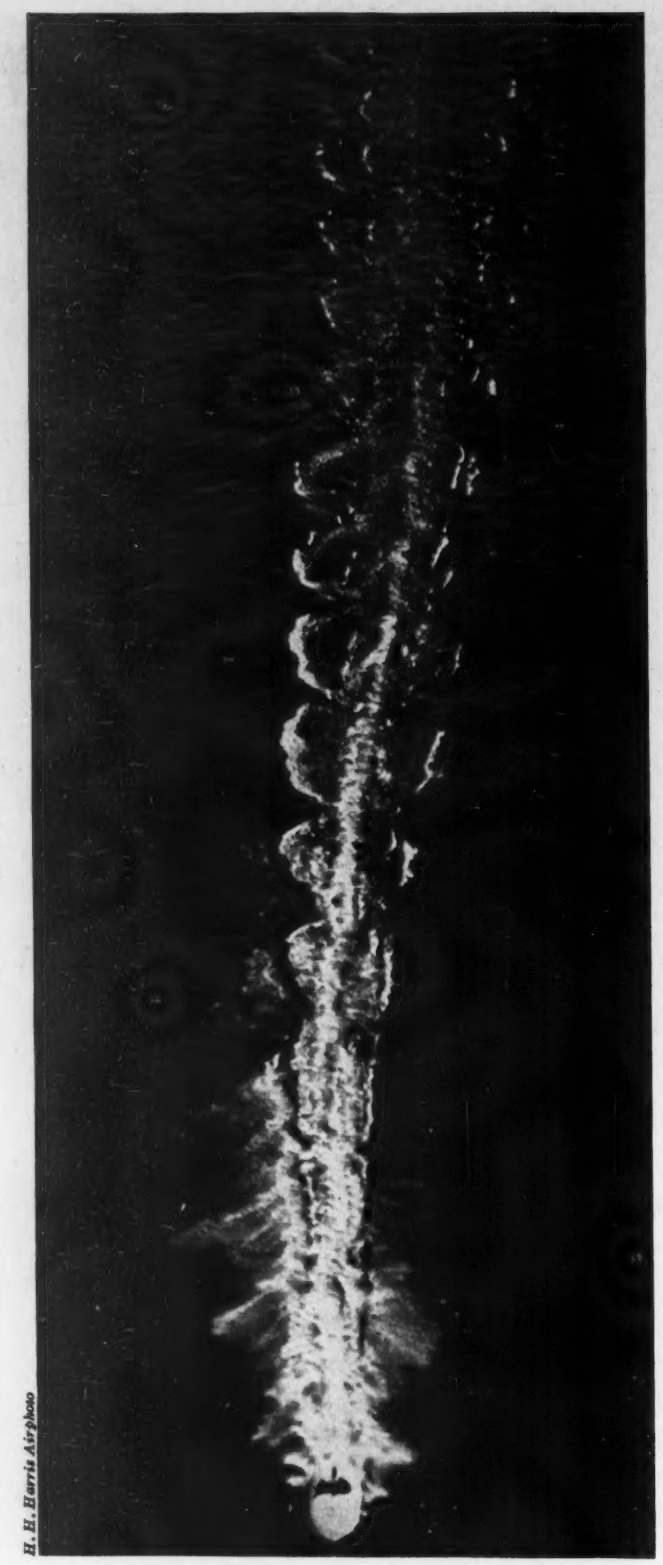

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A BRITISH ONE-DESIGN RACER

(Continued from page 55)

Centerboard and principal fittings, galvanized steel; other fittings, bronze.

Fastenings. Copper nails on rooves, yellow metal bolts and brass screws (except for galvanized steel keel bolts).

Masts and spars. Sitka spruce. Mast, hollow, of box section. Groove for luff rope in after edge.

Sails. Egyptian cotton, by a reputable approved firm. Mainsail, jib, Genoa jib, spinnaker, two sail bags.

EQUIPMENT includes aeroplane rigging screws, brass bilge pump, a pair of canoe paddles, 14-pound anchor, warp and chain, mooring lines and all other essential fittings.

In the few races in which trials were possible, there seemed no question of the new boat's superior speed although the lack of a fin ahead of the rudder upset steering in a seaway. This fault was cured by the addition of the skeg which had been cut out of the original design for economy—a false move, as it proved.

Although handy and fast, it was felt by the sponsors that a more husky and deeper hull than that of *Tern II* would meet the requirements and so a fresh design was prepared, based on the experience gained from the first one. The extra freeboard and greater interior depth will give greater confidence to beginners, at the same time providing a dryer if somewhat slower and less racy hull. The general appearance will be much the same and the construction follows the same practice and standard of quality.

It is just one of the minor misfortunes of war that prevented the building of *Tern III* but we hope that it will not be too long before she will be built and able to prove her superiority.

TWO BOYS AGAINST THE SEA

(Continued from page 45)

Weeks and weeks passed, even months—seventy days, all told. All they had to live on, besides the small stock of provisions and water they had started with, was a flying fish that came aboard and a small gar about 18 inches long. For 30 days those two small fish and seaweed were all they had to eat, and for eight days not a drop of water. It sounds unbelievable. They drank the alcohol in their compass; they drank sea water, which is supposed to make men crazy, but it didn't injure them.

Twice they decided to commit suicide and got overboard. The youngest one, Tapscott, actually let go of the boat but, when he came up and saw his mate still hanging on to the side, he got back to the boat and they both climbed into her again. Two big fish followed them close by for days, smelling a possible meal, no doubt.

They lost their rudder in getting away from the ship and had to steer with an oar. One night, Tapscott was steering under a beautiful starry sky. The other boy was asleep under a piece of canvas when, all of a sudden, the boat struck something and fetched up all standing, the bow rising in the air. They had run onto a huge whale, asleep. In an instant, the sea was in a turmoil and the whale's enormous tail rose in the air above their heads. Down it came but missed them by a few feet, filling the boat with water.

On other occasions, they went through two terrific storms, one of hurricane force. For three days and nights they never slept, bailing continuously.

I AM giving you only the high spots. The two were living skeletons, with long hair and beards and skins baked black, when, on the seventieth day, their boat went ashore on the beach of a sparsely settled part of Eleuthera, one of the islands of the Bahamas. They had just enough strength left to crawl up the beach above high water mark and lie down. Fortunately, a colored woman was working in a tomato patch nearby and saw them when they came ashore. She ran for help and they carried the boys to shelter and radioed the news to Nassau. A doctor and nurse came at once in a plane and brought them to the hospital.

For a week, the younger boy was not expected to survive, but he did, and now they are both getting their strength back and feeling almost normal again. What an experience!

According to those who should know, this voyage has all previous records of human endurance and courage in man's struggle with the sea in small open boats backed off the map. It was 2860 miles in a direct line. Captain Bligh's famous trip when he left the *Bounty* was only a little over 40 days, and he landed on three islands where he got water, eggs and birds.

For over 30 days, two small fish and seaweed was all these boys had to eat, and for eight days not a drop of water. They lost 80 pounds each and weighed less than 100 pounds when found on the beach.

One would think that these lads had had enough of the sea for the rest of their lives but when I asked Tapscott if he would like to go off with me for the day in my little sloop *Peg Leg*, he said he would like to go very much. We sailed off together to a cove and a sandy beach on an island, swam, had a picnic lunch under a palm tree and, in the afternoon, sailed back again.

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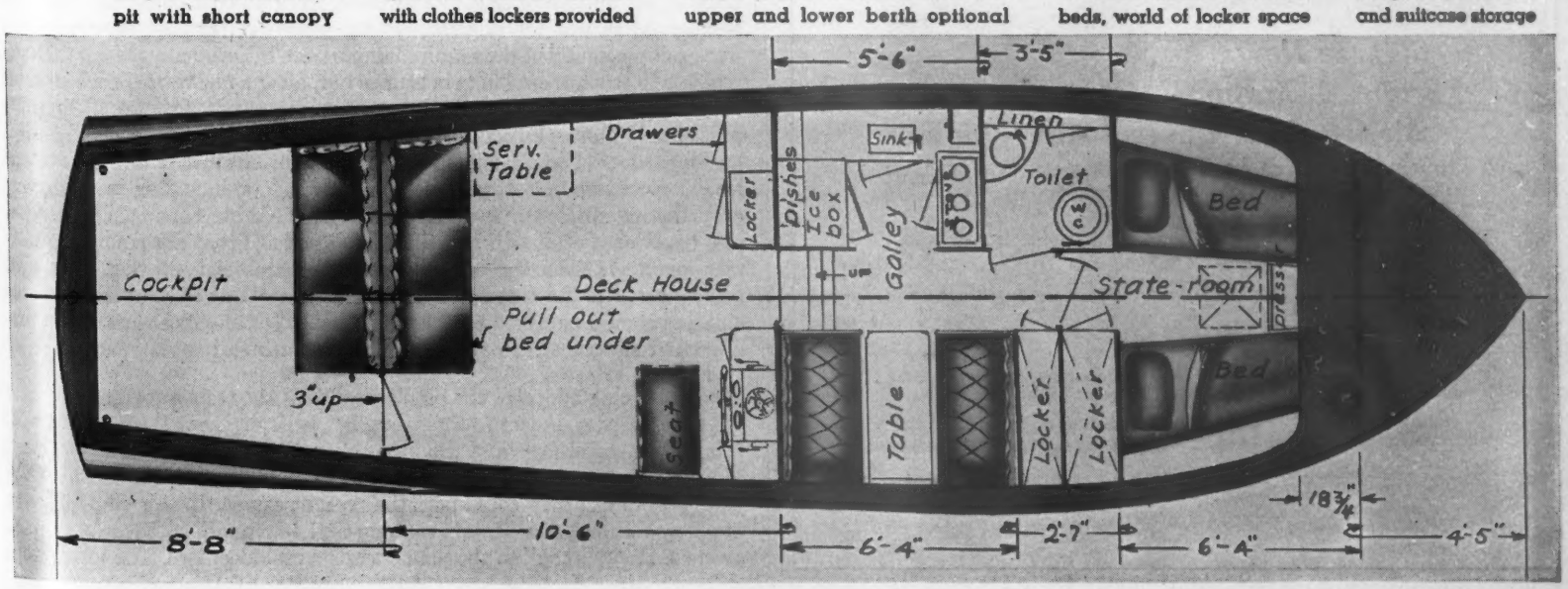

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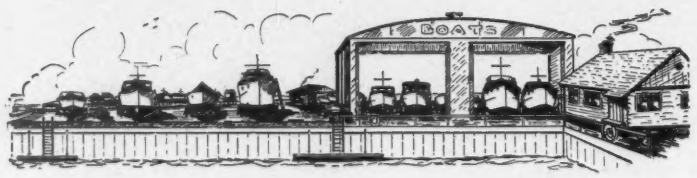

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THE WORLD'S FINEST SMALL INBOARD MOTORS

UNDER THE LEE OF THE LONGBOAT

(Continued from page 53)

a lady for a gent at any distance. Besides which, not all of the binoculars have been given to the British by a long shot. So, ladies, the next time you are about to take a sun bath on the cockpit canopy don't say to yourself, "That old bugeye is so far away I can't make out anybody aboard her." Ask yourself, instead, "Is she a couple of Arabic miles away?"

EVER since last summer, I've been strictly neutral in the matter of the motor boat *Dottie* and the New York Central Railroad. It seemed outrageous that *Dottie* should be blocked up a creek by a drawbridge that wouldn't open but, on the other hand, it seemed, even to a liberal of my kidney, a little unjust that the railroad company should have to spend several hundred dollars tearing up rail every time the owner wanted to take *Dottie* out for a spin in the Hudson River. Now, however, that the Army Engineers have given a new ruling in the matter, I'm heartily in sympathy with Mr. Raymond Douglas, owner of the deplorable *Dottie*. The new ruling requires the bridge to be opened only between the hours of 11:00 a.m. and 2:00 p.m., and then only on thirty days' notice, with the further condition that the railroad may refuse to open the span on Saturdays, Sundays and holidays, or on any day immediately preceding or succeeding a Saturday, Sunday or holiday. Grab a calendar and figure out the harshness of this ruling yourself. Suppose Mr. Raymond wants to take *Dottie* out for a lunch time spin on February 12th, a holiday which falls on Wednesday. He'll have to pass through the draw on the preceding Thursday, which will be the 6th, and, if he is delayed by the ice until 2:01 p.m. of the 12th, he'll have to wait outside until Tuesday the 18th. Imagine a sandwich lunch that lasts twelve days. Besides which, if the R. R. company stands on its new rights and demands thirty days' notice, it won't have to let him in through the draw until March 12th. Of course, Mr. Douglas could disembarrass himself by selling the *Dottie* but I've seen a picture of her and I honestly wouldn't know where to find a buyer.

THERE'S an unquoted item in the above-mentioned ruling that caught my eye. It's something about the duty of an owner to alter his boat to pass under the closed bridge if it can be done "at reasonable expense." Bearing that elastic phrase in mind, come with me to a recent decision of the Supreme Court which defines as navigable any stream that is capable of use by boats drawing two feet of water, or which may be made navigable by the expenditure of any "reasonable" amount of money. Boy, oh boy, what vistas of governmental spending that opens up! What trout stream, shoal bayou or barnyard rill have you, voters, that can't be made navigable if half a billion dollars is a reasonable expenditure? Tie it all in with national defense and I foresee the day when Death Valley is patrolled by the U. S. S. *Tuscaloosa*, and when this magazine is bought by thousands of yachtsmen cruising in the Grand Canyon of the Rio Grande. Perhaps it would be cheaper to declare war on Joe Bloe right away.

HOW DID IT WORK?

(Continued from page 44)

proved only of the details and extent of the program but felt that their juniors and their instruction course had been benefited because of the J.Y.R.A. suggestions.

All three of the clubs which adopted the plan were glad they had done so. One of them points out what it considers to be definite weaknesses in the present set-up. According to the instructors at this club, the Ordinary Seaman exam was too difficult and too extensive for the younger pupils. For example, many of the required knots were believed unnecessary. It was possible to teach these knots in classes but, after a few weeks, during which the youngsters had no occasion to use them, they were forgotten. This club passed only those who could tie the knots at a moment's notice and on this basis the number who qualified was very small. The instructors maintained that it would be better to ease the requirements, including in this group only the essentials for everyday sailing. The Able Seaman's rating was also considered a bit stiff and the Mate's so hard that not a single youngster qualified. Even the commodore of this club claimed that he himself could not pass the test for the rank of Mate and did not feel that the children should be asked to. This club hopes for modifications of the program but supports it in general and will continue it next year.

ANOTHER club adopting the plan agreed that the tests were quite hard. It did not, however, object to their severity, believing that the fault lay with the juniors themselves and the instruction they had received in the past. It was their proposal not to revise the tests but to continue teaching the youngsters until they could pass the present exams. In this club only one pupil was awarded a Mate's ranking and few qualified as Seamen but, even so, the kids took to the plan. It was a real incentive. The instructors

here feel certain that next year, as the younger members come along, "the number of qualifiers will be substantially increased."

The third club adopting the plan has met with the greatest success. The club inaugurated it in 1939 and has continued it this year with even greater enthusiasm from both pupils and teachers. As an additional spur, a Junior cruise was planned for the end of last season for which only those who had attained their Able Seaman's rating could qualify. To facilitate instruction, the Mates were called upon to instruct candidates for Ordinary and Able Seaman ratings. This had the dual advantage of giving the necessary individual instruction and of coördinating the material in the teacher's mind. This club, because of its longer acquaintance with the plan, seems to have worked it out best. It is looking forward to continuing it but realizes that even in its program there is need for improvement.

In summarizing the achievements of the program as reflected in the reports of these five clubs, several facts are apparent. First, that the plan, whether adopted completely or in modified version, was of definite value. Second, that it was, for the most part, enthusiastically supported by the youngsters. Third, that a few details of the program present difficulties which will be solved either by modifying the requirements or by improved and continued instruction. It is especially encouraging to note that the real purpose of the plan — the making of good seamen and all around sailors of the younger generation — is already being achieved and shows greater promise for the future. Typical of the average sentiment is the following quotation from one of the club's reports: "As a whole, however, I would say that the plan worked out very well and it has been a real contribution to junior instruction."

R. N. B., Jr.

FISHING — EFFICIENT OUTRIGGERS

(Continued from page 52)

The forestay, running from ferrule to deck, is a safety guy wire of 3/16" stainless cable to relieve the dural tube after strut of excessive stress when heading into a gale. The thick-walled dural tube, 1½" in diameter, will support all normal compression loads as well as act as a stay against the outrigger pitching forward. The connection between strut and ferrule on the spar is effected by a simple clevis fitting and eyebolt through the ferrule. The eyebolt also serves to lock the ferrule in place on the spar.

The dural spreaders, ½" O.D., carrying the four guy wires, are seated on the ferrule by sliding into 2" lengths of ½" I.D. tubing, welded to the main ferrule for that purpose. Since the effectiveness of guy wires is determined by the relation of their length to the foot they subtend, the spreaders should be reasonably long. A 5:1 ratio between height and foot is about the maximum. A 4:1 ratio is preferable. Since it is desired to hold a 30-foot cane pole from whipping at a point as far above the ferrule as possible, yet without subjecting the cane to buckling between this point and the ferrule, the fore, after and inboard spreaders should each be 3 feet long. In this case, it is entirely safe for the guy wires to reach up to a point on the cane 12 to 14 feet above the ferrule, as determined by the diameter of the cane pole. The outboard spreader need be only 2 feet long as this guy carries no load when the outrigger is lowered. If longer, it may be in the way when coming alongside a yacht. To eliminate worry on this score, slant 'riggers inboard as much as possible when locked upright.

To prevent moisture from getting inside spreaders, tap wood plugs into the ends. Drill spreaders to carry guy wires. Turnbuckles are carried on all four guys but should be tightened only enough to hold the bamboo pole in place. Otherwise, it will buckle. The forward and after guys are carried to the bottom of the spar. Obviously, the inboard guy must come off the spar at the deck top height. The outboard guy is carried directly opposite this point. Inexpensive galvanized wire is suitable for these guys but all turnbuckles should be of brass.

The pull-in arm is of 1" dural tube, fitted to the ferrule by a simple clevis. The clevis on its lower end is fitted to a casting on the deck and pinned in place with a loose pin when the 'rigger is up. When 'rigger is lowered, this clevis slips over a ring on a similar plate across the deck top to which it is pinned in place while the 'rigger is in a trolling position.

A safety shroud of 3/16" stainless steel cable hangs loose when the 'rigger is up and comes taut just as the 'rigger is lowered into trolling position. This safety wire runs from the point on the bamboo pole where the four guys meet down to a convenient point on the deck. It eliminates the possibility of losing an outrigger when lowering it while rolling heavily.

Suitable halliards are made of 1/8" sash cord. Rings serve as guides. While top and bottom guides should be glass awning rings, the rest may be light brass rings. On the cane, in the clear above the point where the four guys meet, rings should be spaced every 18". A clothespin, swinging freely on a 6" length of stiff wire running through its spring center, is tied into each halliard. A small spool is carried on the halliard above the clothespin to prevent the wire from pulling into the glass ring at the 'rigger top.

A set of 'riggers built along these lines will improve results.

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AFTER THIRTY YEARS

(Continued from page 40)

Marseilles. Racing in England is at Burnham-on-Crouch and on the Norfolk Broads.

Italy has seen tremendous enthusiasm, with fleets at Genoa, Naples, Trieste, Palermo, Venice, Laghi, Spezia, Sorrento, Ischia, Capri, Taranto and Como. In Spain, they race at San Sebastian; in Portugal, at Lisbon; in Roumania, at Constanza; in Algeria, at Cherchell, Algiers, Bone and Bougie. Germany has fleets at Hamburg, Kiel, Berlin, Bremen and Muggelsee. In Holland, the Stars race at Amsterdam; in Sweden, at Stockholm, and, in Greece, at Salamis.

Elsewhere around the world, the little sloops may be seen at Lake Maracaibo, in Venezuela; at Nassau, San Juan, Melbourne and Tokyo; and at Batavia, in the Netherlands Indies. There are also the early fleets in Cuba, Hawaii, Canada and Nova Scotia. Only the localities with active fleets have been mentioned. There is hardly a spot where boats are sailed and there is enough water that there is not an isolated Star or two, including Trinidad, Finland, Morocco, Yokohama, Switzerland, Argentina, Austria, Brazil, Poland, Norway, Bermuda and Barbados. Such international penetration is amazing. No other racing class has shown development anything like it.

But one phase of the activity of the little Gardner sloop has no parallel among any other boats that are raced and that is one we hesitate to mention in view of present international conditions. But, as it is a part of this story, the naval aspect cannot be omitted. The Regia Accademia Navale at Livorno, Italy, really started it all in 1934, although we had a group of inactive Stars at Annapolis for years. The Italians followed with several other naval fleets the following year. In 1937, the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis built new Stars and formed a fleet but Germany outdid us in that three naval units were established. The *Marine Francaise en Atlantique* was formed to give French officers a chance for small boat handling while the *Vlote van de Koninklynke Nederlandsche Marine* supplied the Star sailing needs of the Dutch.

EACH of the 130 fleets has its own officers and administers its own affairs locally, collecting nominal dues for the expenses of the association and enforcing class measurements and rules. The world is divided into fourteen districts, each of which has a district secretary who coördinates interfleet events and lends local fleet officials the benefit of his judgment but in no way interferes with local administration.

The fourteen district secretaries, together with the major officers, form the international executive committee which controls all matters of policy. Because of the need for making quick decisions, however, there is a central administrative body, called the governing committee, which sits in New York and acts on protest appeals over rule interpretation and handles other matters, such as sanctioning dates of regattas and making appointments. It currently consists of President George W. Elder, Vice President Adrian Iselin II, Treasurer Harold C. Halsted, International Secretary Sampson Smith, and Paul Smart, Secretary of the First District.

The class has its own publications, the monthly *Starlights*, which keeps members posted on current activities, and the illustrated *Log*, or year book, which includes rules, racing records, register of boats and fleet officials. The class has numerous specialized committees, one for development of new fleets, another to trace boats which become lost and another to take and distribute motion pictures of all major series. It has certified measurers wherever there is any considerable number of Stars and their duty is to see that measurement restrictions are complied with before the necessary racing certificate is issued. They report to a central measurement committee on doubtful rule interpretations and for revisions, as may be authorized by the annual meeting of the entire membership.

That, in brief, is the organization which has developed the Star. The untiring efforts of the men who have worked with businesslike efficiency for the sport they love has kept the progress moving ever onward. For, while the Star is a fast boat, she is not the fastest that could be designed for her size and she certainly is not the most comfortable boat to race in.

THAT the Star is not hopelessly outdated is due to the realization by the executives that the class either had to meet changing times or fold up. The hull form, of course, has been maintained to the exact lines of the 30-year-old plan but the rig has necessarily been modified as progress dictated. The gaff rig was discarded in 1921, in favor of a Marconi spar. Then, as aerodynamics came in for more attention, the short mast and long boom were altered in 1930 to an almost entirely inboard fore and aft sail plan, the boom shrinking and the mast lengthening in the process.

The present rig was perfected in Europe, largely in Germany, and widely adopted all over the continent before Walter von Hutschler brought it over here, in 1937, and showed what it could do.

It took courage to authorize the considerable expense of rig alteration in-

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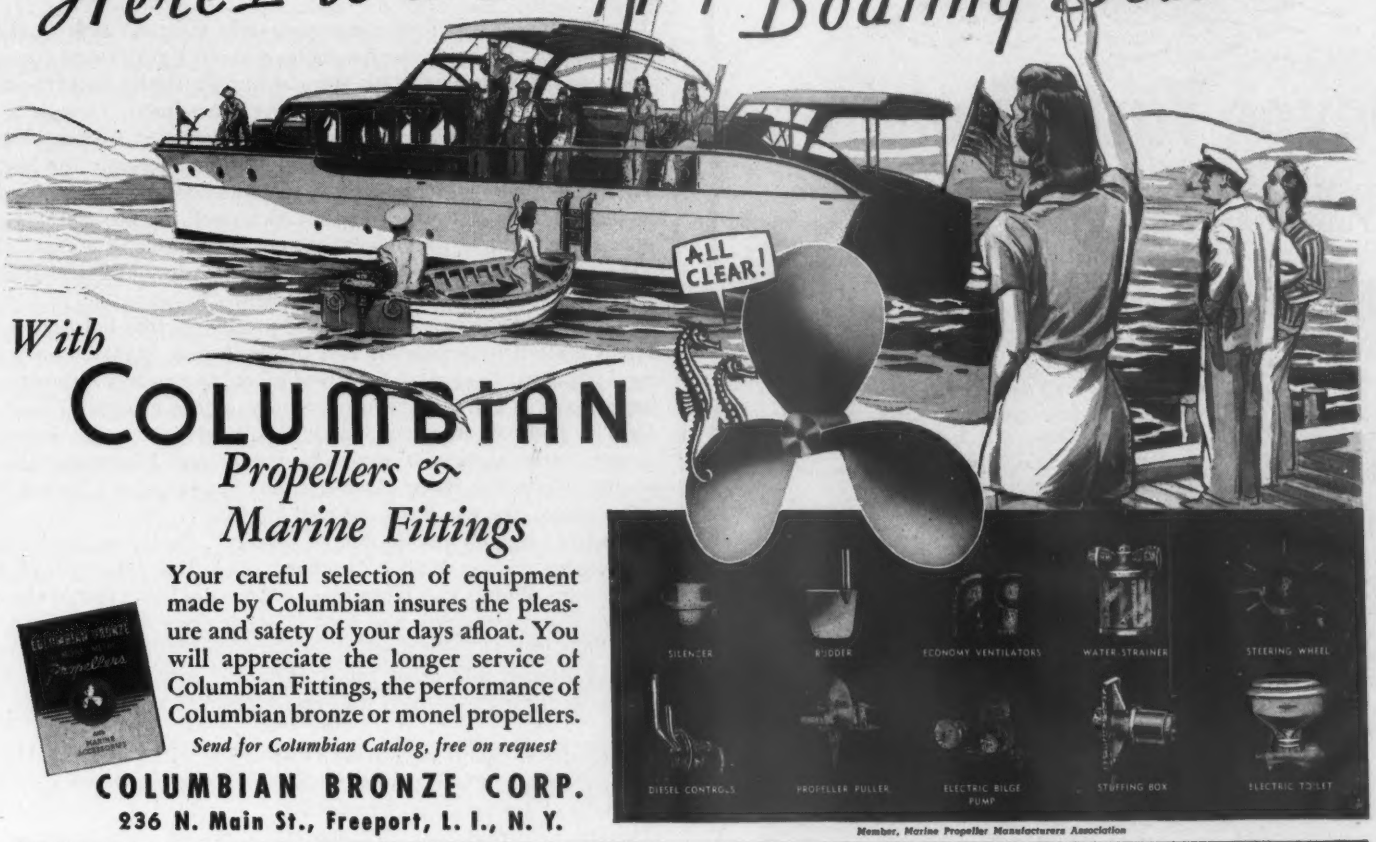

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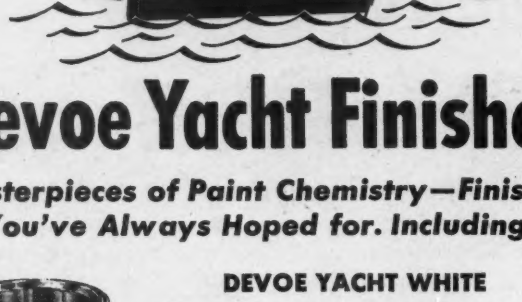

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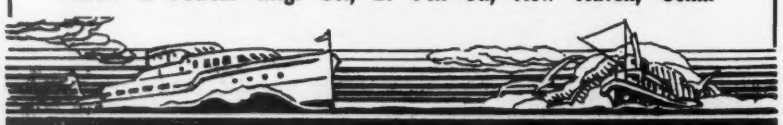

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volved in each of these changes and, in fact, not all owners have been able to make the conversion to flexible spars as yet. But few can question that, had not this forward looking policy been pursued, the Star would be just another forgotten class. Surely, the 1911 gaff-rigged job would be a sight in any present day regatta.

Of the sailors of thirty years ago, only George Corry is still active in competition. Probably the reason he is about eighty years young is that he has never stopped having fun since he had Ike Smith build those first Stars. But, while Corry is the oldest active participant, George Elder boasts the longest consecutive racing record. He started in 1914 and has never had a year since without some Star competition. Probably the best known of all Star skippers is Adrian Iselin, II, twice world champion and winner of so many honors with his *Aces* that he himself has probably long since lost count. He is the most frequently quoted example of a man who races a Star because he wants to and not because he cannot afford anything larger. Actually, he is but one of scores of such.

The Stars have been the training ground for the helmsmen of many a larger craft. Interscholastic and intercollegiate regattas have frequently used them and the ranks of the best school and college sailors testify to the importance of the Gardner sloops on yachting generally. Such names as Fred T. Bedford, who now handles his Twelve-Metre so cleverly; Arthur Knapp, often champion in the Interclubs and Internationals; and Paul Shields, whose Six-Metre *Challenge* took Seawanhaka Cup honors, are but a few whose deeds in Stars are well known.

Frank Campbell, on the Sound, Wm. P. Farley at Rochester, Ernest and George Ratsey, Walton Hubbard, Slade Dale, Harry Nye, the Piries, of Chicago, Walter von Hutschler — these are but a few of the celebrities in Star history who are also tops in other class racing. Surely, the Stars have been leaving their imprint on the sport through the men whom they have graduated into other ranks, including America's Cup Competition, as well as through the men who prefer them to any other boat.

A major Star championship is an institution without parallel in the sport of yacht racing. The modern version did not start that way but evolved gradually. Yachting for October, 1922, described the first national championship, held that year on Long Island Sound, with Lake Erie, Narragansett Bay and Los Angeles represented in addition to local boats.

Not the least surprising part about such a series is that the boats themselves, while polished and gleaming as they never were before, are almost always divided between the costly supercreations which seem incongruous in the "poor man's racing class" and the home-built jobs. There are always a few of the latter. The present world champions, the Cowie brothers, of Los Angeles, do a job of boatbuilding that not only looks like the best professional job but sails at least as fast. Milton Wegeforth, Gold Star skipper from San Diego, has just completed building himself a new one and is now tuning her. There are many other examples, due probably to the fact that, with her simple construction, the Star invites owner building and because the class encourages it by providing detailed plans and instructions. The list of builders who, at one time or another, have produced Stars reads like a world directory of boatbuilders. It includes firms best known for other types of work as well as yards specializing in Stars.

Much water has gone over the dam since Ike Smith built over a hundred Stars, since the *Bug* became a forgotten nonentity, since the first boat in Europe multiplied into hundreds. What do the Stars, on their thirtieth birthday, look for in 1941?

Membership is at its peak in the United States and elsewhere out of the war zone. Some of the Italian fleets are known to be still racing. Of activities in Germany, Holland, France, Sweden, Roumania and Greece, no news leads to the suspicion that racing waits for peace. Canada still carries on, as does Cuba, Hawaii, the Philippines, the Dutch Indies, Venezuela and Nassau. There probably won't be a European championship and there certainly will be a world championship, at Los Angeles, in August. All major events outside the war sphere are being scheduled. New building is continuing, but at a diminished pace.

Only ten years ago there were 793 Stars, to 1978 at present; 52 fleets to the current 130; 12 nations to the present list of 24. What the situation will be ten years hence, when the Stars celebrate their fortieth birthday, would involve bold prognostication. It is safe to predict, however, that the Stars will continue to make news as the years roll on.

BEETLE ANNOUNCES NEW BEDFORD "29"

▶ Carl N. Beetle, of New Bedford, Mass., builder of the well-known auxiliary sloop known as the New Bedford "35," has recently announced a smaller auxiliary to be called the New Bedford "29." The dimensions of the new boat, also designed by S. S. Crocker, are: length over all, 29′ 0″, water line, 22′ 6″, beam, 8′ 0″; draft, 4′ 7″. She provides complete cruising accommodations for two and is powered with a Red Wing Meteor engine.

"CRATES"—BY YACHT DESIGNERS

(Continued from page 34)

"Sure, Jim," said Bill, "we see you can't talk. But you're saying 'them' all the time. Them? Are there two of them?"

"Oh, yes," said Jim. "There's the other one right down there. We're keeping her here. Say, go see the Norwegian consul if you've got to know about these yachts. These are screwy times. You understand I can't talk."

Bill and I were on our way to the other little waif. She was another small, dirty thoroughbred.

"Fife! Fife lines, anyway," said Bill before we were half way down the wharf. "Good God, a little Fife cruiser, pretty as a rocking horse."

Once she had been shining bright mahogany all over. Underneath the soot was a teak deck that had once been bright. *Sinbad* was her name but there were no club initials to further it. She was smaller than *Gemitra* — 28 feet water line. The same steamboat-rigger slings had been under her. All other evidence indicated that both boats had been plucked out of the same water in the same frantic fashion and gone through the same hard venture.

What had that venture been? This is the first war in history that has made yacht stories. We'll be writing and reading them about Dunkirk for the next ten years. Here was a yacht mystery story — or the background for one — and I couldn't get it out of my mind. There was something appealing and pathetic about the little *Sinbad* and the *Gemitra*. Small, dumb fugitives! Lord, they were lonesome and forlorn! I'd see Bill out sitting in the cockpit of the *Gemitra* all alone, just keeping her company. Bennet had swabbed the cinders out of her eyes and pulled those rusty slings free and done what he could for her topsides.

THE story began to come together. It came in fragments. The Norwegian Purchasing Commission in New York owns the *Gemitra* and the *Sinbad*. They were acquired in Norway. They were acquired in emergency and used as shipping crates to carry gold, kegs of gold.

There appeared a Lieutenant-Commander of the British Navy who had seen them towing slowly down the fjord at Trondhjem. It was during the evacuation and everyone, stated the Lieutenant-Commander, including himself and the German forces closing in, was moving smartly save the *Gemitra* and the *Sinbad*. They were chugging down the fjord astern of a small motor boat. Right then, it is safe to assume, they were loaded with their precious cargo. The Lieutenant-Commander remembers that their spars were stowed on deck and they seemed to be riding quite deep.

"That's the beginning, all right," says Bill. (He's a naval architect with an imagination and he can tell it better than I can.) "We know the end over here, when they arrived safely on the deck of the little Norwegian freighter. Here's what happened in between. I can see it. They didn't have the slings in them towing down the fjord. That meant that they had to give them a quick haul out some place, some little yacht ways handy to where the freighter was docked. They hauled them out and then, because there was no time to cut through the lead, they went through the deadwood for a place to thread their slings. The holes are through the deadwood. Bennet proved that when he pulled some splinters out on the wire ends when he unrigged them last week. All right, they rove the slings and spliced the eyes and hoisted them on deck.

"Sure, with the gold in 'em. The gold stayed in them all the time. Why would the Germans bother a little Norwegian freighter with a pair of yachts on her deck when there was a big chunk of the British Navy and a whole fleet of transports to hunt?

"A keel yacht isn't such a dumb place to keep anything you desire to save. See this cockpit floor? Who put that in? No yacht shipwright ever did that. 'Chips,' on the Norwegian freighter, nailed that floor together. His object was not to keep out the rain. It was to prevent this hull we're sitting on right now from filling through the open cockpit if she was dumped suddenly into the sea and was adrift and awash in it. Suppose the Norwegian freighter hit a mine or a sub slugged one into her? What would the yachts do? Those sloppy cradles you complained about, because they had chafed the rail, were open cradles. They were made so the two gold-ballasted hulls would float off or be pitched off. No matter how they hit the water, they would right themselves and stay afloat. They would keep that gold afloat —it's more precious than life to men fighting to save it; it always is. Maybe they couldn't get back to it but there was at least a chance.

"GOLD crates! Gold crates by Anker, and White of Southampton. Remember what Jim said the Norwegian skipper told him to do? 'I don't care what you do with them,' the skipper said. 'Treat them like what they are — crates.' That's what they were to him. He'd saved his gold. It was safe ashore and in the Bank of Montreal or some place.

"Good Lord, we've been calling boats we didn't like that derisive name for years but this is the first time I ever heard of it being literally true. I wonder if we couldn't buy this one? I'd like to own a gold argosy, a gold crate. A nice piece of irony for a yacht designer these days, eh?"

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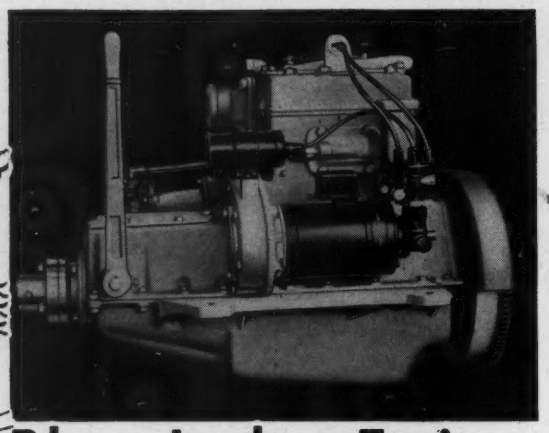

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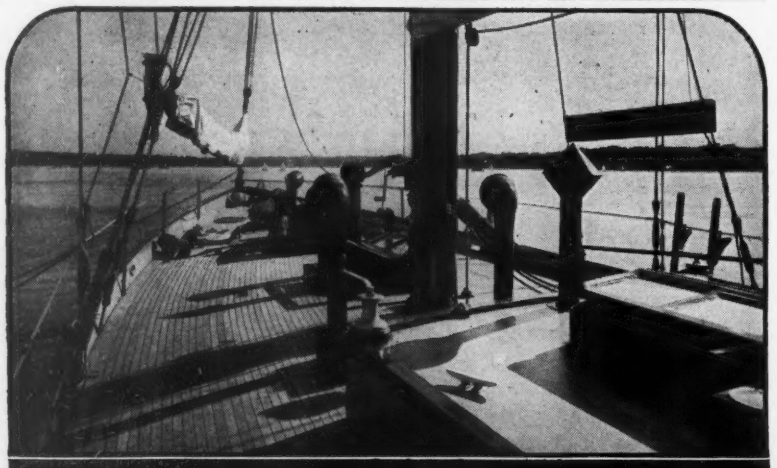

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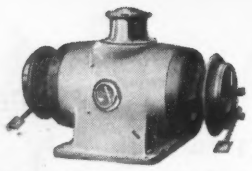

Above: A-E-CO Type G, Size 2 Windlass aboard the Westerly, a 73-foot motor-sailer designed by Sparkman & Stephens, Inc. Built by Jakobson Shipyard.

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News from Yachting Centers

SOUND WAVES

By Lee Scuppers

▶ If the present trend continues, Long Island Sound, once the principal base of the class in this country, won't have any more Six-Metre boats than Switzerland has battleships. The latest "Six" from these waters to join the rapidly expanding fleet on Lake Ontario is *Djinn*, which campaigned successfully here and in Bermuda under the private signal of Henry S. Morgan, former Seawanhaka Corinthian commodore.

Djinn, fast and weatherly, particularly in heavy going, has been sold through her designers, Sparkman & Stephens, to William P. Barrows, the expert Rochester skipper. She will find several of her old playmates up there on the Lakes.

▶ Alfred B. Stanford, commodore of the Essex (Conn.) Y.C. and a seafaring wanderer from way back, is the new commodore of the Cruising Club of America. He was elected the night that the club awarded its 1940 Blue Water Medal to the British yachtsmen who played such a glorious role in the evacuation of the beleagured Allied troops from Dunkerque.

Into office with the seagoing author from Essex went William E. Lundgren as vice commodore, Henry E. (Harry, to you) Jackson, as secretary-treasurer; William P. Stephens, as historian, and Elihu Root, Jr.; John B. Lord, the retiring commodore; A. Fred Bradley, Jr.; De Coursey Fales, Edward R. Greeff and Thorvald S. Ross, board of governors.

▶ The annual meeting of the North American Yacht Racing Union was a nice, quiet gathering with little business to do outside of making plans for the Sears Bowl series. Philip J. Roosevelt and the entire slate of 1940 officers was held over for another term and then the delegates voted to authorize the executive committee to relieve all of the individual and organization members of the Union in Great Britain and her colonies from payment of dues until further notice. This is certainly a history-making gesture. Do you know of any other union that passes up dues collections?

▶ This is the election department. The New York Y.C. reëlected for a third term Commodore E. Townsend Irvin, Vice Commodore George E. Roosevelt and Rear Commodore Gerard B. Lambert. The Indian Harbor Y.C. elected J. Burr Bartram to succeed H. Rudolph Kunhardt as commodore, and named Henry Sears vice commodore and O. S. Redfield rear commodore. Manhasset Bay elevated Charles F. Chapman to the post of commodore, made Robert H. Wessmann vice commodore and Robert C. MacCorkle rear commodore. Harlem's slate was Elbert G. Baker, commodore; John Poth, vice commodore; W. E. Rawls, rear commodore.

▶ Jacob, of City Island, will build from designs of John Wells, a fast 127-foot steel Diesel yacht for Major Max C. Fleischmann. The vessel will have many of the characteristics of *Trouper*, recently taken over by the Navy and bounced off a coral reef in the West Indies.

▶ The tenth annual regatta of the Frostbite Y.C. was held at Manhasset Bay, on January 1st and the succeeding Saturday, with thirty dinghies in three classes competing. Dick and Eddie Maxwell, sailing *Tu Yung Tu*, cleaned up the BO's in decisive fashion; the veteran Al Clark romped merrily around the Dyer ten-footers, in *Penguin*, and Forbes Morse, the national champion of the class, whipped the rival Penguin skippers with *Puck*. The new commodore of the club is Howard Kraus, of Manhasset.

▶ *Rope Yarns.* . . . Hugh Kilmer, sailing *Sniffly* out of Larchmont, capsized himself into membership in the Loons. . . . Hoyt Perry, of Pequot, heads the Junior Y.R.A. committee attempting to interest more Long Island Sound clubs in joining the junior organization. . . . George L. Harrison has sold the 82-foot schooner *Seawane* to H. C. Greer, of Palm Beach. . . . Frank Campbell, whose *Rascal* won the Y.R.A. championship and a flock of other laurels in 1940, has been made captain of the Western Long Island Sound fleet of the Star Class. . . . Two new Stars are building for the Peconic-Gardiners Bay fleet, and for girl skippers at that. No. *1979* will be sailed by Miss Jean Clark and No. *1980* by Miss Elizabeth Joost. . . . L. M. Rakestraw, of Port Washington, is the new chairman of the Victory Class Association. . . . Bayard Litchfield, whose *Flapper* won the class championship again, has put up a beautiful sterling silver dish of impressive proportions as a twenty-fifth anniversary trophy for the class which will attain its silver jubilee in 1944. Because Litchfield has ruled himself ineligible for his own prize, Bob Fraser won it for 1940. It will be competed for four more years and the skipper with the best record for the five-year span will take permanent possession in 1944. . . . William F. Strauss, an honorary member and former commodore of the Harlem Y.C., died early in January.

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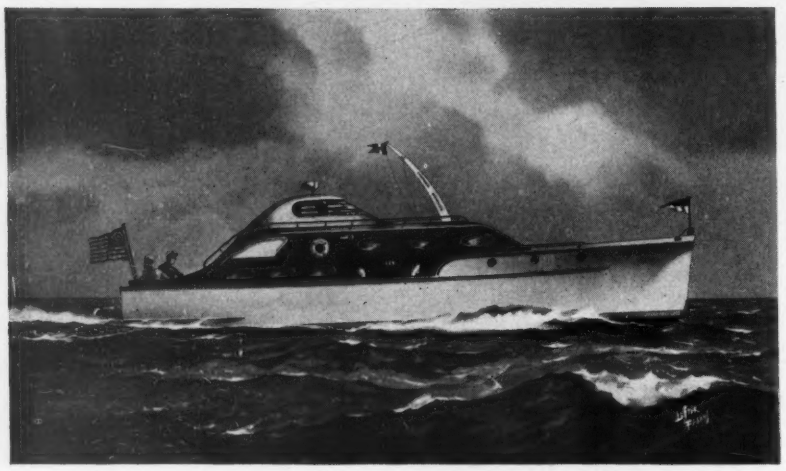

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NARRAGANSETT BAY GOSSIP

By Jeff Davis

▶ Still quiet in the boat yards. Herreshoff has the contract for two 94-foot trawlers that would make good mine layers or sweepers but that's pretty nearly all the new work that has come to Rhode Island builders and it's something quite different from the typical Herreshoff work. They are heavily framed and the planking is three-inch stuff. The rush for them is so great that they're working a double shift and, when this was written, had one partially planked and the frames out for the other.

▶ Albert Lemos, at Bullocks Point, having completed, launched and seen Frank Richmond's auxiliary ketch *White Heron* safely off on her trip south, has started another job that is neither new nor old. It is finishing the 51-foot cruiser that Frost started at Tiverton two years ago and left in his shop planked and with part of the house framed when he dropped out of the picture. She had been ordered by Harvey A. Prew, of Providence. When Frost disappeared, one of his creditors attached the unfinished yacht. The legal tangle has now been straightened out and the yacht established as Prew's property.

▶ The Frostbiters finished their fall series on the last Sunday of December with *Jackrabbit*, owned jointly by Herman Hanson (one of Jack Wood's M.I.T. crack skippers) and Ruth Ann ("Billy") Reed in Abou Ben Adhem's place, and started the winter series on January 5th, with *Jackrabbit* topping the day's point score with 27 of the possible 28. After the first race, the Hanson-Reed, Doc Cobb-Harold Gafney and Fred and Bill Thurber crews were all that came to the line because, to be honest about it, it was the first time there'd been a smashing breeze — altogether too much for safe and sane sailing in a 10-foot dink.

▶ It was a cold and frosty morning January 7th but Bill Dyer started out from Warren in that 21-foot crash boat he built for the Coast Guard Academy and he put her alongside the wharf at New London in 2 hours and 59 minutes running time. He ran her at 2000 r.p.m. as far as Point Jude, then jumped her to 2400. Her maximum is 3000. At New London, they ran her over a measured course and bettered the 28 m.p.h. guaranteed.

▶ The Rhode Island Y.C. held its annual meeting, the insurgents withdrew their candidates and the regular slate went in on the strength of one ballot cast by the secretary as follows: Commodore, Walter M. Kendall; vice commodore, Francis Gilbane; rear commodore, Charles C. Cornell; secretary, William T. Bailey; treasurer, H. Leroy Burnside; directors at large, Wilfred T. Parkin and Herbert B. Borden; chairman race committee, Leighton T. Bohl.

▶ *Short Ends.* . . . John M. Miller, of Providence, has bought a 22-foot utility Chris-Craft and will keep her at Wakefield . . . Edward Carr, of Providence, has bought a 30-foot Chris-Craft sedan cruiser and will add her to the Edgewood fleet. . . . And a 38-foot twin screw Chris-Craft, with double cabins and a closed bridge, has been delivered at the Harris and Parsons yard, at East Greenwich, to be stored until spring for Archie and Irving Fain. . . . Harold C. Kinne, of Pawtucket, has bought the 50-foot auxiliary ketch *Olad* from Oswald Chew, of Radnor, Penn., and renamed her *Lord Elpus II* (say it with a cockney twang). She is at Kelly's, at Fairhaven, and will be added to the Barrington Y.C. fleet in the spring. . . . The Narragansett Bay Power Squadron will run its annual predicted log race June 28th from the Edgewood Y.C. "Doc" Terrell E. Cobb has been elected commander; Harold B. Sawyer, lieutenant commander; John Cobb, secretary, and Harry Leach treasurer. . . . The Power Squadron's course in elementary pilotage began January 9th, at the Providence Y.M.C.A., and the course at Fall River began January 8th, at the Rock St. High School. . . . Tough luck being on active naval duty at Bermuda and owning a big cutter that's at East Greenwich, R. I., but that's what's happening to Commander Alex Robinson, R.N. His cutter *Frances* has been recaulked and some modern galley fittings put in her at Harris and Parsons — and there she is, ready to go as soon as the Commander can come after her or can find some one who'd like a nice sail to take her down. . . . The Mariners' Club, at Fairhaven, has elected Capt. K. W. Errickson president, Capt. Irwin C. Hall, secretary; Capt. Fred W. Phillips, treasurer and Rev. Charles Thurber (pastor of the Seamen's Bethel at New Bedford), chaplain. . . . Down at Capt. Hanson's, at the head of Point Judith Pond, Wakefield, they're building a 20-foot raised deck runabout for Leslie Hoyt. . . . Tom Harris has sold his motor-sailer *Black Gander* to Bruce Fettig, of Clinton, Conn. . . . Ed Parsons has bought the auxiliary cat boat *Yawnoc* from Dr. Conway, of Warren, and the Snipe *Dubeloo II* from Kirby Fritz for his daughter Virginia. With three Snipes in the family fleet to be towed around the Bay to regattas, he needed *Yawnoc*. . . . Plum Beach Light, in the West Passage of Narragansett Bay, was put out of commission about the middle of January when the light and fog signal were installed on the new bridge between Jamestown and Saunderstown.

CHESAPEAKE BAY ACTIVITIES

By "Bugeye Bill"

▶ With only 17 week-ends from which to draw dates during the normal yachting season on Chesapeake Bay, there is little wonder that sailors find two and sometimes three regattas scheduled in one week. With the Chesapeake Bay Y.R.A. attempting to avoid conflicts in any one particular region, the various clubs manage to hold regattas that continue to draw good fleets. The tentative 1941 schedule released recently by the association promises to bear this out. More than 30 regattas and special cruising events are on the books for the year. Here is the tentative schedule:

May 18, Maryland Y.C. "shakedown" race.
May 25, Gibson Island Y.S. Swan Point-Love Point race.
June 6–8, Potapskut S.A. opening day race.
June 13–15, G.I.Y.S. rendezvous at Rhode River and race back.
June 20–22, Potapskut S.A., Delta cruising class race.
June 27–29, P.S.A. regatta; Fairhaven Sailing Club regatta.
July 4, start of Gibson Island-Hampton race for Virginia Cruising Cup.
July 4–5, Rock Hall Y.C. regatta.
July 5–6, Hampton Y. C. regatta.
July 11–13, Annapolis Y.C. regatta.
July 18–20, G.I.Y.S. regatta and Miller Memorial series for Stars.
July 25–27, G.I.Y.S. Poplar Island race; Chester River Y. & C.C. regatta; Solomons Island Y.C. regatta.
July 31–August 2, Miles River Y.C. regatta.
August 3, Maryland Y.C. race back from Miles River.
August 8–10, Chesapeake Bay Y.C. race from Gibson Island to Oxford; Tred Avon Y.C. regatta; C.B.Y.C. sailing races.
August 10, Potapskut S.A. race back from Oxford.
August 15–17, Sparrows Point Y.C. regatta and Porter Houston series for Snipes; Cambridge Y.C. regatta.
August 23–24, Indian Landing B.C. regatta; Rappahannock River Y.C. regatta.
August 29–September 1, West River S.C. regatta; Norfolk-Portsmouth Y.R.A. regatta; G.I.Y.S. Cedar Point race.
September 6–7, Elk River Y.C. regatta; Urbanna Y.C. regatta.
September 12–14, Maryland Y.C. regatta.
September 13–14, Potomac River S.A. regatta (President's Cup Regatta). The annual rendezvous of the C.B.Y.R.A. will be held at the time of the G.I.Y.S. regatta, July 19–20.

▶ The Fairhaven Y.C., located on the Western Shore at Herring Bay, is the latest club to join the C.B.Y.R.A. The club is only two years old. Its commodore is young George Santmyer, Jr., of Washington. Other officers are: Charles H. Walton, vice commodore; Vernon Gingell, secretary, and Robert Ray, treasurer.

Another group, the Baltimore Y.C., which has its base at Sue Island, on Middle River, has applied for membership in the association. Officers include George Parker, commodore; Paul Tignor, vice commodore and A. E. Suesmill, rear commodore.

▶ After a lapse of eleven years, the combination of Prentice Edrington and Gilbert Gray (the same two who won the Star Class Internationals in 1927) turned up at New Orleans to win the Sugar Bowl regatta held on Lake Pontchartrain, late in December. Edrington, since his retirement from the Star Class, has been racing on Chesapeake Bay in the popular 20-foot class.

▶ Gibson Island's new officers, elected in Baltimore, in December, are: John R. Sherwood, commodore; H. Clay Primrose, vice commodore; Dr. William Rowland, rear commodore; J. Miller Sherwood, fleet captain; Donald H. McKnew, secretary-treasurer; Melville Grosvenor, chairman of race committee. Nat Kenney again will head the junior fleet committee.

▶ William R. German, of the Maryland Y.C., last month was elected chairman of Region 4 of the A.P.B.A. at a meeting in Washington. Vice chairman is Carlton M. Slagle, commodore of the Cambridge Y.C.

▶ Dr. G. Bache Gill and Edward C. Baltz, both former commodores of the Corinthian Y.C., in Washington, have been appointed as directors representing their club in the President's Cup Regatta Association.

▶ Sig Hersloff, hard-working Eastern Shore yachtsman, has been reëlected commodore of the Tred Avon Y.C., Oxford. Elected with him at a recent meeting were S. Wayman Delahay, vice commodore; James W. England, Jr., rear commodore; Tom Carpenter, fleet captain; Howard N. German, secretary, and Campbell Koehn, treasurer.

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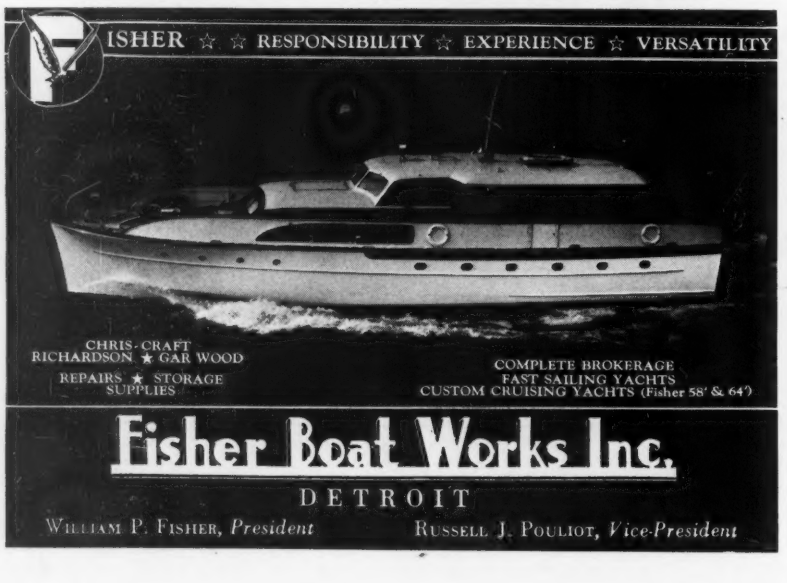

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PACIFIC NORTHWEST CAT'S-PAWS

By Ray Krantz

▶ Adolph Schmidt, one of the foremost yachtsmen in the Pacific Northwest and a long-time member of the Olympia Y.C., will reënter the yachting field again this summer with a fine new 62-foot Diesel yacht designed by Edwin Monk. Mr. Schmidt is best remembered for his many cruises and power yacht races in his previous command, the 40-foot cruiser *Winifred.*

Grandy Boat Co., Seattle, late in January had begun construction of the new yacht, which will be propelled by a 150 hp. high speed Diesel. She is to have a normal speed of 10 knots and a top rate of 12 knots, on a displacement of 30 tons. In addition to the regular power plant, the yacht will have a 40 hp. Diesel auxiliary power plant for emergency requirements and for trolling. It will drive the main shaft and propeller through a V-belt and idler arrangement, at a reduction of approximately 4:1. A speed of eight knots is anticipated with the auxiliary alone. Diesel oil bunkers will total 600 gallons, fresh water, 500 gallons, and lubricating oil will be carried in five-gallon containers.

▶ Gershom Rowland was named commodore of the Tacoma Y.C. at the club's annual election held recently at Tacoma, while Martin Stockwell, who skippers the sloop *Marjune,* is the new vice commodore. Rear commodore is E. T. Steven, owner of the cruiser *Romance.* Two new trustees, elected for two-year terms, are W. L. Gray and Bert Bradley.

▶ A contract has been made with the Franck shipyard, Seattle, by Bill Bronson for a 45-foot by 12-foot semi-houseboat type cruising yacht, planned by Edwin Monk of Seattle.

▶ Newly elected officers of the Everett Y.C. include Rowland Harmon, commodore; Ron Brotten, vice commodore; Frank Morris, rear commodore; Glen Proctor, treasurer; and Dr. Gordon Lindblad, secretary.

▶ Members of the Queen City Y.C., Seattle, have approved extensive additions to their fine clubhouse on Portage Bay.

Halcyon, new 38-foot V-bottom cruiser now building at the Franck shipyard for Harry Watson, will fly the Queen City burgee.

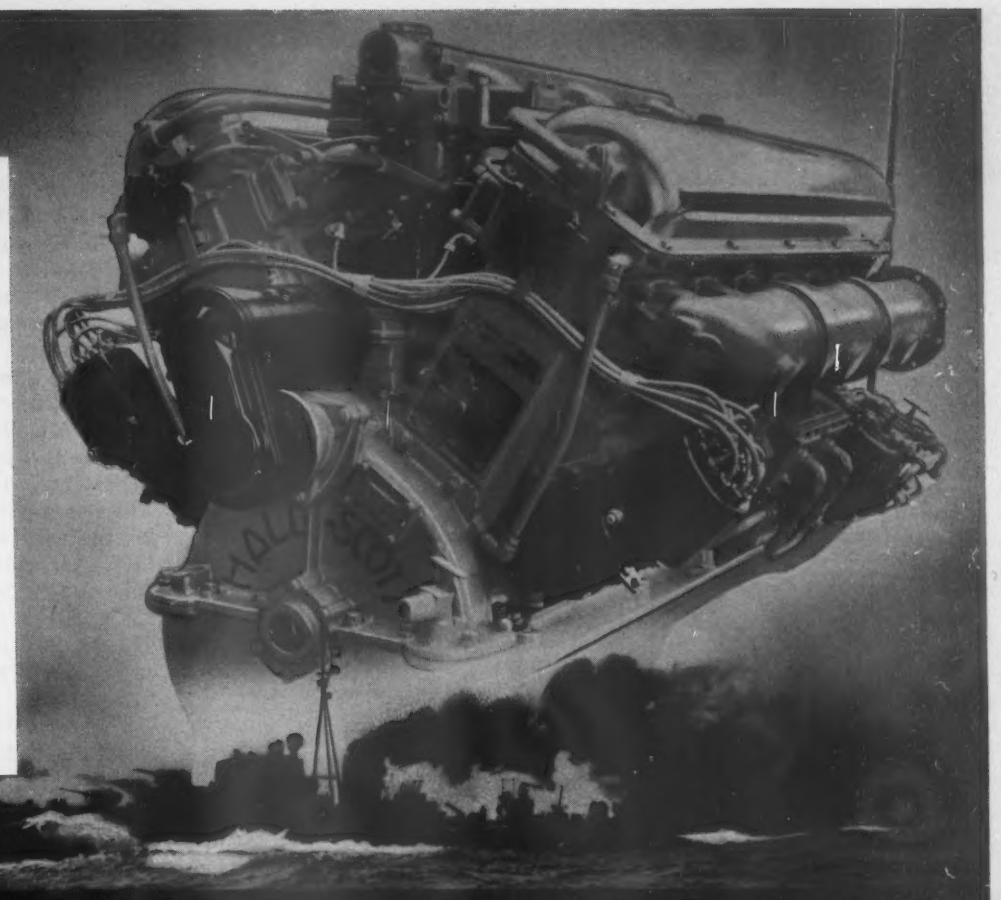
▶ R. C. Brown, Seattle, became interested when he inspected the 24 gillnet fishing boats being built by the Tregoning Boat Co., Seattle, for Alaska salmon cannery operators. He appreciated the sea abilities of the model and ordered one of the 29-footers for sport fishing use. The engine will be a two-cylinder 10 hp. Falcon motor. At the same yard, Harry Rowe's new 40-foot heavy cruiser is being made ready for spring launching.

▶ Seattle yacht clubs are growing steadily as public interest in yachting increases. Newest members of the Seattle Y.C. include the following: D. L. Rheem, owner of a 34-foot Chris-Craft express cruiser; George Warren, owner of the yacht *Tern,* a 28-footer; Arthur Baumgartner and Melvin Whitman, both owners of Penguin dinghies; Norman L. Bost, H. L. Beverly, James Paterson, Jr., Edgar S. Byington, James D. Sparks, Henry W. Arnold, and Harry B. Fay, owner of the Caterpillar Diesel-powered yacht *Partridge. Partridge,* formerly *Onawa,* has been entirely modernized from designs by H. C. Hanson of Seattle.

▶ Seattle's new yacht headquarters, Central Marina, is due for final completion in February, according to John Locke, of the Fisher-White-Henry Co. Practically all moorage spaces and offices have been taken, although a few of both are yet available. The new plant will give Seattle one of the finest marinas on the Pacific Coast.

▶ *Cat's-Paws.* . . . Frank LeClerq is building a new 25-foot sloop with Four-16 Gray engine for Ted Alderson. . . . Charles W. Finn, Seattle, took delivery early in January of a 26-foot Chris-Craft cruiser from Motor Boat Marina, according to Latham Goble of the marina staff who also reports sale of a 17-foot Chris-Craft runabout to Don Waltz, Seattle. . . . R. J. Stowell, Seattle, will skipper a new 30-foot V-bottom cruiser, with Chrysler Crown power, of Monk design. She is now building at Seattle by Wesley L. Loback. . . . Roy Corbett, skipper of the motor-sailer *Mahero,* Seattle Y.C., will sell yachts at the new Central Marina. . . . The Diesel yacht *Polaris* (*ex-Infanta*) has been purchased by the U. S. Navy, from Edmond Lowe, San Francisco. . . . Dr. Peter G. Schranz' new Monk-planned 42-foot auxiliary ketch was all planked early in January at the Franck shipyard, Seattle. . . . Sid Stahl, Seattle, is the owner of *Rita,* 26 feet long and powered with a Kermath 95 hp. Sea Prince. She was designed by Monk and built by Ed White. . . . Harvey Bancroft, Bellingham, calls his 28-foot cruiser with Six-91 Gray engine, *Helarke;* the boat was built by Reinell Boat Works, Marysville.

HALL-SCOTT on Active Service



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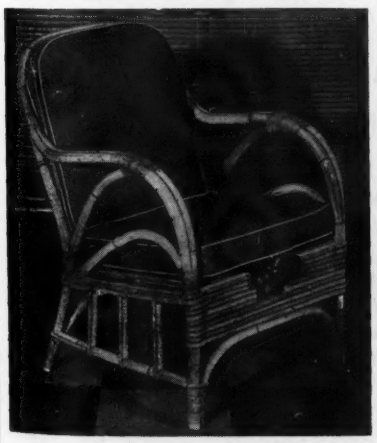

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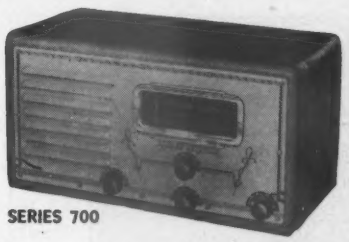

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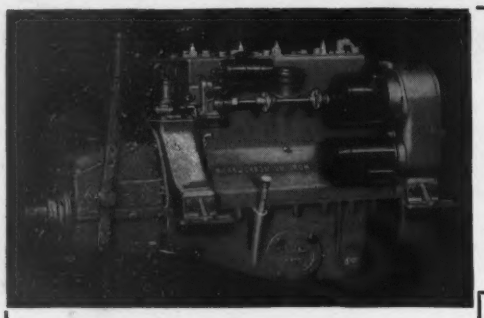

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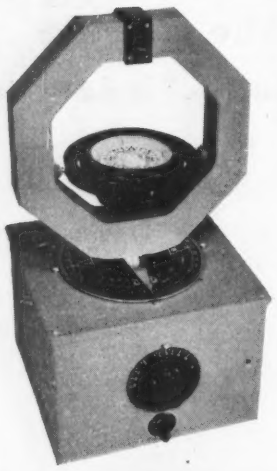

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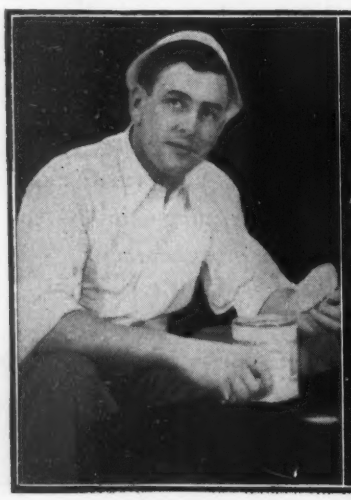

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SPILLS FROM THE MAINE PINES

By Eleanor J. Fairley

▶ The North East Harbor fleet is already preparing for the coming season, having placed an order at Henry Hinckley, Inc., or Manset Boat Yard, for four 18-foot water line sloops to replace their Class B boats. These new boats are approximately 27 feet long and were designed by Francis Herreshoff. An experimental boat has been built and put through her paces.

A dozen or more small boats for the Government are also under construction at this yard but specifications and particulars are not available.

A 45-foot cutter from designs by Sparkman & Stephens is also on order at Hinckley's. This is to be a duplicate of *Revelry*, formerly *Circumstance*, built at this yard several years ago.

▶ The Mt. Desert Boat Yard, Inc., is putting in a busy winter. Now building is a power cruiser designed by T. A. Earl, of Bath, Me. She is 34′ 11″ over all; 33′ 4″ on the water line and 10′ beam. Draft is 2′ 6″. There are accommodations for from two to four. She is to belong to the North East Harbor fleet.

Not yet laid down, but on order, is an auxiliary yawl from the board of John Alden, designed for a New York yachtsman. Her dimensions are: L.o.a., 39′ 10″; l.w.l., 26′ 6″; beam, 10′ 4″; draft, 6′ 2″. She is to be built of A-1 materials and to the highest specifications. Built for cruising and not racing, the new boat is designed to be stiff, yet her lines indicate a fair turn of speed.

The accommodations below decks are unusual. There is a double stateroom forward, toilet and lockers, then the main cabin and galley. A fifth person may be provided for by placing a cushion on top of the ice box and dresser. A Gray 4–52 Alden Special, installed on the center line, will supply power. A most interesting doghouse is provided, modeled after the hood of a fishing boat, which permits it to be removed easily.

The Mt. Desert Boat Yard, Inc., has recently taken over the operation of Parker's Boat Yard, in Bar Harbor.

▶ Another pinky is on the ways. This one is being built by Frank Gray and Myrle Orcutt, at South Brooksville, for a New York yachtsman. She is modeled in the old-fashioned, extremely full, bluff-bowed style, with sharp "V" after sections and a great deal of drag to the keel. She is 24′ long; 8′ 2″ beam; 3′ 6″ draft, and is to be schooner rigged for use as a yacht. The planking is one-inch cedar over 1″ by 1½″ oak frames, with cant frames in the bow. She is to be entirely decked over with 1⅜″ white pine. The interior will be unfinished for the present.

This is the first genuine pinky to be built in this section for about one hundred years, with the possible exception of the modified pinky built for Howard I. Chapelle at Millbridge a few years ago which was reported in the pages of this magazine.

NEWS FROM CASCO BAY

By Austin K. Smithwick

▶ The impact of the Government's huge defense program, as well as of aid to Britain, is being felt in Maine coast towns from Kittery to Penobscot Bay. In Kittery, the Navy Yard employs thousands working principally on submarines. Contracts amounting to nearly $170,000,000 will provide jobs for 4000 men building destroyers in the Bath Iron Works yard, on the Kennebec, and at the newly completed fabrication plant at East Brunswick. Six ways with a hull on each and two more ways under construction in the Maine Central freight yard near the bridge in Bath, tell the story briefly.

▶ Cruising yachtsmen, rounding Spring Point Light as they enter Portland Harbor next summer, will pass close by Maine's newest shipyard, where thirty cargo vessels will be built under British contract by the recently formed Todd Bath Iron Corp., in South Portland, on the site of the old Cumberland Shipbuilding Co., where wooden ships were built during the World War. Work has begun which will eventually employ 8000 men. Designed by Gibbs & Cox, the vessels will be 410′ over all, each of 9300 tons, and will be built by the latest shipbuilding methods. The familiar inclined ways will be displaced by a huge construction basin divided into watertight compartments having a level floor six feet below mean low water. Keels for seven hulls will be laid at one time. When nearly complete, the vessels will be launched by flooding the compartments and the finishing work will be done at a 1000-foot pier to be built at one side of the yard.

Construction of the new shipyard will be by the Sanders Engineering Co., of Portland. Its treasurer, Ephraim Sanders, is owner and, with his son Eric, co-skipper of the Herreshoff yawl *Playmate*, which they have sailed in several Monhegan Island races.

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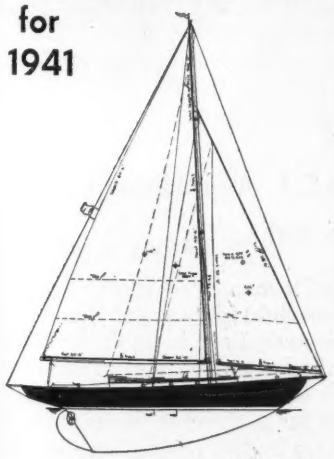

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CASEY BOATS ARE RARELY OFFERED FOR SALE—THEY SELL THEMSELVES

▶ The war boom in steel ships does not tell the whole story. Maine Shipyards Corp., in South Portland, has started work on four draggers for F. J. O'Hara and Sons, Inc., of Boston. Twelve boats will be built, six of 86 feet over all and six 60-footers. Morse, in Thomaston, and Snow, in Rockland, are each building four 96-footers. At East Boothbay, Rice is reported to have a contract for two subchasers, and Harvey Gamage, at South Bristol, two 96-foot boats for the Navy.

▶ The Centerboard Club of Portland completed its fourth and most successful season with the annual trophy dinner on November 8th. The Portland branch of the Propeller Club presented a permanent trophy to the club's Lightning fleet. Trophies for the season were awarded.

▶ *Frostbite Note:* "Clayt" Clough has challenged Carl Jensen to a race on February 22nd in eight-foot prams. . . . Two possible candidates for the Dunker's Club.

▶ Clifford Smith has purchased the cutter *Revelry* through Sparkman & Stephens. Built by Hinckley, she is 44′ over all. Her home port will be Glen Cove, Rockport. Last season, Mr. Smith raced a Lawley 110 in Casco Bay under Centerboard Club colors.

LAKE MICHIGAN BREEZES

By Jeannette Oates

▶ *Gale*, illustrious Star of the Southern Lake Michigan fleet, is defending her last season's laurels in the series for the 1941 Mid-Winter Challenge Trophy of Cuba and the Bacardi Cup, in Havana, sailed from January 25th to February 1st. Crewing is Walter Etzbach, also of the Chicago Y.C., who shared in last season's victories. Following the series in Havana, *Gale* will compete in the class spring championship series at the Southern Y.C., New Orleans, March 29th to April 5th. . . . Lawrie Hendrickson plans to take part in either the Miami-Nassau Race, February 11th, or the St. Petersburg Race, March 1st. . . . Carl Norberg, of Columbia, is another Lake Michigan sailor scheduled to race. . . . On the East Shore, three Grand Rapids sailors are chartering a yacht for the St. Petersburg event.

▶ Logan McMenemy, being now in the Air Corps, *Adventure*, his 40-foot yawl, has been sold to G. Rolfe Scofield, of Rochester. *Adventure* is an Alden-designed boat built by Fred Peterson, of Sturgeon Bay, where she is berthed each winter. Her new owner will sail her to Rochester in the spring.

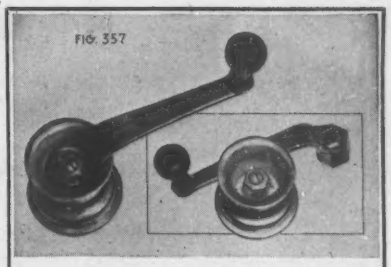
▶ A joint report from the Chicago Park District and Lake Michigan Y.A. on the activities of the Rainbow Fleet for 1940 summarizes the year's activities thus: Rainbow sailors conditioned and repaired 21 dinghies prior to the opening of the season on May 1st. After school closed and during the summer vacation, juniors sailed from 9:00 a.m. to 9:00 p.m. every day of the week under competent instructors. Among the boys who scored during the season in major regattas were Russell Swanson and George Duffy, of the Diversey Squadron, at the Elimination Series for the Great Lakes Junior Championship, in which the Rainbow Fleet finished fifth in finals held at Sheridan Shore, in July. Diversey Squadron placed first and second, followed by Burnham Squadron, in the 26-boat Dedication Regatta, in July; Calumet Squadron took a first, Burnham a second and Diversey a third in the George Orr Memorial Regatta, sailed on August 18th, in a fleet of 35 dinghies. Calumet scored first and second, and Burnham third in the Daily News Regatta. Calumet, Diversey and Burnham placed one, two, three in the Sea Scout Jamboree, in September. Rainbow Fleet City Championships held in October were headed by Calumet and Burnham and, in the End-O-Season Regatta, Diversey captured first and second, followed by Burnham. . . . The Rainbow Fleet now numbers 546 members, and includes 68 girls.

▶ The Lake Michigan Y.A. course in celestial navigation is again under way at Northwestern University, with Commander Chadwick acting as instructor.

▶ The date of the International Ice Yacht Series has been tentatively set for February 14th, at Fox Lake, following the Northwestern Ice Yacht Association meet at Lake Pewaukee.

▶ Woodie Pirie's ice boat *Tartan* has been sold to Art Anderson, of the Fox Lake fleet. . . . Dr. Richard Davison, of Chicago, is a new owner of a 36-foot Richardson cruiser. . . .

▶ For the first time in its history, the Annual Boat Show occupies the entire north wing of Navy Pier, affording two miles of displays and sports activities. The emphasis is on national defense.



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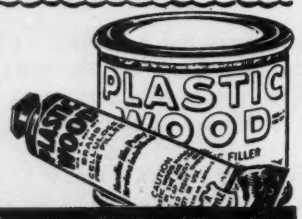

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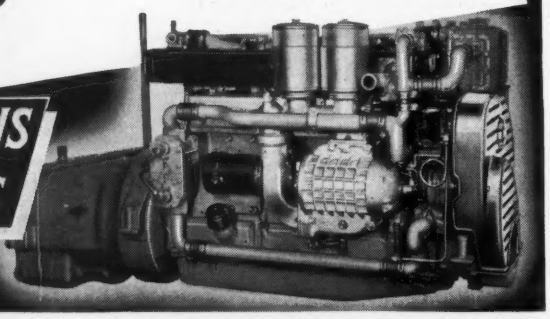

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WEST COAST BUBBLES

By Waldo Drake

▶ The Los Angeles Y.C. will again be host club for the four-day Midwinter Regatta, to be sailed on San Pedro Bay, February 20th to 23rd, inclusive. The program is being sponsored by the Southern California Y.A. and the California, Cabrillo and Long Beach Yacht Clubs will coöperate in providing facilities for participating boats and crews.

All available classes of racing sloops will participate in the Midwinter this year on all four days and the "small fry" will fight it out on Saturday and Sunday over the protected courses off Cabrillo Beach.

▶ Complete lack of a sailing breeze on Sunday served as an anti-climax to the annual two-day Newport-Balboa Christmas regatta and, with exception of the dinghy events, all final events were cancelled. The largest fleet in the history of the program, 103 boats in 12 classes, participated, with the following winners and placing boats:

Six-Metres. *Lulu*, William Horton; *Lanai*, *Rebel* and *Fun*.
Stars. *Wench*, George Fleitz; *Scout*, *Rambunctious* and *Win-Blu III*.
Pacific Coast Class. *La Cucuracha*, Douglas Giddings; *Malolo*, *Gavilan* and *Tempe V*.
Rhodes "33's." *High Jinks*, Walton Hubbard; *Mistress*, *Rebel* and *Sylvia*.
Albatross. *Kalohe*, Andrew Kirk; *Peda*, *Rhapsody* and *Oh-Oh*.
Forty-five Foot cruising Class. *Pipit*, Charles Ullman.
Flatties. *Windrider*, Norman Meager; *Mo Mo*, *Spree Gal* and *Gamboleer*.
Lawley "110's." *Round About*, James Rounds; and *Bi Gee*.
Skimmers. *Patricia*, Dick Russell; *Dolce*, *Surprise* and *Yo-Ho*.
Snipes. *Ghost*, Darny Metcalf; *Dipper II*, *Fun* and *Grey Goose*.
National One-Designs. *Harpie*, Paul Harder; *Valiant*, *Frolic* and *Mako*.
Pacific Inter-Clubs. *Wahini*, Boyd; *Seventh Heaven*, *Agilita* and *Clipper*.

▶ Young Darby Metcalf and his *Skiddoo* captured four of the five Snipe Class races in the annual Ned Manning Memorial Trophy series of the Los Angeles Y.C., sailed off San Pedro in early January. Fresh breezes greeted the fleet in all except the final race, when complete disappearance of the wind forced the committee to tally boats as they lay helpless in midcourse. Results, subject to committee action on the last race: *Skiddoo*, Darby Metcalf, 55 points; *Doldrum*, Charles Ullman, 48¼; *Moses*, Glenn Meyer, 42; *Gadget*, Wooster, 40; *Masqui*, *No. 41*, *Kingfisher*, *Hallux Valgus*, *No. 52* and *Keno*.

▶ Commodores for 1941 of the leading South Coast clubs include: Emerson Spear, Los Angeles Y.C.; George Buzza, Long Beach Y.C.; C. E. Vesy, California Y.C.; David Howard, Newport Harbor Y.C.; Dr. E. H. Riesen, Balboa Y.C.; Harry Ashton, Hollywood Y.C.; J. L. Munson, twelfth District, A.P.B.A.

FLORIDA TRADE WINDS

By Vivyan Hall

▶ The announcement is made of a race for motor yachts from Miami to Habana on March 14th. Two of the oldest clubs in the South, the Habana Y.C., established in 1886, and the Biscayne Bay, in 1887, are getting together for the first time to sponsor this event which is to be run on the predicted log plan. The course is to be through Hawk Channel to Key West, where a stop will be made, thence across the Gulf Stream to Cuba. Following the St. Petersburg-Habana Race by two weeks, this gives time for auxiliaries to include both. Details are being handled by Rafael Posso.

▶ There will be two weeks of racing in March on the west coast of Florida for the Snipe Class. The Tampa Y. and C.C. regatta on March 8th and 9th will precede the midwinter series at Clearwater. The Clearwater club has put out a useful sketch showing the location of house, grounds, slips, mooring basin and boat storage shed. About their most active group has been the Skipperette Club whose officers include Jane Upton, president, Ann Smoyers, vice president, and Evelyn Smith, secretary. Helen Raybaum holds the Skipperette championship, while Sarah Perkins took first in the girls' intercity series against Tampa. Across the state, the Palm Beach Y.C. is laying out a measured mile for its first time trials. The course is on the intracoastal waterway between Lake Worth and Jupiter Inlet. The Sunburn Regatta, held by the Biscayne Bay Y.C. in February, is being broadened into something of a race week. Started as a tropical regatta for frostbite dinghies, this year it will take in other national classes — Lightnings, Moths and Comets.

▶ Twenty-five races were run by the combined Miami Outboard Club and the Miami Y.C. as a part of the holiday program. Winners in the

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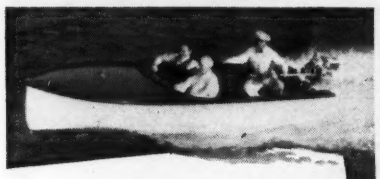

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outboard events were: Orange Bowl championship and racing runabouts, Thomas Goré; service runabouts, J. W. Alligood; and free-for-all, Lew Hewes, Jr. Sailing winners included Moths, Jack Price; Crickets, Jerry Gwynn; Snipes, Donald Lapp; Development Class, James Gregory; Open, Jack Ott. John E. Burks, of the Power Squadron.

▶ A number of large auxiliary schooners are basing on Miami this winter. The newest is the 90-foot *Alvee*, built by A. R. Roberts, Toronto shipbuilder, for his own use. Designed by John G. Alden, she is comfortable and rugged enough to cruise anywhere. Another is the 85-foot *Merida*, also designed by Alden, which Robert C. Rathbone, of New York and Fort Pierce, had built at the Symonette yard at Nassau. Dr. Matthew Mellon's *Gerda II* was built in China of teak throughout and recently re-powered here with a Gray Diesel by Merrill-Stevens. Then there is the Austin Gilmore's *Pinta*, of Santander Race fame, still going strong. She came down from New York a year ago and spent the summer in Tampa. Richard J. Reynolds' yawl *Elizabeth McCaw* is down from Sapeloe on charter to Louis J. Cartier, of Paris.

▶ The West Palm Beach Fishing Club, one of the older angling organizations, has just opened a new clubhouse on Flagler Drive. At the inaugural ceremonies, President Henry C. Richardson announced that the Silver Sailfish derby will start on January 19th. Farther up the coast, Vero Beach is holding its first fishing tournament from January 1st to March 31st, open to visitors and residents in Indian River County. Hollywood is having a city fishing tournament from January 15th to April 15th.

▶ The Sailfish Club of Florida, situated at Palm Beach, fights it out soon with the Miami Beach Rod and Reel Club for the "Battered Bait Bucket." Points are decided by the ratio of pounds of fish to threads of line. The new officers, Marvin D. Adams, president, J. A. Turrell, vice president, and Henry Pohl, second vice president, have laid out the Rod and Reel activities to start with a fleet cruise to Plantation Key.

LAKE ONTARIO NEWS

By W. Peck Farley

▶ It is noteworthy to learn that Commodore Lyster of the Youngstown Y.C. has appointed fourteen committees the membership of which, in many cases, does not interlock. It would seem, therefore, that a large proportion of the total membership is interested in the running of the club.

Harry Yale, Bill Roberts and Tom Lyster represented the Youngstown Y.C. at a dinner meeting of the Lake Ontario Snipe Association, held at Albion, N. Y. One of the most important items handled was the decision to compete for the following trophies: Mayer Trophy, for five-boat team from each club, at Newport Y.C.; Briody Trophy, for individual championship on Lake Ontario, at Nine Mile Point Y.C.; Ritzhaupt Trophy, for individual championship of Lake Erie and Lake Ontario, at Olcott Y.C.; Weed Trophy, for two-boat team from each club, at Oak Orchard Y.C.

George Mack has purchased the "R" *Spry* from "Doc" Dodge and it is rumored that the Less Brothers have purchased the "R" boat *Tycoona*, formerly owned by Chuck Spaulding, from John VanVoorhis of the R.Y.C.

The Eight-Metre *Bangalore* is up for sale.

John Elford has chartered the Six-Metre *Erne* for the coming season.

▶ The Canandaigua, the Algonquin and the Nine Mile Point Yacht Clubs staged a pilgrimage to the National Motor Boat Show, in New York. Many of the party were Snipe and Comet sailors and so attended the annual dinners set for show week. About fifty sailors made the trip and voted it a complete success. This is the second excursion of this nature and it seems fair to assume that it will become an annual fixture.

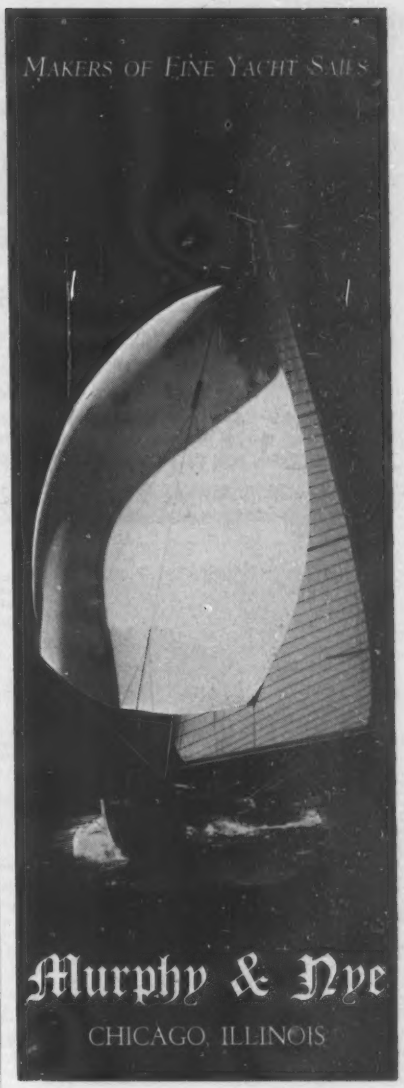
▶ It is with keen sorrow that the news of the death of Æmilius Jarvis was received by members of the Rochester Y.C. Mr. Jarvis, for many years commodore of the Royal Canadian Y.C., was a frequent visitor at Rochester in the past two years, during which time he kept the Twelve-Metre *Mitena* at the club's moorings.

A new Bounty, the *Skylark*, has been brought into the club. She is owned by Mr. Cochrane.

The Star Class of the R.Y.C. held its annual meeting at the Rochester Club on December 11th. The following were elected to office for 1940: Clifton Baker, fleet captain, and James McConnell, secretary.

The schedule of races for next season will be divided about as usual, with five series of four to five races each, except for the 12th District elimination races and the elimination races to determine the boat to represent the fleet in the Internationals.

The 12th District Championship series will be held at Rochester in 1941, since the Rochester Y.C. won the event in 1940.



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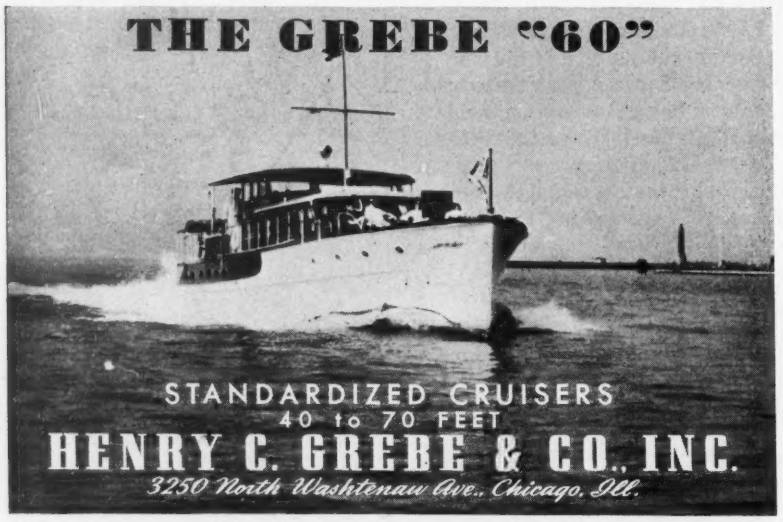

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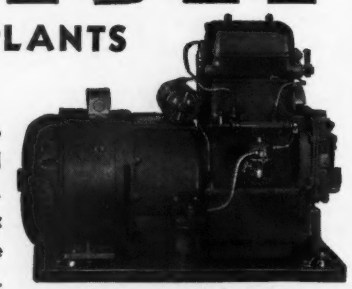

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DETROIT RIVER AND LAKE ERIE NEWS

By Walter X. Brennan

▶ Ed. M. Gregory has been busy letting contracts for his new showroom. The Gregory Boat Company, having taken over an old church in East Jefferson Avenue, will have one of the largest and finest showrooms in the country, to open the spring season in Detroit. A modern front will be built and the auditorium, with a ceiling 80 feet above the floor, will probably be the only showroom in which a cruising sail boat can be put on display with mast and all gear rigged.

▶ The Detroit radio station WMBC has inaugurated a program for Saturday nights called "Yachting on the Great Lakes" which is getting considerable fan mail from the boat bugs. All types of yachting are to be discussed and the schedule should be of interest to yachtsmen away from the home port on week-ends next summer. One of the features planned is a review of the Saturday afternoon races which will score a scoop on the Sunday morning papers and also reach those not convenient to a newsstand.

▶ Dave Sloss and Bobbie Bryant, of Detroit, will take turns with the yawl *Malihini* in the Florida ocean races this winter. Dave will have the helm in the Nassau Race and Bobbie will take over in the Havana run. It is likely that Russ Alger will have a second Detroit entry.

Tom Hefferan and a group from Grand Rapids, Mich., will also have an entry in the southern ocean races which are becoming more and more interesting to Midwestern yachtsmen each year.

▶ Harry Packer, of the Detroit Y.C., has been elected rear commodore of the Pan American Y.C., with headquarters on the Causeway, at Miami.

▶ Henry H. Smith & Co. and Stannus Propeller Co., Detroit, will move to new quarters on the adjacent corner in time for spring business. Smith's is the oldest marine hardware store in Detroit and the new place will give it one of the best locations in the Midwest.

FROM THE SOUTHWESTERN CIRCUIT

By E. G. Green

▶ This "southwestern circuit" is a rather loose, geographic designation for eleven or more sailing clubs on fresh water lakes in Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas and Arkansas. These have some relation with one another, always friendly, often heated, as in post-race protest discussions in the clubhouse! But, the more heat, the more the art of sailing is developed and the larger the representation at the next interclub regatta!

▶ Texas reports six organized sailing clubs: Dallas S.C. which uses White Rock Lake; Denton S.C., Lake Dallas; Fort Worth B.C., Eagle Mountain Lake; Lake Worth S.C., Lake Worth (Fort Worth); San Antonio S.A., Lake Medina, and Wichita Falls S.C., Lake Kemp.

Oklahoma has three: Oklahoma City Y.C. and Sooner Y.C., Lake Overholser; Sequoyah Y.C., Lake Sequoyah (Tulsa).

Kansas has one border club: Wichita S.C., Lake Santa Fe; and Arkansas has one sailing club now forming at Fort Smith, with Lake Fort Smith as its sailing ground.

A busy regatta season is promised for 1941. The Lake Worth S.C. opens the schedule with an invitation regatta in April, the Fort Worth B.C. follows in May, the Oklahoma City Y.C. in June, the Dallas S.C. in July. In August, the Sequoyah Y.C. joins with the city of Disney in managing a regatta of wide interest on the new Grand River Dam project, in northeastern Oklahoma, and the Sequoyah Y.C. closes the interclub competition with its annual regatta in September.

▶ The Sequoyah Y.C., Tulsa, announces the following officers for 1941, elected in January: Commodore, "Rip" Van Winkle; vice commodore, Lawrence Reed; secretary, Rose Marie Rankin; treasurer, Maud Blondeau, and surgeon, Dr. Frank J. Nelson.

▶ The Oklahoma City Y.C. elected officers at the annual meeting in January, which was held in the utterly adequate "rumpus room" of Dr. Curt Von Wedel, according to tradition: Commodore, Frank R. Gunn; vice commodore, H. Barney Crawford; rear commodore, Russell F. Compton; secretary-treasurer, E. G. Green.

▶ The Sooner Y.C., Oklahoma City, elected the following officers for 1941: Commodore, William Ribble; vice commodore, Chas. G. Swan; rear commodore, M. H. Newhall; secretary-treasurer, Dr. J. Paul Price.

PENGUIN CLASS SHOWS GROWTH

▶ The Penguin Dinghy Class Association begins the year with 400 registered Penguins, five fully organized fleets and at least 23 additional fleets in various stages of formation from the East to the West Coasts, according to a report of the executive committee which met last month in New York. While not yet a year old as a national class, the popular little dinghies are popping up as far afield as Texas, Michigan, Wisconsin and California.

▶ Fleet No. 1 is located at Alexandria, Va., the "birthplace" of the design, and is known as the Potomac River Fleet. Its fleet captain is Don Kanode, of Washington. Manhasset Bay Y.C., Port Washington, L. I., is the home port of Fleet No. 2, and Forbes Morse is fleet captain. Others are: Sheepshead Bay Y.C., Brooklyn, N. Y., Fleet No. 3, Frederick Schnure, captain; Seattle Penguin Fleet No. 4, Seattle, Wash.; Richmond County Y.C., Great Kills, N. Y., Fleet No. 5, Percival H. Case.

A charter is expected to be issued this month to Fleet No. 6, located at the Mantoloking Y.C., on Barnegat Bay. J. Ross Pilling, Jr., is scheduled to be fleet captain of the group which numbers Philadelphia and Barnegat sailors who are building twelve Penguins on a coöperative basis.

▶ Fleets also are forming at the Green Bay Y.C., Green Bay, Wis.; Fremont Junior High School, Pomona, Calif.; Spokane Y.C., Spokane, Wash.; Sea Cliff Y.C., Roslyn, L. I.; Ocean City Y.C., Ocean City, N. J.; Maryland Y.C., Baltimore, Md.; Potapskut S.A., Wall Cove, Md.; Indian Landing B.C., Millersville, Md.; Lake Washington S.C., Sacramento, Calif.; Clear Lake S.C., Upper Lake, Calif.; Mission Bay Y.C., Berkeley, Calif.; Eagle Mountain Lake S.C., Fort Worth, Tex.; Wessagussett Y.C., North Weymouth, Mass.; Paterson C.C., Paterson, N. J.; Bay Head Y.C., Bay Head, N. J.; Provincetown Y.C., Provincetown, Mass.; Urbanna Y.C.; and at Deltaville, Md.; Jackson, Mich.; Glenbrook, Conn.; Rochester.

▶ The Potomac River Penguin Fleet has seen as many as eight Penguins out of a Sunday, racing off the Old Dominion B.C., in Alexandria. The fact that the group meets every other week — sailors are aware that frostbiting can be overdone — has been responsible for its success there. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Runyon, of Washington, and Walter Lawson, Georgetown University dinghy sailor, have been turning in the most frequent wins.

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THE SOUTH SHORE OF LAKE ERIE

By John G. Robinson

▶ Alexander ("Sonny") Winton, Jr., was elected commodore of the Cleveland Y.C. at the annual meeting on January 10th. Commodore Winton is an ardent racing skipper, one of the best Class R sailors on the Great Lakes. His father, the late Commodore Alexander Winton, Sr., was a power boat man and a pioneer in engine production. Dr. John F. Novatney was elected vice commodore and Lee Wilson, who represented Lake Erie in the Richardson Trophy races last fall with his Class R sloop *Cotton Blossom*, is the new rear commodore. Directors are Alex. Winton, Jr., James C. Heintz, John R. Cox, Al Salzer and George Spencer.

▶ Walter S. Pritchard, a member of the Cleveland Y.C. and owner of the 38-foot Matthews cruiser *Meantime III*, was elected Commander of the Cleveland Power Squadron at the annual meeting held January 7th. R. W. G. Wilson, owner of the express cruiser *Bo'son*, was elected Lieut. Commander, with A. A. Mastics, one of Cleveland's crack Class R skippers, First Lieutenant, and C. W. Stage, Jr., Second Lieutenant.

Charles Stage had been so satisfactory in the job of secretary-treasurer that it was impossible to find anyone to take his place.

▶ The Wells Construction Co. completed the work of driving piles for the new City of Lakewood dock, in Rocky River, before the river froze. Filling in work will be done during the winter and the new docks, which will furnish moorings for at least 40 small boats.

Clifton Park Lagoon boat owners took advantage of the presence of the dredging equipment in Rocky River to have the lagoon dredged out to a minimum depth of eight feet.

▶ Albert E. Wakefield, a former commodore of the Vermilion B.C. and of the Inter-Lake Y.A., is planning an active campaign in the Star Class next season. He has been sailing the auxiliary *Chuckle* for the past several seasons and devoting but little attention to the Stars. Now he has sold his interest in *Chuckle* and has ordered one of the South Coast Stars from Newport, Cal. The new boat is to be tuned up on the West Coast and shipped to Vermilion, arriving some time before May 1st.

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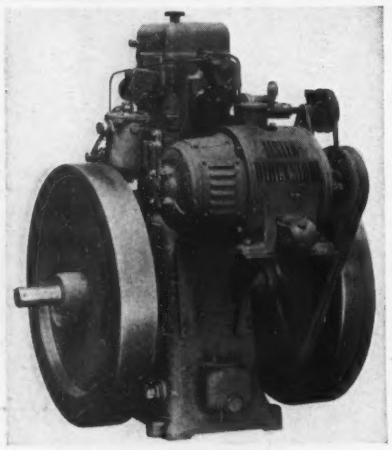

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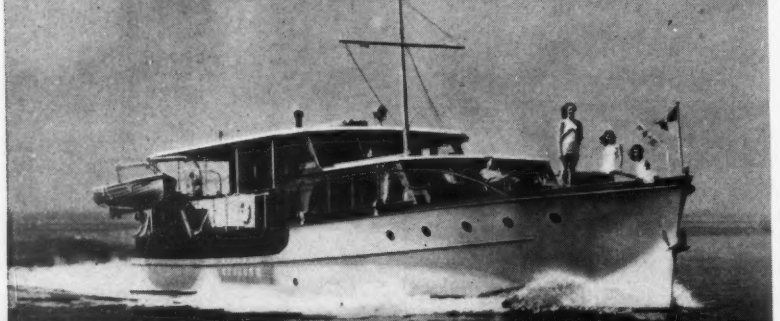

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▶ Parker Beach and A. M. Youngquist, of the Chippewa Lake Y.C., attended a recent meeting of the Sandusky S.C. to explain the merits of the 18-foot one-design class sailing scow they build and race on Chippewa Lake. From the description given, backed by some extremely interesting movies, this little craft seems to be fast and easy to handle.

The club feels a deep sense of loss in the death of Leo Kugel, one of the older members. He was an active supporter of the club from the time of its organization and gave liberally of his time and knowledge to aid the club.

▶ Earl T. Benninghoff, commander of the U.S. Coast Guard Reserve flotilla of the Mentor Harbor Y.C., has bought a 1941 Chris-Craft 44-foot bridge deck cruiser which will be named *Good Humor II*.

▶ James H. Hilling, of Cleveland, owner of the express cruiser *Frolic*, was elected commodore of the Lakeside Y.C. at the annual meeting.

Frank Maxon was elected vice commodore, with Oscar Netschke the new rear commodore and Harry Brett, secretary. Frank Herbst, last year's commodore, will take over the treasurer's job, with Harold Mosher, fleet captain, and S. Mueller, measurer. The new trustees are George Schaef, Paul H. Gartland, Frank Maxon, Charles Webber, and Arthur Mellick.

COMET COMMENTS

By Malcolm D. Lamborne, Jr.

▶ With the number of registered Comets crowding the 1900 mark, the C.C.Y.R.A. begins the year under a new president, Donn Verner Smythe of Fairfield, Conn., a member of the Pequot Y.C. of Southport, Conn. Smythe, with the entire slate of officers, was unanimously elected at the annual meeting in New York last month. Organizer of Comet fleet No. 2 at Washington, D. C., President Smythe has served as regional vice president of the Chesapeake Bay, Western Shore, region; of the Long Island Sound region, and as executive vice president of the class.

As an honor to the retiring president who founded the class in 1934 and has served as its head ever since but who found he could not accept the job again, members unanimously elected Dr. John Eiman, of Philadelphia, to the newly created post of commodore. As commodore, Dr. Eiman will have charge of all social activities and functions.

The other officers for the year are: Rodney T. Bonsall, Philadelphia, executive vice president; John J. Fernandes, Jr., New York, secretary; Dr. Wilbur H. Haines, Philadelphia, treasurer; Clayton E. Jenkins, Philadelphia, chief measurer, and the following regional vice presidents: William H. Neilson, Boston, Massachusetts region; Frank Hoffman, Auburn, Central and Northern New York; O. E. M. Keller, Toledo, Central States; James Gould, Huntington, Long Island and Sound; Edward Braddock, Haddonfield, N. J., South Jersey and Pennsylvania; J. J. Fernandes, Jr., Raritan Bay and North Jersey; R. Hammond Gibson, Easton, Md., Chesapeake Bay, Eastern Shore; Col. H. H. Jacobs, Washington, Chesapeake Bay, Western Shore; Luis Santaella, San Juan, P. R., West Indies.

▶ Pending inspection of the Sandusky, Ohio, region by members of the committee, assignment of the 1941 Nationals is held in abeyance. Bids for the event have come from the Seaside Park Y.C. fleet, which sponsors the open regatta each year on Barnegat Bay, and the combined Toledo, Lorain and Cleveland fleets. One thing is definite at this time: the regatta will be held September 5th, 6th and 7th.

▶ Phil Somervell, 1940 champion, will be able to compete in the 1941 nationals whether he wins his own fleet eliminations or not. An amendment to the by-laws adopted at the annual meeting provides that the national champion of the preceding year shall be permitted to defend his title the next succeeding year, regardless of his position in an elimination series.

Another important change in the by-laws is the new ruling permitting a fleet of 25 or more Comets to split in two for the purpose of holding its eliminations. The winner or runner-up from each division — but not the winner and runner-up — shall be entitled to compete in the Nationals, provided that five or more boats in each group shall have sailed in a majority of the elimination races.

To answer an increasing number of queries on the legality of the use of plywood in the construction of hulls, the class adopted an addition to the by-laws which specifically states that plywood and other laminated woods may be used, provided it conforms to the required minimum thickness.

▶ Now that the Puerto Rican regatta, originally scheduled for this month in San Juan Bay, has been cancelled, sun-chasing sailors are offered a substitute in the form of participation in the Biscayne Bay Y.C. Sunburn regatta, at Miami. At the kind invitation of Commodore Hugh M. Matheson, Comet sailors will find a place on the program when the regatta — normally a dinghy affair — opens on February 19th for five days of sailing.

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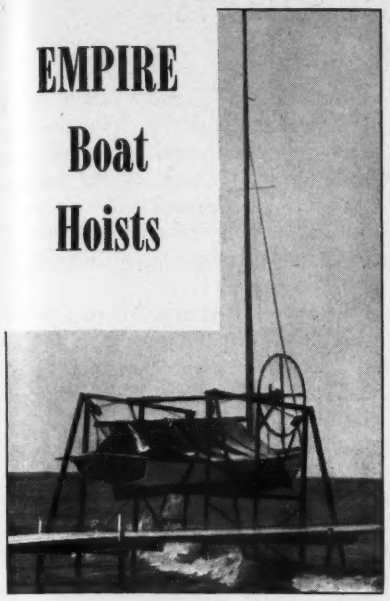

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▶ The Barnegat Bay Y.R.A. has placed a second race for Comets on its regular Saturday series next summer. This will provide an additional position in the morning race schedule for those who are learning to sail and those who wish to sail in the lighter morning breezes.

▶ Potomac River Fleet, No. 2, has reëlected Leslie Wright as fleet captain and elected Nora O'Neil Lamborne, fleet secretary. The group, at a recent meeting, decided to sponsor a permanent trophy which will be awarded to the fleet high point leader at the end of the fleet's usual 15-race series. Henry Brylawski, last year's fleet champion and retiring secretary, holds the prize until the coming fall.

MASSACHUSETTS BAY FLASHES

By Ed Earle

▶ The regular midwinter annual elections featured the "gams" of the past month. Commodore B. Devereux Barker and the 1940 flag officers of the Eastern Y.C. were reëlected at the first general meeting, held at the Harvard Club, Boston. The other officers include Vice Commodore Malcolm W. Greenough, Rear Commodore Henry A. Morss, Jr., Secretary J. Amory Jeffries and Treasurer Stephen W. Sleeper. The race committee will be headed by J. R. C. McBeath with two new members, James P. Parker, Jr., and Laurence H. H. Johnson. The Eastern fleet again will be led by Commodore Barker's crack 44-foot water line auxiliary sloop *Good Hope*. The Cruising Class undoubtedly will have one of its biggest seasons with the present fleet augmented by newcomers.

▶ Frederick J. ("Fritz") Shepard was elevated to commodore at the annual meeting of the Corinthian Y.C. He is both a leading helmsman and a race committee expert. The other 1941 officers include Vice Commodore Harry N. Bloomfield, Rear Commodore George M. Stevens, Secretary Hosmer Ayer Johnson and Treasurer Richard D. Seamans. Frank P. Munro again heads the regatta committee. Commodore Shepard succeeds Commodore Daniel E. Watson at the helm of this noted organization.

▶ F. Emmons Alexander, who formerly operated the Boston office of Sparkman & Stephens, Inc., and recently had charge of the brokerage and insurance departments at John G. Alden's, has joined the organization of Dawn Cruisers, Inc., New York City, as vice president in charge of sales.

▶ The North American Y.R.U. has named the Eastern Y.C. to hold the twenty-first series for the Sears Cup, emblem of the National Junior Sailing championship. The series will start August 25th at Marblehead and will mark the twentieth anniversary of the trophy put up by Commodore Herbert M. Sears, owner of the famous schooner *Constellation*. The cup was won by Bobby Coulson's Eastern Y.C. crew last year, off Gloucester.

▶ One new Yankee One-Design, for Roger W. Converse, of the Beverly Y.C., is now under construction at the Quincy Adams Yacht Yard. Plans have been purchased by Elihu Root, Jr., of New York; Robert Torrance, of Toronto, the Royal Y.C. of Alexandria, Egypt; John W. Lane of Wilmette, Ill.; Otis L. Guernsey, of New York; and Frank Crocker, of Falmouth.

▶ The finest new cruising boat building this winter in New England is a 57-foot over all auxiliary cutter, at the Quincy Adams Yacht Yard, from designs of Sparkman & Stephens. She is the last word in modern development and is built primarily for sailing — ocean racing in particular — and her "kicker" is small and located low in the bilge.

▶ The Massachusetts Bay Indian Marconi Association held its biggest annual meeting at the South Boston Y.C. and reëlected Charles Graf and Herbert Allbright, president and secretary-treasurer, respectively. The other 1941 officials include Inspector William Scotson and, board of judges, William MacPherson, Harry Hazelton and George Young. "Prexie" Graf's *Lark* won the coveted Inter-Club Trophy, one of the most important prizes in Massachusetts Bay racing. Secretary Allbright's *Osseo*, a former interclub winner, finished fourth. The first three prizes are plaques but the fourth prize, to Allbright, was one of the most practical. This prize included two quarts of hard racing enamel and one quart of varnish.

▶ A proposal to split the Indian Class was discussed recently, but was spiked by the membership body, which still likes those 35-boat starts. The Indian Class is laying plans for a New England championship race among the various Indian Class fleets in Providence, Wakefield, Mass.; Newburyport, Stamford, Conn., and Boston Harbor. Four new boats are now building for the class which presented 21 prizes at its annual meeting.

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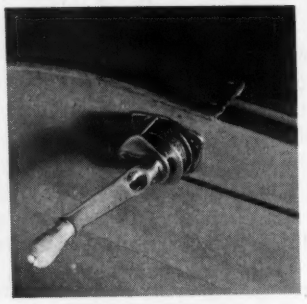

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ON COLLEGE CHARTS

By Leonard M. Fowle

▶ The second Christmas Week meeting of the Inter-Collegiate Y.R.A., held at the New York Y.C. on December 27th, brought nearly 30 delegates for the luncheon and business session. The major accomplishment of the meeting was the adoption of the most ambitious spring dinghy racing program that the I.C.Y.R.A. has yet attempted. Eleven events for four successive week-ends were sanctioned and a Midwestern regatta to serve as an elimination for the Boston Dinghy Club Challenge Cup open regatta is still to be arranged.

For the first time the schedule places the Morss Memorial Trophy series for the national I.C.Y.R.A. championship in the climactic position as the final regatta of the spring dinghy season. Heretofore, the Boston Dinghy Club Cup series has followed the Morss Trophy. The change, necessitated by an intensive rowing schedule on the Charles which made a two-day regatta on other week-ends than May 10th–11th impractical, has much to commend it.

There will be four new events on the 1941 spring schedule. The first of these will be held on the Charles River Basin for a new trophy offered the I.C.Y.R.A. through M.I.T., on Sunday, April 20th. It might be called a big Eastern college regatta for the field is to consist of Brown, Cornell, Dartmouth, Harvard, M.I.T., Navy, Princeton, Pennsylvania, U. S. Coast Guard, Williams and Yale.

Equally, if not more important, will be the two district championships to be inaugurated this spring as an experiment which may prove of value in the future when eliminations for the Morss Trophy will become necessary. The Coast Guard Academy will sponsor the New England title series at New London, May 3rd–4th, in which the twelve member colleges of that area will compete. The regatta will serve as a sort of christening party for the Coast Guard's new fleet of two dozen International 12-foot dinghies which W. J. H. Dyer, at Providence, will build. On May 4th, the Naval Academy plans to hold a similar Middle Atlantic member championship for Cornell, Lafayette, Navy, Pennsylvania and Princeton on the Severn, in the 14-foot International Dinghies.

The fourth new spring feature is a frank experiment but, when Brown had to surrender its traditional "Junior Prom" week-end date for the semi-annual invitation regatta to the Morss Trophy regatta, the sailing Bears asked for a substitute for the entertainment of their fair guests and suggested this special I.C.Y.R.A. freshman regatta which will take place on May 10th.

Plans for the McMillan Cup were also discussed and, although these are still tentative, the general setup will be similar to that of 1940. Barring further international developments that might alter the situation, the Naval Academy will again play host to an elimination series on May 24th–25th, on the Chesapeake. Brown, Coast Guard, Cornell, Harvard, Navy, Princeton and Tufts have already elected this trial. In addition, Michigan, Pennsylvania, and Trinity, who raced at Navy a year ago, seem likely entries. Efforts will be made to interest Dartmouth, M.I.T., New Hampshire and Northeastern in this elimination. If more than nine colleges go to Annapolis, it is likely that two concurrent series will be conducted with part of the field, those colleges whose examinations are nearest at hand racing only one instead of two days.

Four colleges — Boston University, Lafayette, Williams and Yale — are definitely out of the Annapolis series and some other elimination must be arranged for this quartet and possibly others. The finals will be held June 24th–26th with Marblehead the tentative place and the Pleon Y.C. the probable host.

▶ The Naval Academy is to be congratulated on the acquisition of another fine cruising-racing yacht, the 55-foot auxiliary cutter *Spindrift*, designed by John G. Alden, which W. W. Lanahan, of Gibson Island, has given to Annapolis. With *Vamarie*, *Freedom*, *Highland Light* and the three yawls *Alert*, *Intrepid* and *Resolute*, a trio to which the Academy hopes to add soon, *Spindrift* gives Navy a most imposing fleet of this type of ocean-going yachts for racing and cruising. The authorities at Annapolis are hoping that their plans to add some 20 more dinghies and a boathouse to their present facilities will materialize.

▶ William E. Oppenheimer has been elected the new commodore of the Dartmouth Corinthian Y.C., with Jacob Nunnemacher as vice commodore, Prof. Richard Goddard as rear, Allan Priddy, secretary, and Robert Wight, treasurer. . . . The intramural racing at Tech during the fall saw Dick Knapp win the Vose Cup for ranking skippers, James Robinson capture the Nickerson Trophy for undergraduates, and Larry Kelbley nose out Eric Olsen for the graduates' Smith Trophy. . . . Congratulations to Captains Bob Bavier, Art Santry and their Williams crews on their McMillan Cup triumph which became official just at the end of 1940 when the N.A.Y.R.U. turned down Harvard's appeal to reverse a race committee decision, the details of which appear in the Union's Bulletin No. 41.